Feb. 13, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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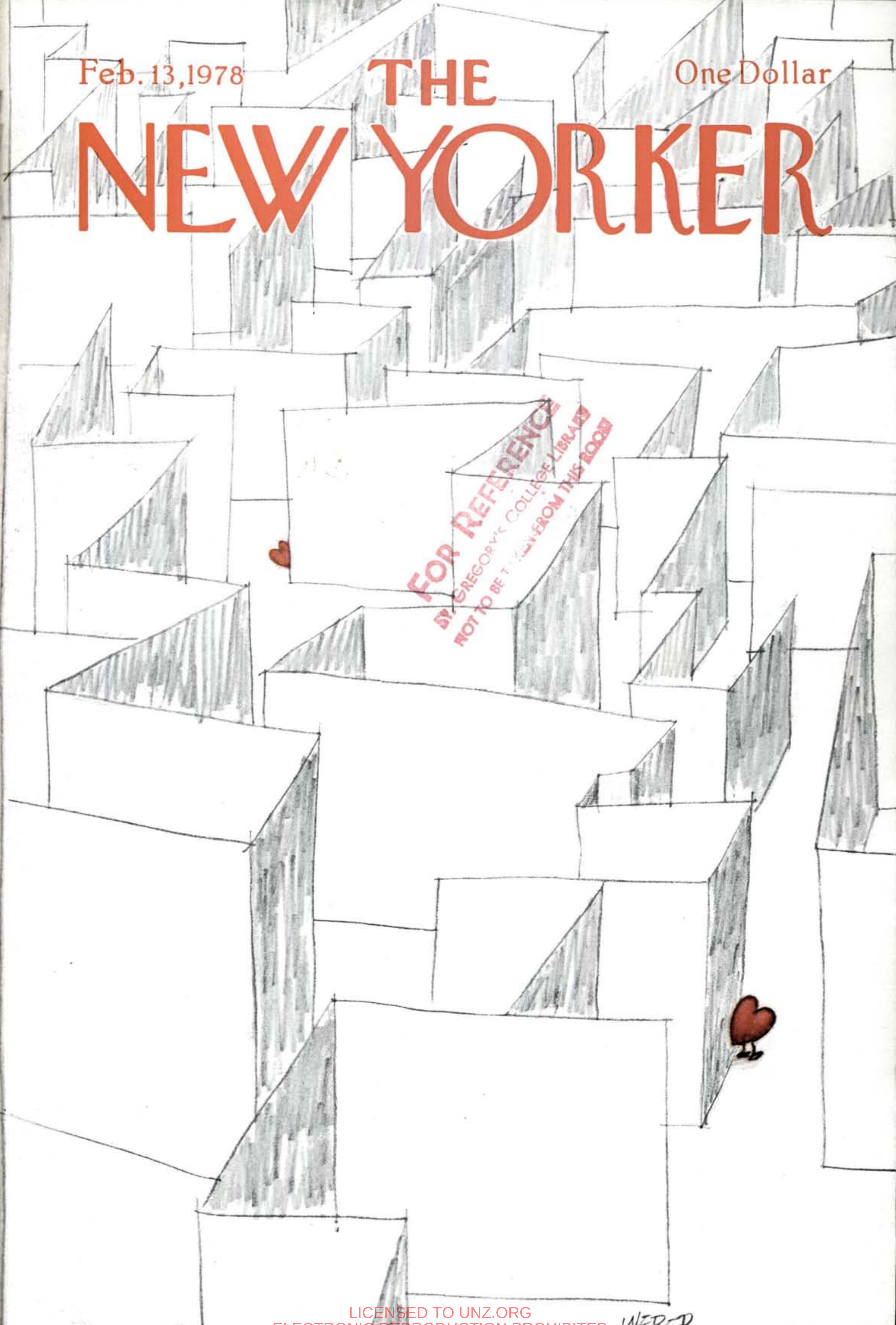

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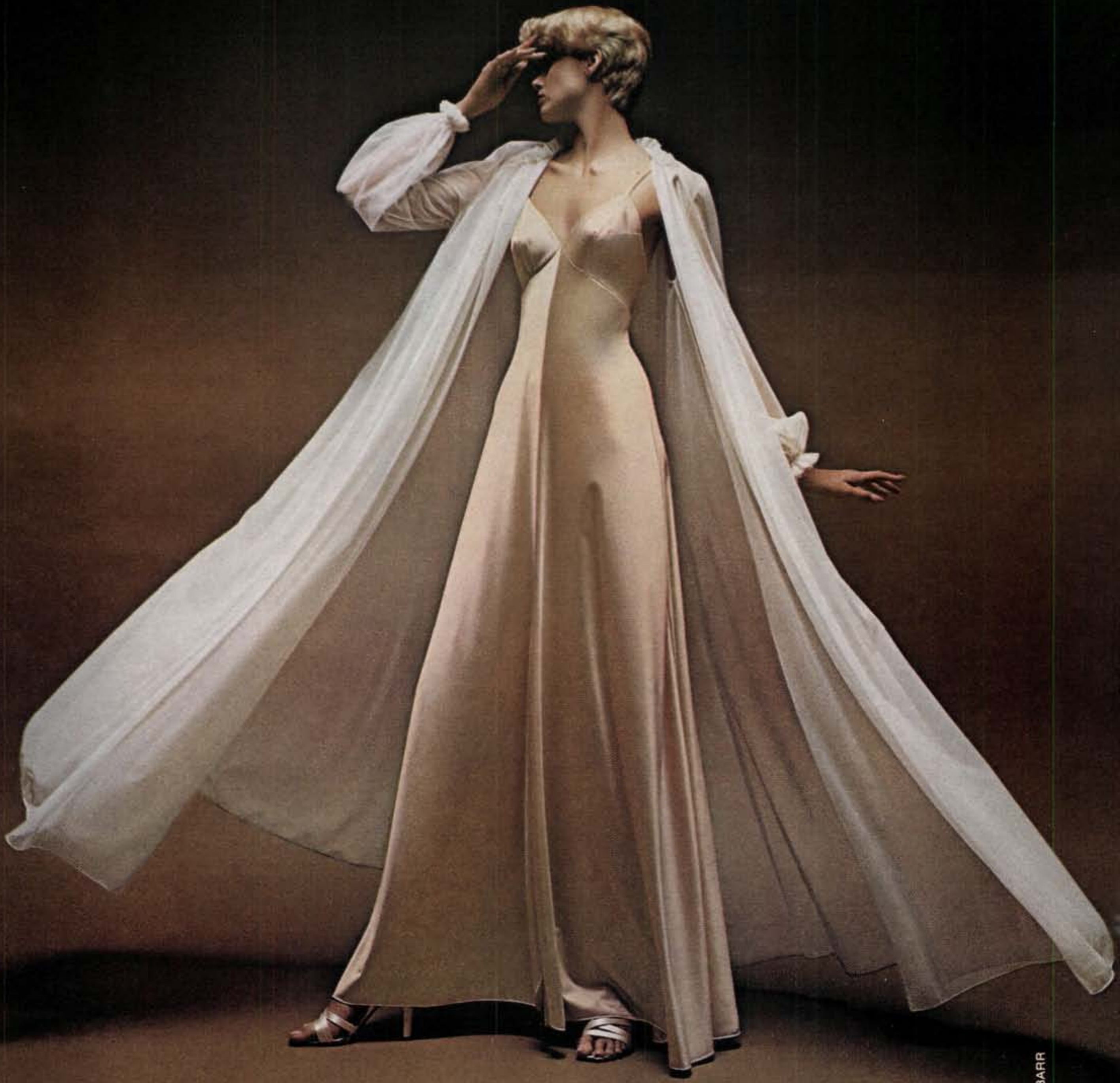

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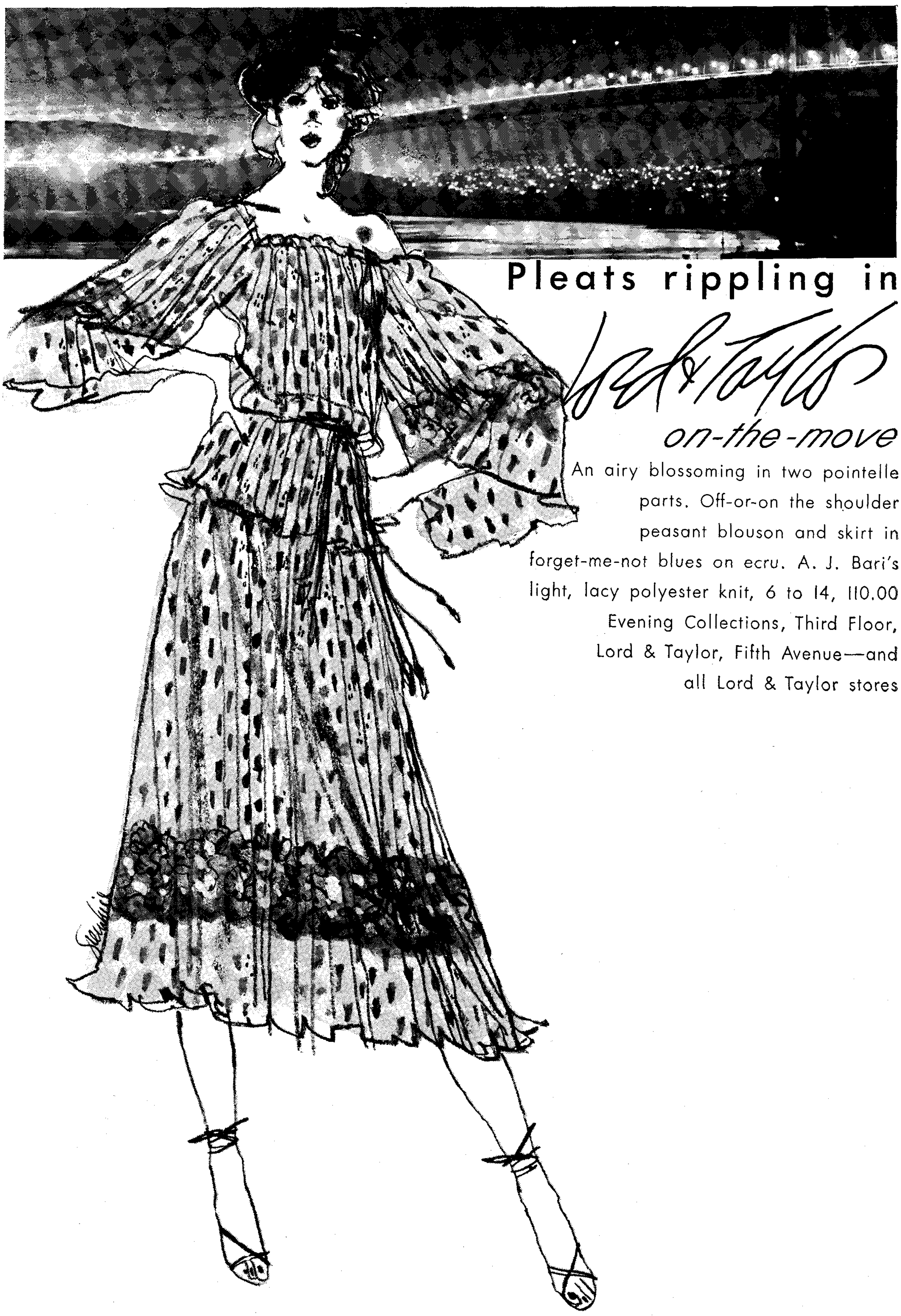Pleats rippling in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Chapter Two—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Judd Hirsch plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cheaters—Wife-swapping by inadvertence. The lustfulness of four middle-aged cheaters is repulsive to observe, but there are some funny lines, and the cast is fine. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's curiously divided play—the first act seems to have very little to do with the second—is an occasion for some admirable acting by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Devil's Disciple—A new production of George Bernard Shaw's play, with Margaret Hamilton, Barnard Hughes, George Rose, Chris Sarandon, and Carole Shelley. Directed by Frank Dunlop. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 8, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 19. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fefu and Her Friends—A play by Maria Irene Fornés. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8; Thursday at 6:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Golda—Glimpses of the life of an eminent public personage. Anne Bancroft is superb in the title role of William Gibson's play. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A revival of the Tim Rice (lyrics) and Andrew Lloyd Webber (score) musical. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Lulu—A revival of Frank Wedekind's play, adapted from his plays "Earth Spirit" and "Pandora's Box." Trish Hawkins, Jack Davidson, and William Hurt head the cast. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 9, at 6:30, and will run through Saturday, March 18. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Molly—Tammy Grimes is an edgy, frustrated Englishwoman in her thirties; Michael Higgins is her deaf, elderly Canadian husband; and Josh Clark is the adolescent boy who works as their gardener and chauffeur, and whom she seduces. All are exceptionally good in Simon Gray's absorbing (and often witty) play, which is set in a village in England in 1936 and is based on an actual event. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Nightly at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

My Astonishing Self—Selections from the writings of Bernard Shaw, as delivered in character by Donal Donnelly. Mr. Donnelly, a capable actor, is only an indifferent impersonator, but G.B.S. is, as always, good company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Two plays by Gus Edwards, directed by Douglas Turner Ward, alternating weekly—**The Offering:** An old man, who years ago moved out of Harlem to the West Side; a younger man, once an apprentice of his and now a professional killer; the wife of the first; and the white girl friend

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COVER: *Robert Weber*

DRAWINGS: *Mort Gerberg, Frank Modell, Henry Martin, Jack Ziegler, Lee Lorenz, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Dana Fradon, Tom Funk, James Stevenson, Stan Hunt, Warren Miller, Arnie Levin, Al Ross, Richard McCallister, Robert Weber, Leo Cullum, Ed Arno, J. B. Handelsman, Chon Day*

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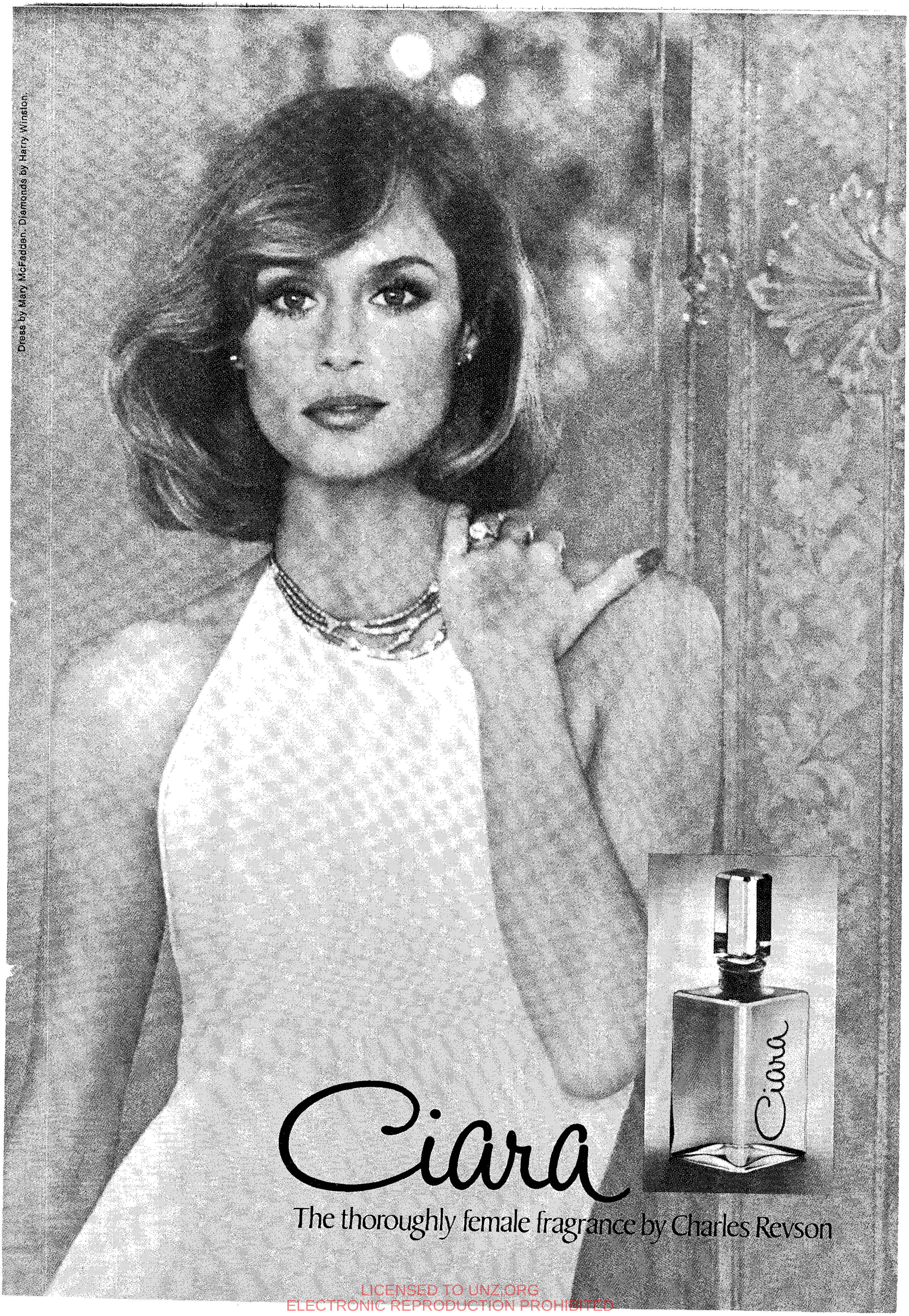
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of the second—these are the characters in Mr. Edwards' taut, often threatening (and sometimes funny) drama of sexual urgency and rivalry. The play is fascinating, and the acting, by Mr. Ward, Charles Weldon, Olivia Williams, and Katherine Knowles, is entirely worthy of it. Through Sunday, Feb. 12. . . . **BLACK BODY BLUES** is a melodrama—unfortunately, a rather empty one—about a gentle black man, the prostitute he lives with, and his dangerous, criminal brother. With Samm-Art Williams in the leading role. Tuesday through Sunday, Feb. 14-19. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

OTHELLO—Earle Hyman gives a performance of great distinction as the Moor, but there is almost no one to catch his fire in this pedestrian production. With Carmen de Lavallade as Emilia, and Nicholas Kepros as Iago. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

THE PASSION OF DRACULA—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PAUL ROBESON—James Earl Jones struggles superbly but in vain to bring Robeson to life, for the text, by Phillip Hayes Dean, has already embalmed him. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A PRAYER FOR MY DAUGHTER—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Laurence Luckinbill, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

SAINT JOAN—Shaw's superb play, acted with care and considerable feeling by a company that includes Lynn Redgrave as Joan and Paul Shyre, Philip Bosco, and Tom Aldredge. The director is John Clark. (Circle in the Square. Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

STATEMENTS AFTER AN ARREST UNDER THE IMMORALITY ACT and **SCENES FROM SOWETO**—Two one-act plays, the first by Athol Fugard, and the second by Steve Wilmer. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A TOUCH OF THE POET—O'Neill's radically imperfect play—one of a sequence that he abandoned—is being bravely dealt with by Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea. The director is José Quintero. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WATER ENGINE—David Mamet's play about Chicago in the thirties, and about a young scientist who invents an engine that runs on water, is set in a radio studio and is itself disguised as a broadcast. In spite of many good touches, the play doesn't work, partly because the disguise is not quite secure. It is well acted, though. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday and Thursday at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 11.)

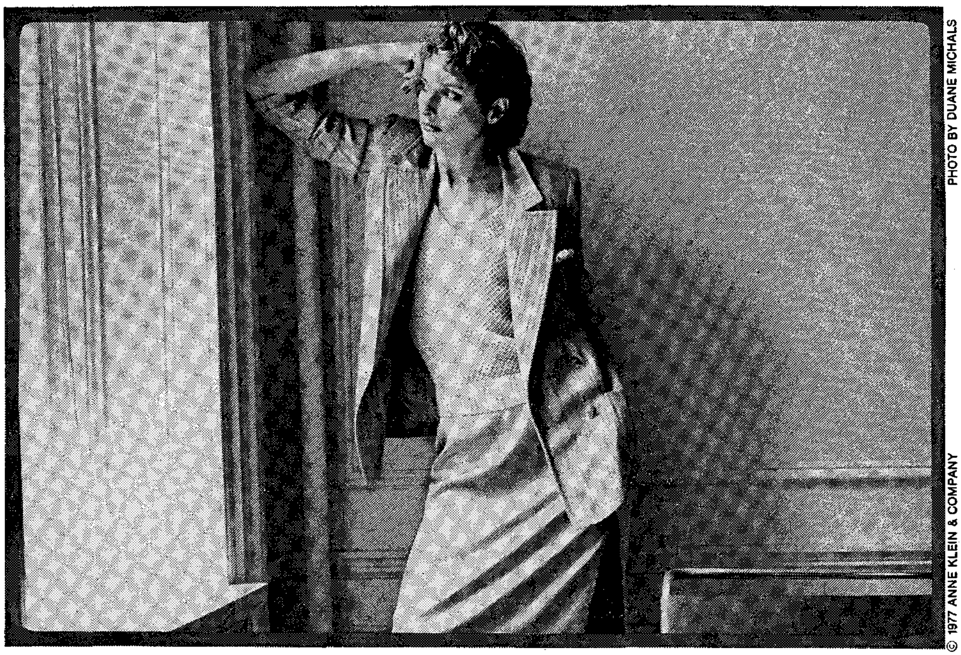
LONG RUNS—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,392 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM:** An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SLY FOX:** Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Vincent Gardenia, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 16, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 13, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Tzigane," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Concerto Barocco," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: "Four Temperaments," "Tzigane," "Ballo della Regina," and "Le Tombeau de Couperin." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Chaconne," "Calcium Light Night," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 12, at 1: "Four Temperaments," "Calcium Light Night," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 12, at 7: "Kammer-



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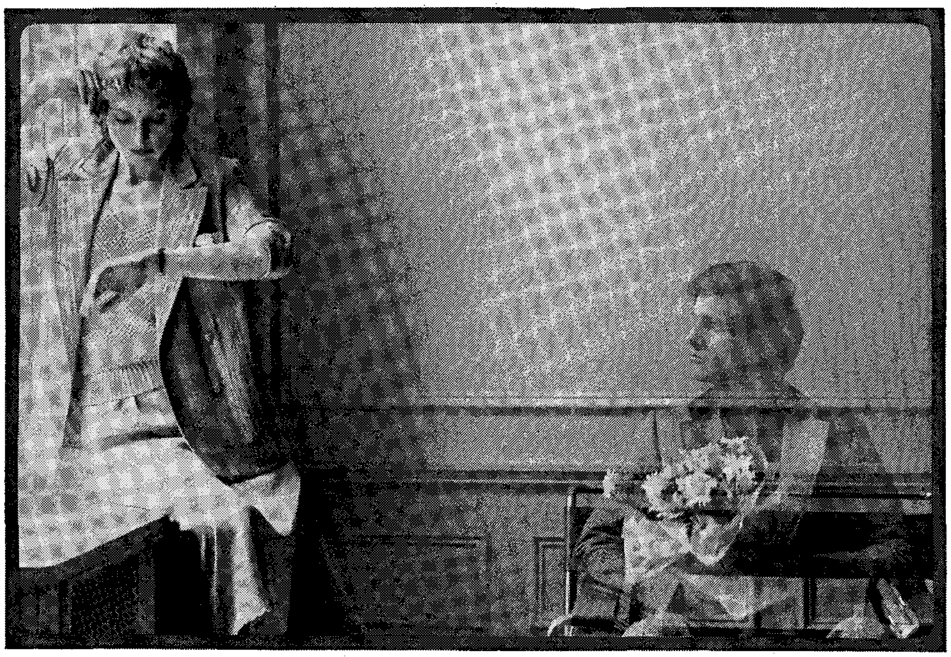

**Spring.
A time to
loosen up, to play
with textures,
to pick
compatible parts
that flow together.
By Donna Karan
and Louis Dell'Olio
for Anne Klein
& Company.**

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musik No. 2," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 16-17, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 18, at 2 and 8: "Don Quixote." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Dance Umbrella—Opening performances of a five-week season by nine contemporary dance companies which will end Sunday, March 19. **LOUIS FALCO DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday through Saturday evenings, Feb. 14-18, and Sunday matinée and evening, Feb. 19.... **MINI UMBRELLA:** Remy Charlip and Andy deGroat and Alan Lloyd/Dancers and Musicians, Saturday matinée, Feb. 18. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances of mostly modern dance. **SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 8-11, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2 and 5... **ISADORA DUNCAN CENTENARY DANCE COMPANY:** Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8.... **MANUEL ALUM:** Wednesday, Feb. 15, and Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 19, at 5. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

•

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one.)—The barmy notion of performing an evening of songs having to do with Humphrey Bogart, that most unmusical of actors, belongs—surprisingly—not to Gil Wiest, the owner of Michael's Pub, but to Jackie and Roy, who, in "The Humphrey Bogart Years in Song," have assembled or written three songs about Bogart (Leiber-Stoller; Kral; Kral-Fran Landesman), one each about Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre (Kral-Landesman); Benny Carter's "Key Largo," not written for the movie; "Too Marvelous for Words" (Mercer-Whiting, from "Dark Passage"); "How Little We Know" and "Hong Kong Blues" (Carmichael, from "To Have and Have Not"), "Moanin' Low" (Dietz-Rainger, from "Key Largo"), and "As Time Goes By" (Hupfeld, from "Casablanca"). There are no more stylized and streamlined singers in jazz than Jackie and Roy, and their attempting to fit "Moanin' Low," which is bogus Kurt Weill, the jumpy "Hong Kong Blues," and the overweight "As Time Goes By" into their customary tight voicings and complex, swinging improvisations is like Bobby Short running down a batch of Tennessee hillbilly songs. Their sidemen—**BILL MOLENHOF** on vibraphone, **MIKE BOCCHICCHIO** on bass, and **WARREN ODZE** on drums—deserve special commendation.

•

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-jazz, and, sometimes, veteran bebopping musicians are booked into these quarters by its sympathetic proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali. Bassist and percussionist Juma Sultan will head his Aboriginal Music Society, a quintet, through Saturday, Feb. 11. On Tuesday, Feb. 14, pianist Al Dailey will come in with his quartet. Mondays are session times for trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniel and his fourteen-piece band, called Energy, which is sometimes gangly, frequently free and robust, and nearly always accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini revue produced and presided over by the composer Charles Strouse—he scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Gary Beach, Maureen Moore, and Gail Nelson sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Through Saturday, Feb. 11, pianist **JILL MCMANUS** will lead a quartet—trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN**, bassist **CAMERON BROWN**, and drummer **AL FOSTER**. On Wednesday, Feb. 15, **AIR**—saxophonist and hubcap percussionist **HENRY THREADGILL**, drummer **STEVE MCCALL**, and bassist **FRED HOPKINS**—will begin a four-night engagement. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **BETTY CARTER**, who skillfully yanks standards inside out, sings here on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, Nova Scotia country singer Anne Murray is scheduled; blues singer-guitarist **MUDDY WATERS** and his latest band will be here Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 13-15, opposite the Rhode Island-based Roomful of Blues; and jazz-soul singer Patti Austin will perform on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A seemingly inexhaustible supply of devoted patrons and a new grand piano. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, the wonderful bop sideman and composer, and Ella's piano accompanist for years, is here with bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, Feb. 11. Sunday through Wednesday, Feb. 12-15, Mitchell will team up with house favorite **JIMMY ROWLES**, and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 16-18, he will play with **JOHN BUNCH**. From ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a brilliant trio, with **TONY MONTE** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **GEORGE SHEARING**, the piano stylist and, lately, a breathy vocalist, too, is filling in during Bobby Short's midwinter leave of absence. "Lullaby of Birdland" and other numbers Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** rules the keyboard through Saturday, Feb. 11; on Monday, Feb. 13, pianist **TEDDY WILSON**, elegant, understated, and swinging, will take over. Music from about nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays.

ENTR
BAR & GRILL
318
Albert Hubbell

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced blues singer, songwriter, and legend (she's eighty-two), has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall, and she's still delighting her audiences. Sunday music is provided by **ROSE MURPHY**, a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music nightly from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—This room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** shares the tiny bandstand with a trio through Friday, Feb. 10. Beginning Monday, Feb. 13, trumpeter **BUCK CLAYTON** will collaborate with drummer **JACKIE WILLIAMS** and pianist Chuck Folds.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Warren Vaché, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; Sundays from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **JAMIL NASSER**, and **EDDIE DIEHL** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** usually holds down the fort with **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, **JOE PUMA** on guitar, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist and trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Pianist Monty Alexander leads a quartet Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one, and no music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Ernie Hackett, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, has moved into these quarters along with his fatherly associates: clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, bassist **AARON BELL**, and drummer **SHELTON GARY**. Kerr and company perform Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr, Bell, and longtime Ellington drummer **SONNY GREER** are here Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Guitarist Chris Flory fills in for Kerr Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 8-11, and saxophonist Norris Turney replaces Procope beginning Thursday, Feb. 16. Music and lots of wisecracks from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** (see above) are here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-

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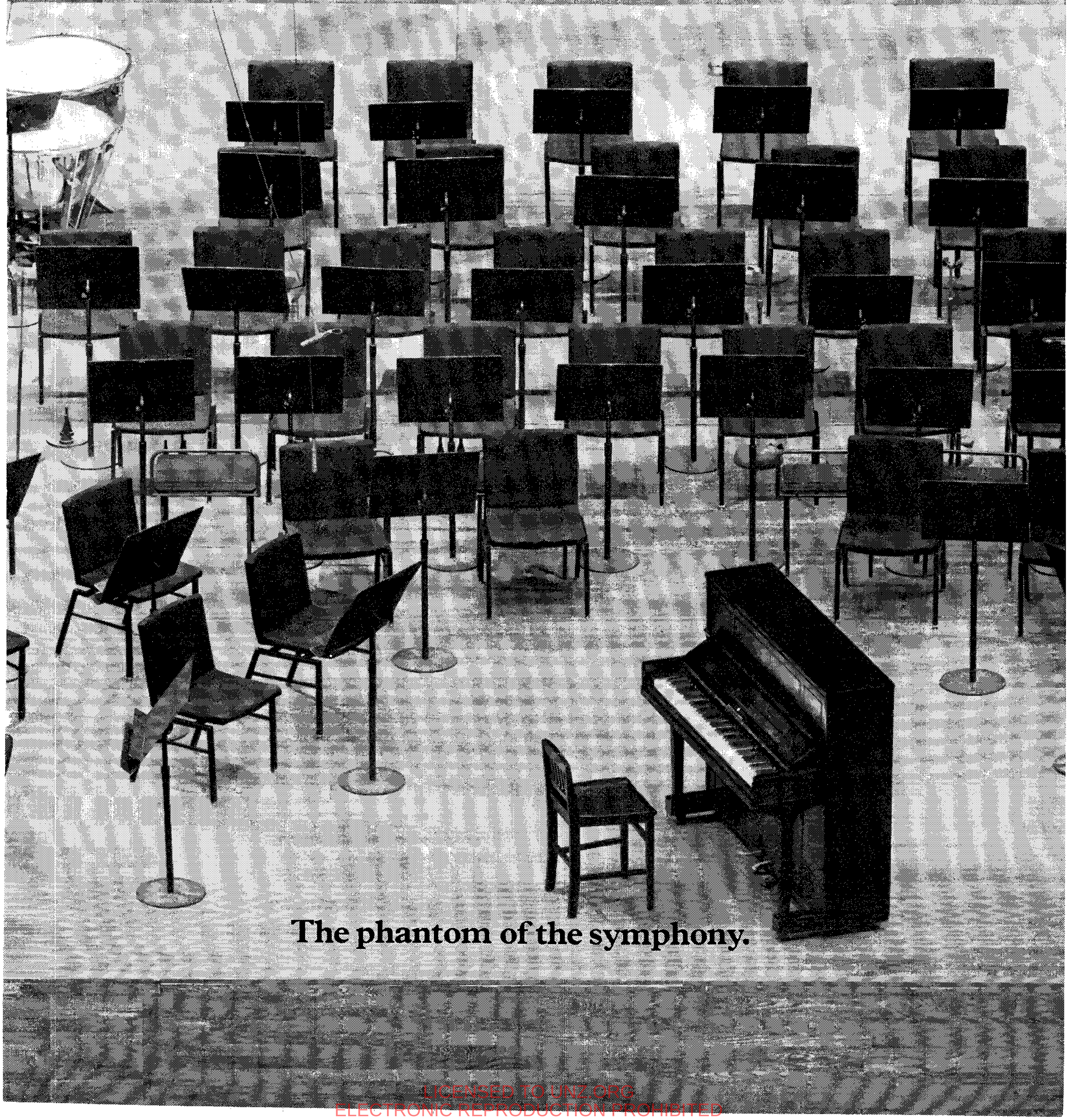

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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8832)—Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 9-11, **MILT JACKSON** will be here playing fulfilling blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp. Music from about ten. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—**DAVE VAN RONK** does raspy-voiced renditions of songs by the Rev. Gary Davis, Mississippi John Hurt, Jelly Roll Morton, and Joni Mitchell. On the same bill is folksinger George Gerdes. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 14-16, folkie Dan Hill and his band share the stage with Gary Yudman, a comedian-impressionist; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, will be turned over to Dutch singer Peter Hammill. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

PETER BROWN, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—Hard bop comes to the upper West Side. Tenor and alto saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** heads up a very fine quintet—trumpeter and flugelhornist **DANNY MOORE**, who is impressive when he goes for the upper registers of his flugelhorn; pianist **HAROLD MABERN**; drummer **LOUIS HAYES**; and bassist **CALVIN HILL**—Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 9-11. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 16-18, will be turned over to jazz singer Harold Dumont and his band. Music from ten. Dinner.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** and his orchestra play Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singer and actress **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** is appearing Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight, and Sundays at nine-thirty. Her voice is deep, rich, and subtle, and her repertoire—"Life on Mars," by David Bowie; "You Don't Know Me," an Eddie Arnold relic from the fifties; "The Lover's Latin Lament," by Bruce Roberts; "Drift Away," a well-preserved six-year-old rock standard; and other selections—is flawlessly paced. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from six to seven-thirty, you can hear **BLOSSOM DEARIE** play and sing old favorites like "Peel Me A Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," and "The Pro Musica Antiqua." Dinner.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Mondays, bassist **CHUCK ISRAELS** heads up a nine-piece ensemble; on Wednesday, Feb. 8, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** quintet will play; on Wednesday, Feb. 15, altoist **LEE KONITZ** will lead a nonet; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, pianist Chuck Marohnic's foursome will be present. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Tuesdays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—It's strictly S.R.O. here as long as **RON CARTER'S** quartet—Carter on piccolo bass, **BEN RILEY** on drums, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, and double bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**—occupies the bandstand. After all, where else can you hear basses trade fours? Through Saturday, Feb. 11. On Sunday and Monday, Feb. 12-13, free-form drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE** will direct his quartet. Saxophonist **JOE FARRELL'S** quintet will be onstage Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 14-18. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs: Friday, Feb. 10, at ten and midnight, and Saturday, Feb. 11, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty, **MC COY TYNER**, an intense, rhythmic, and vertiginous pianist, will lead his sextet; on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 17-18, beginning at nine-thirty, jazz-disco-pop-bossa-nova flutist Herbie Mann will drop by with his band. Upstairs: Bob January guides a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to eleven. In the terrace bar, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** perform on Thursdays from ten to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**LEE KONITZ** has brought his nine-piece ensemble downtown from Stryker's, where it plays regularly; it will be here through Sunday, Feb. 12. On Tuesday, Feb. 14, alto saxophonist **SONNY FORTUNE** will show up with his quintet. The Monday-night institution within an institution, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, is alive, well, and, fortunately, home between tours. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Boogie-wooglist **SAMMY PRICE** works with saxophonists **PAUL QUINICHETTE** and **EDDIE BAREFIELD**, and with drummer Candy McDonald, through Saturday, Feb. 11, and on Tuesday, Feb. 14, saxophonist George Kelly will come in with his Jazz Sultans. Music from nine to one-thirty, except Monday, Feb. 13, when rare records will be played and bassist Ivan Rolle will comment on them, starting at eight. Music from nine to one-thirty. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Music in a thirties-chic bar area the size of a kitchenette. Patrons sit atop stool-high banquettes with the room-dominating baby grand practically in their laps. **HAROLD DANKO**, the pianist and lively soloist in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Sundays, and Russel Kassoff takes over the musical chores on Mondays. Music from nine. Dinner.

DISCOTHÈQUES

IPANEMA, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays from six; recorded disco music from nine on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music from nine on Sundays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

RÉGINE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

STUDIO 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; some thirty years later, it became the studio for the television program "What's My Line?"; and now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 5:45: **JOAN FONTAINE**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 5:45: **CISSY HOUSTON**.

ELVIS THE LEGEND LIVES—With Rick Saucedo as Elvis, the Jordanaires, and D. J. Fontana conducting an orchestra. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SANTANA and **ERIC GALE**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

DAVID EYGES ENSEMBLE—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.

TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8.

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN and **NORMAN BLAKE**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

TRIBUTE TO HYMIE SHERTZER—Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, and others, in a benefit concert. (Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 4. For information about tickets, call 766-9220.)

DOUBLE IMAGE—Carnegie Recital Hall. CI 7-7459. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8.

SEA LEVEL, **ELVIN BISHOP**, and **EDDIE MONEY**—Palladium. Friday, Feb. 17, at 7:30.

ARTHUR BLYTHE QUARTET—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MARA ABBOUD—Eastern and Near Eastern motifs abound in these glossy, Art Deco paintings. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St.)

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—A yellow fish couchant on an oval blue field is one of the highlights of this show, the sixth annual one in which the artist's works are displayed with those of some of his friends—eleven this time, among them Marsden Hartley, Mark Rothko, and Barnett Newman. Through Feb. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RUDOLF BARANIK—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

GEORGE BOOTH—Cartoons and other drawings. Through March 4. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ROY CARRUTHERS—Three men with necks like chimneys, spouting smoke, forthrightly entitled "Three Smokers." And other paintings of similar figures, similarly smoking. Through Feb. 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

STUART DAVIS (1894-1964)—A show of watercolors done while the artist was still in his teens and a student of Robert Henri, who exhorted his pupils to draw "things in the raw." Subjects include fish markets, vaudeville shows, and street scenes. This exhibit is running concurrently with Davis's show at the Brooklyn Museum. Through March 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

LOUIS FINKELSTEIN—Dense brushstrokes characterize this new set of abstract paintings based on the landscapes of western Connecticut. Through March 1. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

ILSE GETZ—Assemblages and collages employing Scrabble tiles, dolls' heads, birds' eggs, bits of old wood, and the artist's own sketches. Through Feb. 25. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HELEN MAYER HARRISON AND NEWTON HARRISON—Hand-colored murals composed of aerial maps, photographic blowups, written texts, and other data that make arguments for vari-

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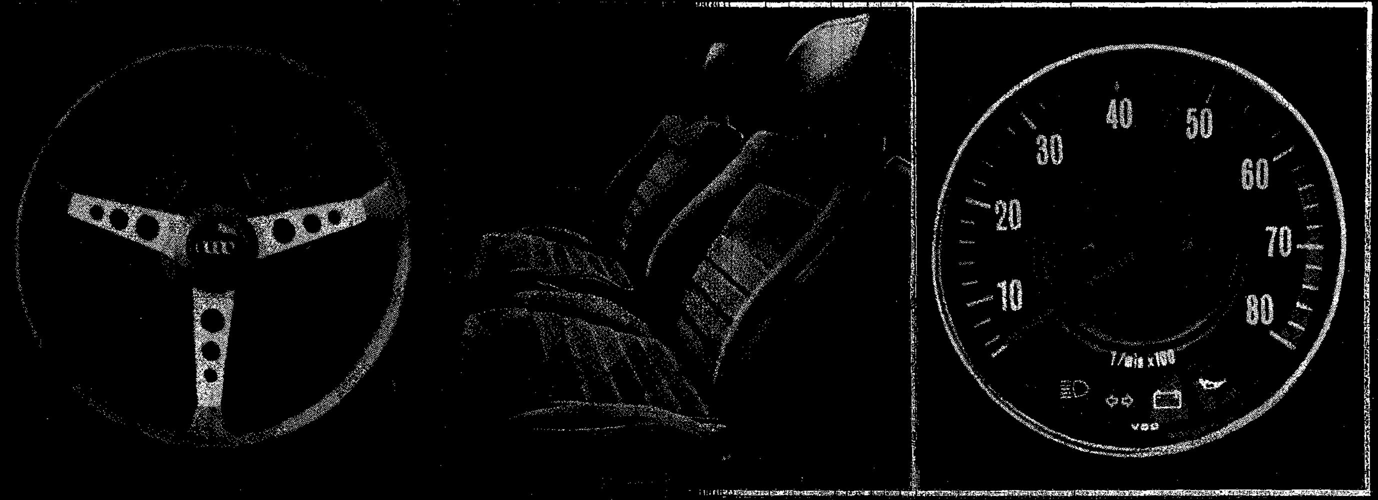

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ous ecological projects. Through Feb. 25. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Auguste Herbin (1882-1960)—Hard-edge abstract paintings in which bright-colored geometric shapes are packed together like pieces of a puzzle. Also on view, in an anteroom, are five studies of women by Pascin, and eight lively period-piece illustrations for "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," by van Dongen. Through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Margaret Israel—A captivating outpouring of sculpture, paintings, and wall pieces by this industrious artist, who concentrates here on tugboats, in wood or ceramics, painted in circus colors; domestic fowl (hens, roosters, guinea fowl, and turkeys); and flowers, done with a van Gogh intensity. Through March 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Gerome Kamrowski—Surrealist paintings and works on paper; also Abstract Expressionist works. All are dated 1940-47. Through Tuesday, Feb. 14. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Robert LaHotan—Maine landscapes, and still-lifes in country interiors. Through Feb. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Leo Manso—Recent collages and paintings influenced by a visit to Tunisia. Through Feb. 25. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Harvey Quaytman—Large, abstract, shaped canvases that have a Constructivist bent and seem to have been inspired by skyscraper towers. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German and Austrian Expressionists—Kokoschka, Nolde, Schiele, and others. Through March 31. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Raoul Middleman (figurative and landscape paintings), Edward Renouf (abstract paintings and drawings), William Klapp (drawings), and Cara Croninger (sculptures and jewelry). Through Feb. 28. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by Boucher, Fragonard, Henry Moore, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Fifty-one pieces by as many artists (Chaim Gross, Barbara Lekberg, and William Zorach among them) constitute the anniversary show at the Sculpture Center, which started modestly fifty years ago as the Clay Club. Through Feb. 22. (167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Jack Beal—New realist paintings and pastels entitled "Virtues and Vices," by an artist who found his model-friends far more willing to represent the latter than the former. Through March 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Larry Bell and Eric Orr—A collaborative sculptural effort, so far only conceptual, proposing a bowl-shaped glass-walled "solar fountain," seventeen feet in diameter and ten feet tall, in which a billowing fog is in continuous eruption. A scale model is on display, along with architectural renderings (on glass) and a video documentation. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Enrique Castro-Cid—Paintings (paper mounted on canvas) and drawings. Through Feb. 25. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Saul Chase—Precisionist paintings of empty streets and industrial buildings in low-key colors. Through Feb. 25. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Dan Christensen—Cloudlike, amorphous areas of thin, whitish acrylic applied to a canvas stained a neutral taupe—a new way of working for this artist, who has previously been partial to thick encrustations of pigment. Through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi—Oil and watercolor landscapes showing the rocky coast of Maine steaming with early-morning fog and the interior mountains dimmed by midsummer haze. Through Thursday, Feb. 16. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kathleen Cooke (1913-78) / **Michael Broome**—Small sculptures of seated figures, done in clay or stone, and sensitive drawings of caged animals, mostly, by an artist who died last week. / Sticks and poles ranging from a foot long up to ten feet and whittled from pieces of pine or fir. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert T. Cooke—Small abstract bronze and clay sculptures, clearly inspired by birds—doves and chickens, mainly. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Michael de Lisio—Small naïve sculptures of figures in the arts by a self-taught artist who was in his mid-fifties before he got started; one shows Ezra Pound leaving the asylum the military put him in, and another shows an imposing Henry James. There are a dozen pieces in all. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Enormous watercolors, some of them six and three-quarters feet by five and a half, depicting trees in all their tangled individuality. Through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Late works: twenty monotypes and a few sculptures and paintings. Through Feb. 22. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Hardy—Skillfully executed genre paintings of New York scenes, mostly of the lower East Side. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

David Hare—Abstract and semi-abstract paintings done in vivid colors and inspired by the landscapes of India and Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Norman Ives (1923-78)—Abstract collages by a Yale professor of graphic design whose untimely death last week converts the exhibition into a memorial. The collages are composed of tiny snippets of printed matter pieced together in a rhythmic pattern that is reminiscent of the paintings of Mark Tobey. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Earl Kerkam (1891-1965)—Late works (twenty-two oils) by an artist who shifted with equal facility from Cubist abstractions to realist portraits and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

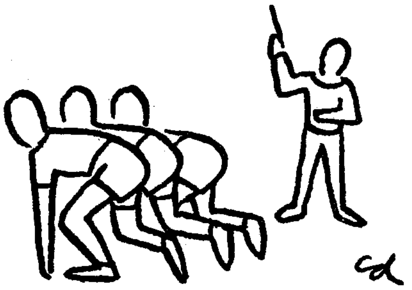
Frances Kuehn—Realist figure paintings. Through Feb. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nabil Nahas—Open geometric figures outlined in pencil-thin ribbons of color and seen against an unobtrusive yellow pattern. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Georges Noël—Overlapping, errant L-squares painted with a mixture of pigment, vinyl, and sand, giving them a gravelly surface. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Morgan Russell (1886-1953)—Drawings and a few paintings in a show of the artist's work that is running concurrently with one at the Whitney Museum. Also memorabilia. Through March 4. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Bill Spira—Four groups of small, mildly humorous terra-cotta sculptures, one given over to the human foot, one to the spoon, a third to the common mouse, and the fourth to totemic pieces. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)



Dorothy Tabak—Abstract collages. Through Feb. 23. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Richard Tuttle—Small, simple abstract decorations, each of which fairly sparkles in the center of a large stark-white wall; the pieces are partly painted directly on the surface and partly composed of colored-paper cutouts. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Steel sculptures, ranging from small table-top pieces to massive free-form structures. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Emerson Woelffer—Abstract collages. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Abby Zito—A series of monoprints in which twenty-five human hearts, drawn from the same pattern (more anatomical than valentine-ish), are decorated with abstract designs that illustrate a wide range of emotions, subject to the viewer's individual interpretation. Some look happy, some look blue, but only one has a universal message: it is solid black. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Indian Paintings—These small treasures from the subcontinent date from 1640 to 1850, and show a marked Persian influence. They are done in gouache, in splendid detail, and depict rajas and elephants (strikingly modern) and the exploits of Krishna, who is always painted a worshipful blue. Through March 11. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **aaron berman**, 50 W. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the seventies by the gallery artists. They include Sherman Drexler, Anne Tabachnick, and John Ferro. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . **esman**, 29 W. 57th St.: Drawings, a book of original prints, and other works by Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935), along with works by other Russian nonobjective artists from the same period, among them Lazar El Lissitzky and Vladimir Tatlin. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century American artists Prendergast, Twachtman, Eastman Johnson, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **janis**, 6 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven Americans. Three of the works—by Wesselmann, Marisol, and Segal—are new. Through March 4. (Open Mondays.) . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Seventy or so drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including a captivating pencil sketch of a little girl in a swing by Winslow Homer; a dancing faun by Benjamin West; and a set of six tiny watercolors of the Newport scene in the late eighteen-hundreds by Hugh Newell. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery regulars now on exhibition include a couple of paintings by Balthus carried over from his recent show; several oils and pieces of sculpture by Miró; and a number of Chagalls. Through Feb. 25. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by five artists: Edward Betts, Ethel Magafan, Hans Moller, William Thon, and Robert Vickrey. Through Feb. 25.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ivan Biro / Duane Zalouden—Natural-wood, spiral-shaped sculptures. / Abstract watercolors on canvas and paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 18. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Christopher Clapp / Mark Nissenholtz—Big acrylic paintings of first-rate craftsmanship (some of them done in multiple panels) showing Connecticut and Maine landscapes and the red clay cliffs under the Gay Head light on Martha's Vineyard. / Large canvases on which one or two globules of a viscous fluid seem to be coursing down a soft, neutral background. Through Wednesday, Feb. 15. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Lucien Day—Huge watercolors, mostly of metropolitan vistas, by an artist who projects photographic slides onto the paper and paints directly over the projection. Through Thursday, Feb. 16. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Porfirio Di Donna / Ted Weller—Abstract paintings. / Drawings, based on pre-Second World

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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12	13	14	15	16	17	18

War military texts, showing marksmen and targets. Through Feb. 25. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Four groupings of colored fluorescent lights that were designed for the gallery and divide it into distinct areas basking in soft pink, yellow, blue, or green ambience. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Small-scale works—color notations, really—distinguished by the same sort of extraordinary chromatic blends that characterize her large compositions. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Stephen Grillo—Figurative paintings, mostly of barroom or night-club groups engaged in earnest tabletalk. Through Wednesday, Feb. 15. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at 1.)

Sol LeWitt—Drawings from the last twenty-five years by an artist whose work is currently being shown at the Museum of Modern Art and at the Brooklyn Museum. Through Feb. 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Knox Martin—Large, bright-colored abstract paintings with an *art-moderne* flavor by an artist whose fundamental subject is Woman. Through March 8. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Paul Rotterdam / Susan Eder—Stark, mysterious panels, ranging from a bleak gray to matte black, some set in frames of a sulphurous, moldy-looking green. / Small, gemlike photographic works, mostly done in series; for instance, pairs of color prints in which something corporeal—a swan, say, or a family Christmas tree—is matched by a wisp of cloud almost identical in shape. Through Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Charles Schucker—Stained-canvas works, in which sparse abstract designs are obtained by pouring thinned paint on untreated cloth in more or less controlled dribbles and blobs. Through Feb. 25. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Dennis Whitcopf / Martin Schreiber—What appear to be soft bundles—laundry, perhaps—tightly trussed up with rope are really made of limestone or wood, bound with steel cable. / Color Xeroxes, mostly closeups of Coca-Cola cans found flattened in the street. In some of them, incongruous hues are achieved by the use of various filters. Through Feb. 25. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Bruce Nauman's plaster-and-fibreglass spiral sculptural piece takes up the entire main room; in other spaces are found Dan Flavin's fluorescent-tube works, Billy Apple's black paint applied to the floor, and Robert Barry's wall drawing. Through Feb. 25. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Drawings by ten young artists. Through March 11. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Victor Candell (1903-77)—Paintings and drawings that follow this artist through his precocious academic days, through the ritual studies in Paris (in and out of Cubism), and on to the totally abstract collage constructions of his final years. Through Feb. 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

William Wegman—Videotapes and drawings. Through Feb. 27. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Frank Young—A conceptual piece consisting of pastel-and-crayon drawings and called "Who's in Egypt?" Through Feb. 25. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At **city university graduate center**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: Nancy Azara, Vivienne Thaul Wechter, and other women artists showing paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 23. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: A show of "'Bad' Paintings," described in the catalogue as "figurative work that defies, either deliberately or by virtue of disinterest, the classic canons of good taste, draftsmanship, acceptable source material, rendering, or illusionistic representation." It succeeds admirably on all counts. Through Feb. 28. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesdays until 8.) . . . **pretto**, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St.: Works by Minimalist artists Donald Judd, Fred Sandback, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Rudy Burckhardt—Photographs taken in the late forties (of Hans Hofmann cleaning his brushes in his studio, of Parisian billboards) alongside recent prints of New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Yousuf Karsh—Portraits (what else?) of Hemingway, Winston Churchill, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Les Krims and William Larson—The photographs on exhibit here include manipulated color Polaroid prints by Mr. Krims and abstractions, also in color, by Mr. Larson. Through Feb. 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Felix H. Man—Documentary prints by a German photojournalist. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . ¶ Portraits. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 11.

Bea Nettles / Norman Sanders—Surreal prints made by such non-silver processes as silk-screening, a 3M copier, and a commercial color method. / This photographer has set himself the task of recording people in their favorite rooms at home. Home in this case is Rockland County, and the subjects are Mr. Sanders' neighbors. Through March 4. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

John Phillips—Photographs of the Arab-Israeli conflict in Jerusalem in 1948, and of fifty-one of the people who figure in those early pictures as they appear today. Through Feb. 27. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, third floor, 4 E. 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

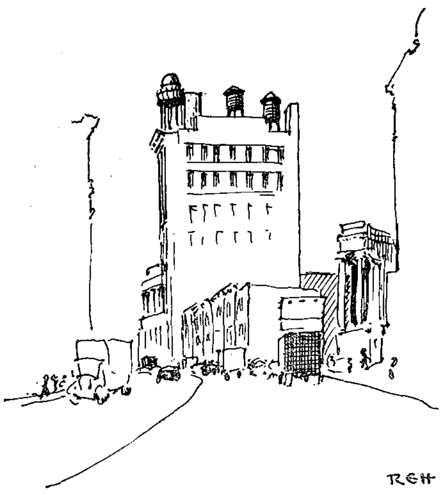
F. A. Rinehart (1861-1928)—Platinum-print studio portraits of American Indians (among the more famous, Chief Red Cloud, Geronimo, and Chief American Horse) made at an Omaha fair in 1898. Through March 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Karl Struss—Platinum prints mostly from the Photo-Secession years. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Group Show—A comprehensive survey of Swiss photography, from 1840 to the present, from photojournalism to portraiture. Through March 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesdays until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Sunday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ A show of prints, photographs, architectural and ornament drawings, and illustrated books acquired by the museum during the last five years. The range is vast—Dürer to Weegee. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection. For their time and place, they represent the ne plus ultra in luxury, such as a pair of seventeenth-century French white-kid shoes embroidered in pastel-colored and metal-silk thread, and a Fortuny evening dress from this century trimmed with Venetian-glass beads. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Sol LeWitt retrospective includes modular sculptures as well as drawings done directly on the wall. Through April 4. (A LeWitt show also at the John Weber Gallery, 420 West Broadway, and at the Brooklyn Museum.) . . . ¶ A show of ninety architectural drawings that Le Corbusier made for half as many projects (studio assistants had a hand in some of the sketches) between the years 1912 and 1962. Through March 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of collages and drawings by Jean Arp. Through March 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Starts Friday, Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Collages by the contemporary Czech artist Jiří Kolář which incorporate written and printed texts, maps, photographs, and so forth. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A show of Duane Hanson's life-cast sculptures of such figures as "Hard Hat," "Rita the Waitress," and "Photographer." Starts Thursday, Feb. 9. . . . ¶ "Synchromism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-1925" brings together the works of the founders of Synchromism—Morgan Russell and Stanton Macdonald-Wright—with works by twenty-eight American and three European artists (Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Robert Delaunay among them), all of whom were early experimenters in pure-color abstraction. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Out of the House," a show of works by women artists who either use household objects as subjects (coffee cups by Janet Stayton, for instance) or use techniques that resemble domestic crafts (Miriam Schapiro's collaged cotton apron, for one). Through March 1. (Open Mondays, except Feb. 13, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of Stuart Davis's work, including a large-scale mural and seventy paintings supplemented by watercolors and sketches. Through March 19. A complementary show is at the Hirschl & Adler Galleries. . . . ¶ Sol LeWitt's prints from the seventies. Through March 4. (See also Museum of Modern Art, above.) . . . ¶ A dozen dresses, coats, and wraps by two early-twentieth-century Italian designers, Mariano Fortuny and Maria Monaci Gallenga. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Feb. 13. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Feb. 13, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new Hall of Reptiles and Amphibians is now open, and the inmates are hard to ignore, though stuffed: Komodo dragons, which are the biggest lizards in the world; a twenty-five-foot python; a fourteen-foot crocodile. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and

Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of drinking vessels and such, made of metal (often silver) and engraved, embossed, or inlaid with niello, the work of Persian craftsmen of the Sasanian Empire (226 to 651 A.D.). Also related works. Through March 12. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A small, teasing sample of the recently acquired Heineman collection of literary, scientific, and musical manuscripts. Through Feb. 19.... ¶ More than a hundred seventeenth-century Dutch drawings (ten of them Rembrandts) on loan from the Institut Néerlandais, in Paris. Through Feb. 19.... ¶ A display of books that have been enhanced by an inscription or a drawing either by the author or simply by a reader; for example, James Thurber made thirteen pencil drawings in his first edition of Hemingway's "Green Hills of Africa," and it is on view. Through March 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Social history, decorative styles, and macabre deaths are evinced in a small, choice showing of New York City tombstone rubbings by Cecily Firestein. Through April 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through April 15.... ¶ "Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through April 29. (The library is open daily except Thursdays, Sundays, and Monday, Feb. 13. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Batik paintings by Leo Twiggs. ... ¶ A showing by two photographers: Mel Wright's depictions of South American life, and Al Fennar's near-abstractions. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Feb. 19.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 8: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 9: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Sherrill Milnes, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 10: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, James Atherton, Morley Meredith, Allan Monk, Paul Plishka, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 11: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 11: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 13: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 14: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Richard Fredricks, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 15: "Boris Godunov," with Florence Quivar, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, Robert Nagy, James Atherton, Morley Meredith, Allan Monk, Paul Plishka, and Fernando Corena; Kazimierz Kord.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 16: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Mignon Dunn, José Carreras, Anselmo Colzani, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 17: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, James McCracken, and Cornell MacNeil; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 18: "Eugene Onegin," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Isola Jones, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Gedda, and Paul Plishka; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 18: "Thaïs," with Beverly Sills, Richard Fredricks, Jean Van Ree, and James Morris; John Pritchard. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—The second of two programs conducted by Dixie Neill and Jean Russak, and staged by Harvey Vincent, this one consisting of scenes from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov" (in English), and Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting on Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 10, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 7:30 (no soloists).... ¶ Bernard Haitink conducting Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 16-18, and Tuesday, Feb. 21, at 8:30 (all with Igor Oistrakh, violin).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8, a program of Russian music, with Lazar Berman, piano; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin; Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, with Bruno Leonardo Gelber, piano; and Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8, with Julia Hamari, mezzo-soprano, and Richard Cassilly, tenor.... ¶ Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3; no soloists.... ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting performances of Haydn's "The Creation," with Judith Blegen, soprano; Leo Goeke, tenor; and Paul Plishka, bass. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 5:30.)

Queens Symphony Chamber Orchestra—David Katz conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2:30.)

American Composers Orchestra—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the second in a series of three concerts of American symphonic music, this one with Romuald Tecco, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting a program including the American première of Pierre Boulez' "Pli Selon Pli," with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of concerti grossi. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman direct-

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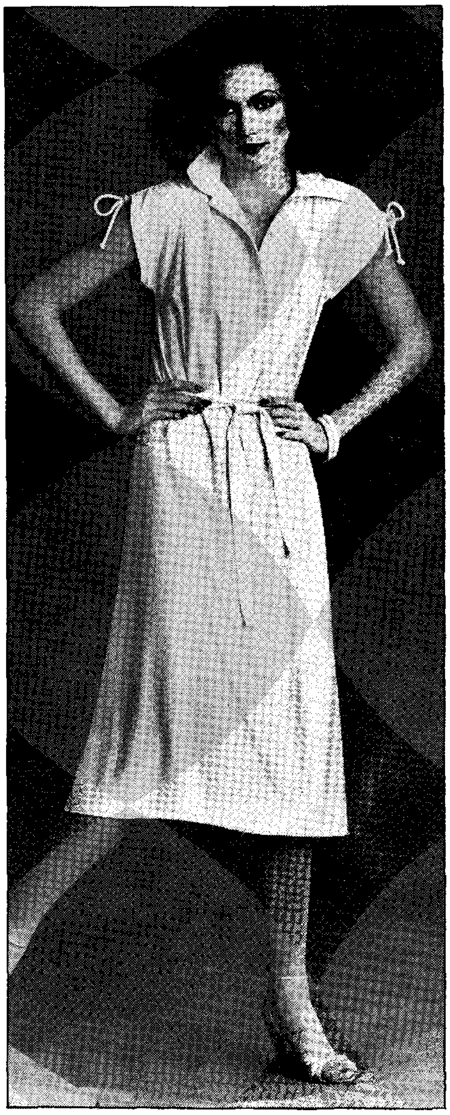

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ing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

RECITALS

Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano, in the last two in a series of three all-Schubert recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 8, and Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9, at 8, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8, the fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Leo Brouwer—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Jaime Laredo and Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Walter Trampler and Ida Kavafian, viola; Lynn Harrell and Leslie Parnas, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 5. . . . ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, Feb. 11, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Garrett List—Trombone, in a program of his own works, with assisting artists. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:30.)

Paula Robison—Flute, in the last in a series of recitals, this one a program of music of Britain, with William Tim Read, harpsichord and clavichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 3.)

Lazar Berman—Piano, in the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

Sergiu Luca—Violin. (America-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E. 54th St. 751-2700. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 4.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 4.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—Principals of the Boston Symphony, in a concert postponed from Jan. 15. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 6.)

Paul Schenly—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Montserrat Caballé—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Ann Monoyios—Soprano, in a recital of baroque and Renaissance music, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Judith Alstadter—Piano, in a program of music by Gabriel Fauré. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 4. A limited number of free tickets will be available, but only to those applying for them in person after 3 on the day of the performance.)

Western Wind—A vocal ensemble in the second of two concerts, this one a program entitled "Valentine's Day, A Musical Garland of Love." (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Elizabeth Parcells—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the New York New Music Ensemble, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and Mark Shuman, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Quartetto Beethoven di Roma—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Music from Aston Magna—Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Fortunato Arico, cello; Carole Bogard, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Yehudi Wyner, composer/pianist, with members of the ensemble, including Lucy Stoltzman, violin, and Stephen Taylor, oboe. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Waverly Consort—A program entitled "La Contenance Angloise, Music of Britain from the Middle Ages and Early Renaissance." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

American Chamber Trio—Peter Basquin, piano; June DeForest, violin; and Daniel Morganstern, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Vermeer Quartet—With Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 19, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

50 Years Ago: The Avant-Garde in New York—Music by Ives, Cowell, Copland, Varèse, Sessions, Riegger, Carpenter, and Ruth Crawford Seeger, performed by Continuum, an ensemble this time including Jeannette Walters, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; the New York String Quartet; and the Brooklyn College Percussion Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Saturday, Feb. 18, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Friday, Feb. 10, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Sunday, Feb. 12, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Seattle, Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Feb. 17, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 13-14.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Sunday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Feb. 15. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, Feb. 18, at 1:15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Thursdays through Saturdays, and Mondays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; last day Monday, May 22. The Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 17.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Feb. 25. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—William Gass and Susan Sontag reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8.). . . ¶ Robert Penn Warren reading from his own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2: English furniture and clocks, from various collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 16, at 2: Renaissance and later works of art and tapestries, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 11.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

ARTS
W.C. FIELDS FESTIVAL
W.C. FI FESTIV

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12	13	14	15	16		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Lacemaker."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 9: "Horsefeathers" and "Monkey Business."
From Feb. 10: "Outrageous!" and "Pumping Iron."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 9: "Mr. Klein."
From Feb. 10: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Boys in Company C."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Coma."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The One and Only."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Annie Hall."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Feb. 9: "The Goodbye Girl."
From Feb. 10: "Blue Collar."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Duellists."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Coma."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Dersu Uzala."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Serpent's Egg."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Feb. 14: "Julia."
From Feb. 15: "Coming Home."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Padre Padrone."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Turning Point."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Blue Country."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 14: "Outrageous!"
From Feb. 15: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Semi-Tough."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 9: "Starship Invasions" and "Greased Lightning."
From Feb. 10: "The Betsy."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Boys in Company C."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The One and Only."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 9: "Saturday Night Fever."
From Feb. 10: "Blue Collar."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Turning Point."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Goodbye Girl."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Renaldo & Clara."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Semi-Tough."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 14: "Mr. Klein."
From Feb. 15: "Twentieth-Century Oz."
Theatre 3: "The Goodbye Girl."
Theatre 4: "The Children of Theatre Street."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Operation Thunderbolt."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Semi-Tough."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Feb. 9: "The World's Greatest Lover."
From Feb. 10: "The Choirboys."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"High Anxiety."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"High Anxiety."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Coup de Grâce."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Lacemaker."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Semi-Tough."
Theatre 2: "The Goodbye Girl."
Theatre 3: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 9 (tentative): "Mr. Klein."
Feb. 10-15: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "All Screwed Up."
From Feb. 16: "Ceddo."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 9: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Feb. 10: "Short Eyes" and "Barbarella."

REVIVAL HOUSES

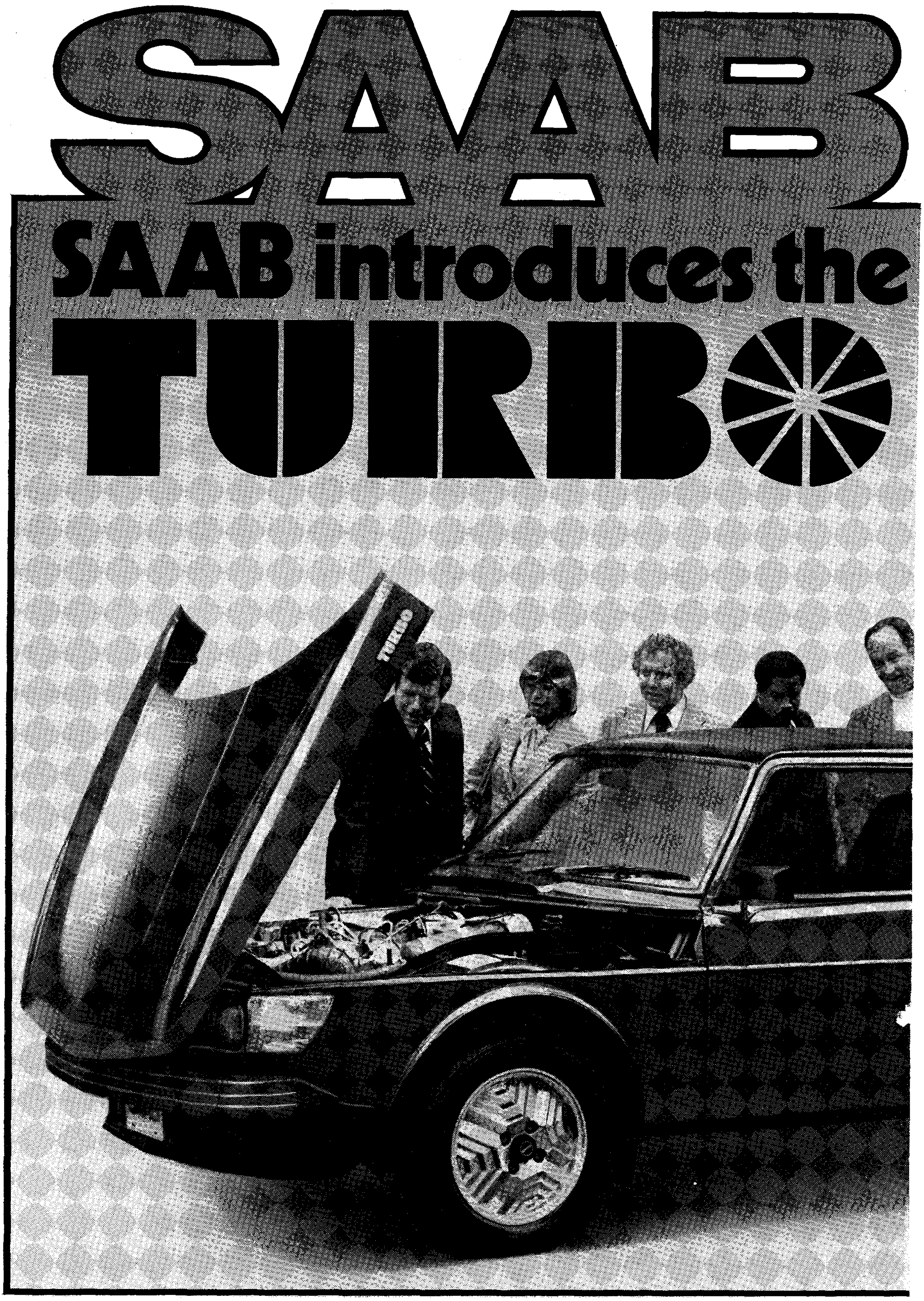
(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 8: "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina; and "La Chinoise" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard.
Feb. 9: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, Nanette Fabray, and Oscar Levant; and "Brigadoon" (1954), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Cyd Charisse.
Feb. 10-11: "Go West" (1941) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.
Feb. 12-13: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, and Cary Grant; and "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy.
Feb. 14: "Kinuyo Tanaka Tribute Aizen Katsura" (1938), in Japanese, directed by Kosho Nomura; and "Women of the Night" (1948), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi.
Feb. 15: "The Wild Child" (†) and "Fahrenheit 451." (†)
Feb. 16: "Lust for Life" (†); and "Tea and Sympathy" (1956), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 8: "Brigadoon" (1954), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Van Johnson, and Cyd Charisse; and "The Long, Long Trailer" (1954), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz.
Feb. 9: "Lulù the Tool" (1975; "The Working Class Goes to Heaven"), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Gian Maria Volonte; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
Feb. 10: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Darling." (†)
Feb. 11: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "The Goddess." (†)
Feb. 12: "Alicia" (†); and "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (1965), directed by Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.
Feb. 13: "Hot Tomorrows" (1977), directed by Martin Brest; and "The Love Song of Charles Faberman" (1971), directed by Jeremy Kagan.
Feb. 14: "The Cobweb" (†) and "Kismet." (†)
Feb. 15: "Lust for Life" (†); and "Tea and Sympathy" (1956), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr.
Feb. 16: "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924), directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert; and "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 9: "Emmanuelle" (1974) and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976), both films in French, with Sylvia Kristel (X-rated).
Feb. 10-11: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
Feb. 12-13: "The Boys in the Band" (†) and "Fortune and Men's Eyes." (†)
Feb. 14: "Vanishing Point" (†) and "The Wild Angels." (†)
Feb. 15-16: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Pierre Renoir.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 8: "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Feb. 9-11: "Grand Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fres-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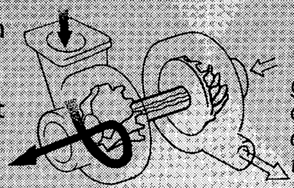

The turbocharging process captures energy normally passed out through the exhaust pipe and puts it back into the work process to obtain extra engine power.

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Road and Track put it succinctly; *"...the SAAB Turbo ... one of the waves of the future: small engine with a turbo charger for fuel economy and performance coupled with low exhaust emissions. Neat!"*

Car and Driver said; *"The new SAAB Turbo is a genuine performance car: strong, supple, good off the line, fast through the corners, whisper smooth and lovingly screwed together."*

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—Steve Thompson,
Car and Driver.

"The SAAB Turbo is exhilarating to drive ... it's so much fun, the price is irrelevant ..."
—Road and Track.

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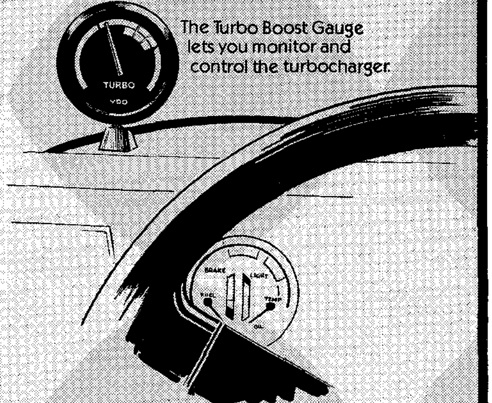

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nay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.

Feb. 12-13: "Beauty and the Beast" (†) and "Donkey Skin." (†)

Feb. 14-15: "M" (†) and "Nosferatu." (†)

From Feb. 16: "The Conformist" (1970), in Italian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "Stavisky." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Feb. 9: "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard; and "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962), in French, directed by Serge Bourguignon, with Hardy Krüger and Nicole Courcel.

Feb. 10-11: "F for Fake" (1977), directed by, and with, Orson Welles; and "Journey Into Fear." (†)

Feb. 12-14: "The Emperor Jones" (†); and "Song of Freedom" (1936), an English musical, directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.

Feb. 15-16: "In a Lonely Place" (†); and "The Lusty Men" (1952), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum, and Arthur Kennedy.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 8: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), in Russian, directed by Sergei Eisenstein, with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (1933), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Laughton, Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester.

Feb. 9: "The Front Page" (1931), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Adolphe Menjou, Pat O'Brien, Mary Brian, and Edward Everett Horton; and "I Cover the Waterfront" (1933), directed by James Cruze, with Claudette Colbert, Ben Lyon, and Ernest Torrence.

Feb. 10-11: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell.

Feb. 12: "Lady of Burlesque" (†); and "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" (1933), directed by Lowell Sherman, with Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo.

Feb. 13: "Thunderbolt" (†) and "The Scarlet Empress." (†)

Feb. 14: "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Fredric March; and "Strangers in Love" (1932), directed by Lothar Mendes, with Fredric March and Kay Francis.

Feb. 15: "His Butler's Sister" (1943), directed by Frank Borzage, with Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Pat O'Brien, Evelyn Ankers, and Akim Tamiroff; and "Something in the Wind" (1947), directed by Irving Pichel, with Deanna Durbin, Donald O'Connor, John Dall, and Jan Peerce.

Feb. 16: "Counsellor-at-Law" (†) and "World Première." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Cactus" (1974), in French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 6: "Reouh-Takh" (1971), in French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore, English subtitles; and "Diankha-Bi" (1968), in French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 8:30: "N'Jangaan" (1974), in Wolof and French, directed by Mahama Johnson Traore; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 2:30: "Kodou" (1971), in Wolof, directed by Abacar Samb-Makharam, English subtitles; and "Et la Neige N'Etait Plus" (1965), in Wolof and French, directed by Abacar Samb-Makharam, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 6: "Angels Over Broadway" (1940), directed by Ben Hecht and Lee Garmes, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Rita Hayworth. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at noon: "The Lodger" (1944), directed by John Brahm, with Merle Oberon, George Sanders, and Laird Cregar. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2:30: "Kodou" and "Et la Neige N'Etait Plus.". . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 5: "Cactus.". . . ¶ Feb. 12 at noon: "The Lodger.". . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 2:30: "Touki Bouki" (1973), in Wolof, directed by Djibril Diop-Mambéty; French subtitles only. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 5: "The Land" (1941), directed by Robert J. and Frances Flaherty; and "Regain" ("Harvest") (1937), in French, directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Fernandel; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at noon: "In Search of the Lost World" (1972), directed by Howard Campbell. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2:30: "Contras' City" (1968), directed by Djibril Diop-Mambéty, French commentary; and "Badou Boy" (1970), in French, directed by Djibril Diop-Mambéty, no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 6: A program of short films by Paul Winkler. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at noon: "In Search of the Lost World.". . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30: "Applause" (1929), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Helen Morgan, Fuller Mellish, Jr., and Joan Peers. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 6: "How Yukong Moved the Mountains: The Oilfields" (1973-75), in Chinese, with English voiceover, directed by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan, the second section of a twelve-part documentary on life in the People's Republic of China. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30: A program of four short Senegalese films, made in 1974-75. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 6: "Contras' City" and "Badou Boy.". . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 8:30: "Touki Bouki." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 12: "Igor Orig" (1976) and "Dead Letter" (1977), both films by Michael Harvey; and "In a Train Station" (1977) and "The Wayfarer" (1977), both films by James Pasternak. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 14: "Golden Gloves—Who's the Champ" (1977), a videotape by Tom Weinberg and Scott Jacobs; and "Running with the Bulls" (1977), a videotape by Bill and Esti Marpet. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Murnau, Lubitsch, Nelson, Peterson, Ozu, Maiwald, Méliès, and others. Showings Feb. 8-10 at 7 and 9; Feb. 11 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Feb. 12 and 14 at 8; and Feb. 15-16 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Landscape After Battle" (1970), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALICIA—In this Cuban-made documentary, homage to Alicia Alonso gets lost in a jumble of excitable graphics, cheering audiences, and clips from dances filmed, for the most part, during the declining phase of her career. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

ALL SCREWED UP (1974)—Lina Wertmüller finished this film early in 1974, just before starting "Swept Away." It's a noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Several aspects of the film, such as its poignant hero, Carletto (Nino Bignamini), and the scenes showing the monotonous dehumanization of labor, are reminiscent of René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" (which also influenced Chaplin's "Modern Times"). But Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse, which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. Lina Polito, who was the dark Tripolina in "Love and Anarchy," is here thin and blond as the lovely Mariuccia, who has quintuplets; Isa Danieli is the dark, soft-faced Elizabeth Taylor type who turns prostitute. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (New Yorker; Feb. 10-15.)

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (Eastside Cinema.)

BARBARELLA (1968)—The décor and effects in Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip are disappointing, but Jane Fonda has the skittish naughtiness of a teen-age voluptuary. She's the fresh, bouncy American girl triumphing by her innocence over a lewd, sadistic world of the future. David Hemmings shows unexpected comic talent as an absentminded revolutionary. (Olympia; starting Feb. 10.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Regency; Feb. 12-13.)

THE BETSY—Derived from the Harold Robbins novel, with Laurence Olivier, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, Tommy Lee Jones, and Jane Alexander; directed by Daniel Petrie. (U. A. East; starting Feb. 10.)

BLUE COLLAR—With Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto, and Cliff DeYoung; directed by Paul Schrader. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East; starting Feb. 10.)

BLUE COUNTRY—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

THE BOYS IN COMPANY C—With Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, Craig Wasson, and Andrew Stevens; directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Cinema Village; Feb. 12-13.)

CEDDO—Directed by Ousmane Sembène. In Wolof. (New Yorker; starting Feb. 16.)

THE CHILDREN OF THEATRE STREET—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Quad Cinema.)

THE CHOIRBOYS—Based on the Joseph Wambaugh novel, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Playboy; starting Feb. 10.)

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

THE COBWEB (1955)—By 1955, nobody was surprised that the new variant of "Grand Hotel" was an expensive, exclusive loony bin (inspired by Austin Riggs Center, at Stockbridge). Plots and subplots tangle and untangle as the staff and patients rush through their intrigues and affairs. Charles Boyer is the weary director of the asylum: when things start to go to hell, he flees, bottle in hand, to a motel. Richard Widmark, tense and fairly unconvincing as the "dynamic" new psychoanalyst, shuttles between his petulant wife (Gloria Grahame), who makes trouble for everybody, and an idealized occupational therapist (Lauren Bacall), who is having an affair with him. John Kerr and Susan Strasberg are young, sick, and in love. The prize comic maniac is Oscar Levant—shown at one point under a restraining sheet, in a continuous warm bath, gulping sedatives and singing "Mother." Vincente Minnelli directed, and, to his credit, most of the confusion is

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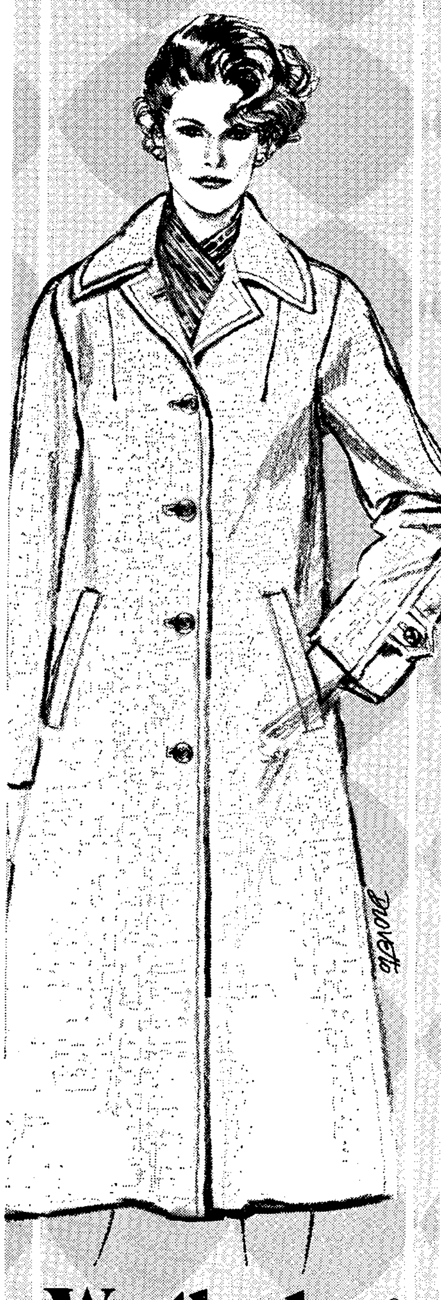

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

calculated. With Lillian Gish, who comes closest to being the star, even though her part is small; Fay Wray (in wonderful shape, considering the way King Kong used to squeeze her); and Paul Stewart. John Paxton did the screenplay, based on William Gibson's novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

Coma—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. And single-handed, she begins to investigate. The story—about the body-snatching of the living—is essentially sleazy, yet this thriller shies away from sleazy jokes. It glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, and it holds you. But it doesn't give you a lift—all you get is a knot in the gut. Michael Crichton directed and did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Murray Hill, and Plaza.)

Coming Home—With Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern; directed by Hal Ashby. (Cinema I; starting Feb. 15.)

Counsellor-at-Law (1933)—John Barrymore seems an unlikely choice for the ghetto-born lawyer of Elmer Rice's play, but this is one of the few screen roles that reveal his measure as an actor. His "presence" is apparent in every scene; so are his restraint, his humor, and his zest. The material is success-story-with-heartbreak—a typical American well-made play of the period: energetic, naïve, melodramatic, good-hearted, and full of gold-diggers, social climbers, and dedicated radicals. The director, William Wyler, sticks close to the play and tells the story in a simple, unadorned way, which has the advantage for us now of preserving the theatrical style of the time. With Bebe Daniels, Melvyn Douglas, Doris Kenyon, Mayo Methot, Thelma Todd, Onslow Stevens, Isabel Jewell, and, as the horrid stepson, Richard Quine, who, when he grew up, directed "Operation Mad Ball." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16.)

Coup de Grâce—With Margarethe von Trotta and Matthias Habich, directed by Volker Schlöndorff. In German and French. (Cinema Studio.)

Darling (1965)—Julie Christie as a mod girl who doesn't feel "complete," in John Schlesinger's modish and spectacularly successful film about how empty we are. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 10.)

Dersu Uzala—A Soviet-Japanese co-production, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Russian. (Baronet.)

Donkey Skin (1975)—Jacques Demy's Cinderella story about Catherine Deneuve dressed up in a donkey skin and working as a skivvy, but we all know she's Chanel No. 5 and the only person whose finger the prince's ring will fit. Wallpaper film, with pretty music by Michel Legrand. In French. (Regency; Feb. 12-13.)

The Duellists—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend, like the causes of the larger wars that they're both fighting in. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful. Its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions; what keep them from palling is that they have a graphic power of their own, and they're coolly impassioned—a story of obsessive enmity is being told by way of these ravishing yet unsettling images. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (1/23/78) (Fine Arts.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Thalia; Feb. 12-14.)

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain—Except for flashbacks, Lina Wertmüller's first film in English takes place during one very wet night. A Communist Italian journalist (Giancarlo Giannini) and a rich American feminist photojournalist (Candice Bergen) have been married ten years, and in all that time they've been having sexual intercourse only in the missionary position. On this night, she suggests that she'd like to try something else, and there's much dishevelment, hysteria, shrieking, and running out into the rain—and the marriage collapses. The entire film has a tutti-frutti romanticism, and parts of it rank with such classics of camp as "Youngblood Hawke" and "The Barefoot Contessa." (2/6/78) (Loews Tower East.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. There are charming childlike moments, but the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 15.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes (1971)—Based on John Herbert's play about prison and homosexuality, with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer. Directed by Harvey Hart. (Cinema Village; Feb. 12-13.)

The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of success centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. Unfortunately, he's so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her a star. This is a fascinating, conscientious, ambitious, bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast: the intense Kim Stanley in the lead, with Patty Duke playing the heroine as a child, Betty Lou Holland as her mother, Lloyd Bridges as her prizefighter husband, and Elizabeth Wilson as her final, gorgonlike attendant. The score is by Virgil Thomson. (Collectors of errata may note that Chayefsky has the heroine say she was in "Stage Door" by "Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Feb. 9.)

Greased Lightning—Richard Pryor as Wendell Scott, the only successful black racing-car driver in the South thirty years ago, playing a pop-eyed Uncle Tom for Uncle Toms in a caustically funny performance. Eat dust, bump fenders, burn rubber; eat white insults, spit them out, burn up the past. The picture, produced by Hannah Weinstein (producer of "Claudine") and directed by Michael Schultz, strikes one as a traditional caricature of the underdog until one watches it more closely and sees its vigor and intensity. (8/22/77) (U. A. East; through Feb. 9.)

A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich—With Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Larry Scott; directed by Ralph Nelson. (Columbia I.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their best comedies. The setting is academic, and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom Groucho sings "Everyone Says 'I Love You.'" (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 9.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but basically pointless murder melodrama, directed by Nicholas

Ray. Steele is suspected by the police of having killed a hat-check girl after inviting her to his quarters to grill her about a book she happens to have read. (He is supposed to adapt this book to the screen, and he wants to save himself the trouble of reading it.) He's in love with Gloria Grahame, whom he almost kills in a fit of jealousy, so she naturally thinks that he did the other girl in. Ray doesn't seem to have a budget or any ideas to work with; he keeps the thing going, but the writing is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes. (Thalia; Feb. 15-16.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead in a spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey. Directed by Norman Foster, but Welles had a large hand in the script and supervised the production, and his command of film vocabulary gleams through. (Thalia; Feb. 10-11.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I; through Feb. 14.)

Kismet (1955)—This time, it was Vincente Minnelli who tried his hand with the familiar material, in a Hollywood-doctored version of the Broadway show that featured music derived from Borodin (including "A Stranger in Paradise" and the ubiquitous "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads"). Despite Howard Keel's relaxed, strong voice and Dolores Gray's lowdown wiles, it didn't work the way it had on the stage. Defeat seems to hover over the players' heads; maybe over the years the material had simply been flogged to death. Jack Cole staged the dances; with Ann Blyth, Vic Damone, Monty Woolley, and Sebastian Cabot. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, with burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of the milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the director, William Wellman, does rather well. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 12.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Olympia; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Feb. 10.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 16.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Regency; Feb. 14-15.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Paris.)

Mr. Klein—Joseph Losey directed this French quasi-thriller set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), an Aryan, who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Aryan. This is a classic example of Losey's weighty emptiness; the atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. With Jeanne Moreau and Michel Lonsdale; written by Franco Solinas. In French. (2/6/78) (Gramercy; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Feb. 9, tentative. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Feb. 14.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 9.)

Nosferatu (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's moviegoing subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to dross. (Regency; Feb. 14-15.)

The One and Only—With Henry Winkler and Kim Darby, directed by Carl Reiner. (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

Operation Thunderbolt—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (72nd Street East; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 10.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers' film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography fuses political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic—and the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Cinema II.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the script of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Olympia; through Feb. 9.)

Pumping Iron (1977)—Competently made documentary about the grotesque, funny subculture of body-building. It holds the viewer's interest, but it does so by setting up the body-building champions for you to react to in a certain way, and then congratulating you for seeing them in that psychologically facile way. The directors, George Butler and Robert Fiore, treat Arnold Schwarzenegger, Mike Katz, Franco Columbu, and Louis Ferrigno and his parents as if they were fictional characters, and there are elements of presumption, cruelty, and condescension in this. The film never transcends its own slickness. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Feb. 10.)

Renaldo & Clara—Directed by, and with, Bob Dylan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Waverly.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto

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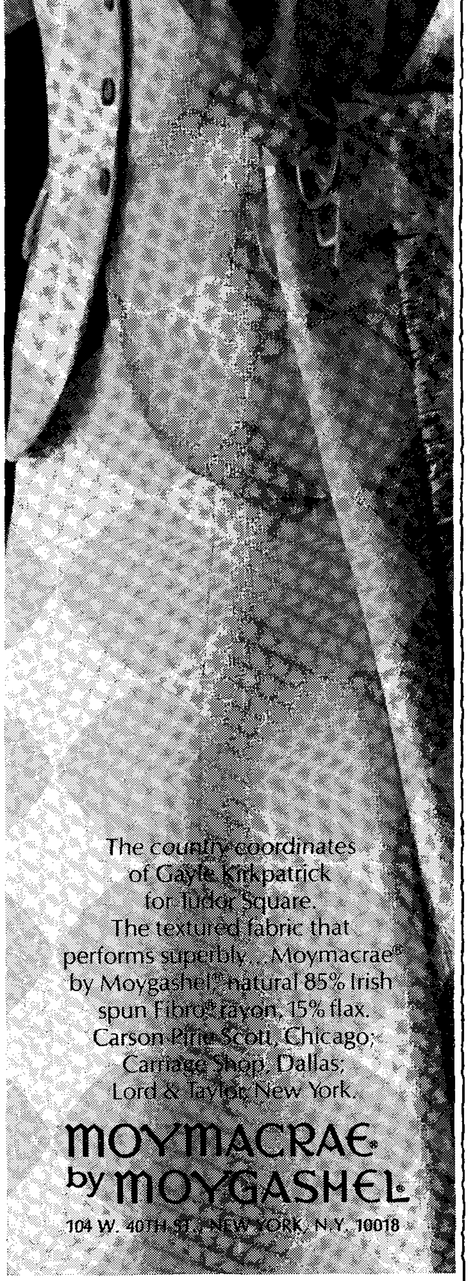

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith. . . .¶ 86th St. East; through Feb. 9.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of as a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets, while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (New Yorker; Feb. 10-15.)

Semi-Tough—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Serpent's Egg—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. (1/30/78) (Coronet.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Olympia; starting Feb. 10.)

Starship Invasions—With Robert Vaughn and Christopher Lee, directed by Ed Hunt. (U. A. East; through Feb. 9.)

Stavisky (1974)—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded, white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (Regency; starting Feb. 16.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

Thunderbolt (1929)—This Josef von Sternberg underworld melodrama (which he did just before he went to Germany and made "The Blue Angel") was filmed as a silent and released in that form in some places, but sound was added to the completed film, and it was more generally released as a talkie. George Bancroft is the gang leader known as Thunderbolt; Fay Wray is his gun moll, Ritzy; Richard Arlen is the bank clerk who knew her before she took up with Thunderbolt, and wants to marry her. Bancroft was such a genial, large-spirited actor that he makes Thunderbolt likable even while he's framing the bank clerk for murder. The two men wind up facing each other in opposite cells on death row. Tully Marshall is very funny as the agitated, sly, vaguely philanthropic warden. The picture is an imitation of von Sternberg's 1927 hit, "Underworld," also starring Bancroft, and it isn't in the same class, but the first half isn't bad. After that, the contrivances are threadbare. With Eugenie Besserer as Arlen's mother, and Fred Kohler as Bad Al. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

Vanishing Point (1971)—Solid car chase, celebrating both kinds of speed. Not up to much. It seems a rather mechanical extension of points proved profitable in "Easy Rider." With Barry Newman, directed by Richard Sarafian. (Cinema Village; Feb. 14.)

The Wild Angels (1966)—The crude Roger Corman wheeler, starring Peter Fonda, that was aimed at the drive-in and male-loner audience but wound up reaching so large an international audience that the major studios began to imitate it. With Nancy Sinatra, Michael J. Pollard, and Diane Ladd. (Cinema Village; Feb. 14.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 15.)

World Première (1941)—John Barrymore, in his self-parodying period, doing an entertaining lampoon of a movie producer in an insignificant contraption of a movie, directed by Ted Tetzlaff. With Frances Farmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16.)

The World's Greatest Lover—This Gene Wilder slapstick farce is set in the twenties and has to do with a Milwaukee baker (Wilder) who goes to Hollywood for a screen test, hoping to become a rival to Rudolph Valentino. The picture never rises even to sophomoric humor. With Carol Kane, Dom DeLuise, and Fritz Feld. (Playboy; through Feb. 9.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received a letter from a friend home in bed with a cold:

This bed is a real mess—mountains of Kleenex, mountains of newspapers. You might say that on an extremely small scale I am fighting for survival, striving to keep from sneezing my precious life away, but between seizures I glance at the papers—especially at stories about Cosmos 954, the Soviet nuclear-reactor satellite that blew a gasket and finally came to rest in the icy reaches of the Canadian north, spreading radioactive contamination over miles and miles—and I wonder if it is *worthwhile* to shake this cold. I mean, I'll get over the cold, with aspirin, fluids, bed rest, and the holding of many beautiful thoughts, but I am gripped by the fact that the Soviet Union has at least ten nuclear-powered orbs dancing through our skies and that the United States has nine. The newspapers are rather cozy about the matter, some stories saying that it will take six hundred years for one of the orbs to reenter the earth's atmosphere, and only adding sotto voce that even then the enriched uranium would be extremely radioactive. Another story says there's nothing to worry about for four hundred years. And another joyously speaks of four thousand years of grace. But aren't all these figures—six hundred, four hundred, four thousand—mere blinks in the long history of the human race? If so, I'm wondering who gave *anybody* permission, either orally or in writing, to tamper with the existence of Man, much less set a theoretical cutoff date for worldwide contamination. One of the few things that have sustained me, through happy years and through sad ones, has been the thought that somewhere, sometime, a vigorous, intelligent, progressive, decent, perhaps freckled great-great-great-great-great-great-grandchild would put his or her shoulder to the wheel and roll the heavy stone one inch farther up the hill. Have to stop now. Aspirin time.

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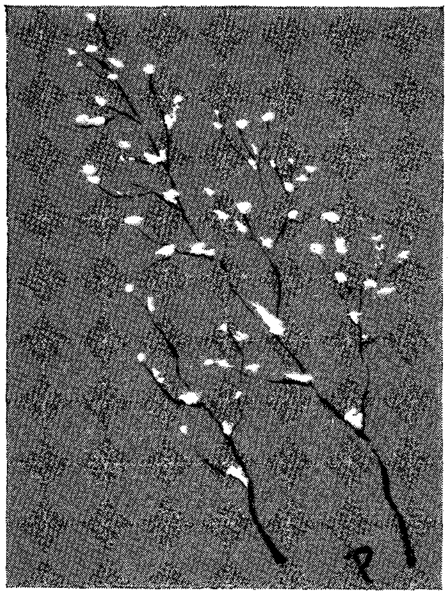
Screened

AL VERSSEN, the owner of the Brooklyn Dodgers, which is one of ten franchises in the professional Eastern Basketball Association, takes pride in knowing his personnel. When Mr. Verssen contemplates the players on his team, he likes to say that they are "a very screened group of individuals." In a way, the same could be said of the fans who come to watch the Dodgers play their home games—at Roosevelt Hall, a gymnasium building on the campus of Brooklyn College. In fact, Mr. Verssen, a rotund, bespectacled man in his fifties—too short to play competitive basketball but just the right size to own a team—himself screens all the individuals who attend the games. He does this while taking tickets at the door. Mr. Verssen recognizes that he is a rara avis among professional-sports moguls. He is his own factotum. "I'm the guy whose job it is to worry about everything," he told us one recent Sunday night as he guarded the gate prior to a contest between the Dodgers and the Providence Shooting Stars. Several people got in without paying. This happened not because of inattention on Mr. Verssen's part but, rather, because he is generous. If someone sidles up to the ticket table and hesitates in an odd way, Mr. Verssen asks in a low voice, "You a friend of anyone?" In many instances, the fan mentions the name of one of the Dodgers, and the owner admits the friend free of charge. This makes the Brooklyn Dodgers one of the few professional sports organizations around that are run with the coy ambience of a speakeasy. Usually, a couple of hundred paying spectators attend the games. Once, when the Dodgers played the Washington Metros, the gym was loaded to capacity—with seven hundred and fifty people. For that occasion, the Dodgers had distributed free tickets in Flatbush and Canarsie. The lack of a critical mass deprives the Dodgers of basketball's proverbial home-court advantage. As it is, the team owner wouldn't really mind if the Dodgers played all their games on the road, since this would obviate renting the Brooklyn College gymnasium. When he can, Mr. Verssen follows the team on its out-of-town trips. Last month, however, when the Dodgers flew to Alaska to play the Anchorage Northern Knights—the Anchorage team picked up the tab—he had to stay behind in New York, because of various other obligations. By day, he teaches mathematics at Monsignor McClancy Memorial High School, in East Elmhurst. Also, he owns a printing business in Greenpoint. He regrets not making the Alaska journey, even though doing so would have forced him to witness two consecutive losses by the Dodgers. "They were fairly close games, but we still lost them both," he told us. "I think we ran into some jet-lag problems."

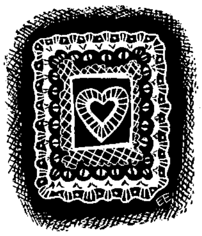
The Dodgers' roster for the game against Providence listed twelve players, seven of whom actually appeared



in uniform. A couple of non-roster players also suited up. Wondering which of his players will or won't attend a given game leads Al Verssen to conclude that owning a minor-league basketball team "can place a person in a stressful situation." In addition to the players, the Dodgers' roster regularly lists Harold Tonick as head coach and Mr. Verssen as defensive coach. The myriad demands of sole ownership, however, have restricted the time that Mr. Verssen can devote to coaching defense, and he now relies upon Mr. Tonick to handle both jobs. In any event, defense is not an integral part of the game in the Eastern Basketball Association. Not long ago, for example, the Dodgers vanquished the Quincy Chiefs by 169–167 (no overtime).

"This is second-chance heaven," Mr. Tonick told us as we made our way to the sideline with him and Mr. Verssen to watch the Dodgers and the Shooting Stars limber up for the game. "The best players here, the younger ones, have tried without success to make it in the big league, the National Basketball Association, and now they are waiting for a second chance. Some of the others might be a little older. They realize they've taken a step down, but they like to play and they need the chance to do it against non-amateur competition."

The Dodgers have some talented and promising players. Jim Bostic, a forward, leads the E.B.A. in rebounds and in scoring. Jackie Dorsey, who while playing for Brooklyn is actually under contract to the Denver Nuggets, of the N.B.A., leads the E.B.A. in shooting percentage. Mr. Verssen, for his part, probably leads the league in pained expressions. We noticed as the Dodgers took the floor during the pregame warmup that the team members wore green jackets inscribed "Pros." These were left over from last season, before the Dodgers were called the Dodgers. We also noticed that one of the Dodgers' forwards, a former member of the New York Knicks named Ronnie Nunn, wore white shorts, while all his teammates had on green.



Harris Parker, the team's general manager, noticed it, too. "Any chance we can get all these guys in the same kind of shorts?" he asked.

Mr. Verssen ignored the question.

Mr. Parker muttered, "We gotta get uniforms in the budget."

The game was scheduled to begin at seven-thirty, but no one seemed to be in a hurry. For one thing, when seven-thirty rolled around, Jackie Dorsey, the star, had not arrived.

"So where the hell is Dorsey?" Mr. Verssen asked.

"Don't look at me," said Mr. Parker.

"Last week, he flew in from Atlanta for the last six minutes of our game against the Metros," Mr. Verssen told us. "He almost pulled it out for us, too. Scored six points."

A few minutes later, a head attached to a six-foot-eight-inch body appeared in the doorway. This was Jackie Dorsey. He greeted the owner, the coach, and the general manager and then went off to the dressing room to change.

Meanwhile, the public-address announcer, a Brooklyn College student named Ira Klein, had begun the proceedings. "Good evening, and welcome to Roosevelt Hall, home of the Brooklyn Dodgers," he intoned. "For those of you who are attending your first Brooklyn Dodgers game, welcome. For those of you who have been here before, you're here again."

While Mr. Verssen continued to keep an eye out for prospective ticket buyers, we took a seat in the bleachers, in front of a middle-aged man who was telling his two teen-aged sons, "Yeah, I went to school with Dave DeBusschere. *Sure.* Do I *know* him? Of course I know him. We used to play one-on-one together. In fact, a couple of moves he's got *I* taught him."

The game began, and after a few missed shots by both teams Providence took the lead on a jump shot by a guard named Erie Ferange. We looked up his name on our program. Although Ferange was listed as six feet two inches tall, he looked as if he could do a much more convincing imitation of someone five feet ten. Within seconds, Brooklyn evened the score, and once Jackie Dorsey had entered the game, about five minutes after it began, the Dodgers seized control and began to turn it into a runaway. "I knew it would happen like this," said Mr. Parker, who had taken a seat next to us. "The Providence team may wear uniforms that match, but we play better. We'll blow these guys off the court."

At halftime, Brooklyn led, 67–45. During the intermission, we saw Vinnie Ernst, the Providence coach, standing outside the gym eating a doughnut and drinking coffee.

"What's your strategy for the second half?" we asked.

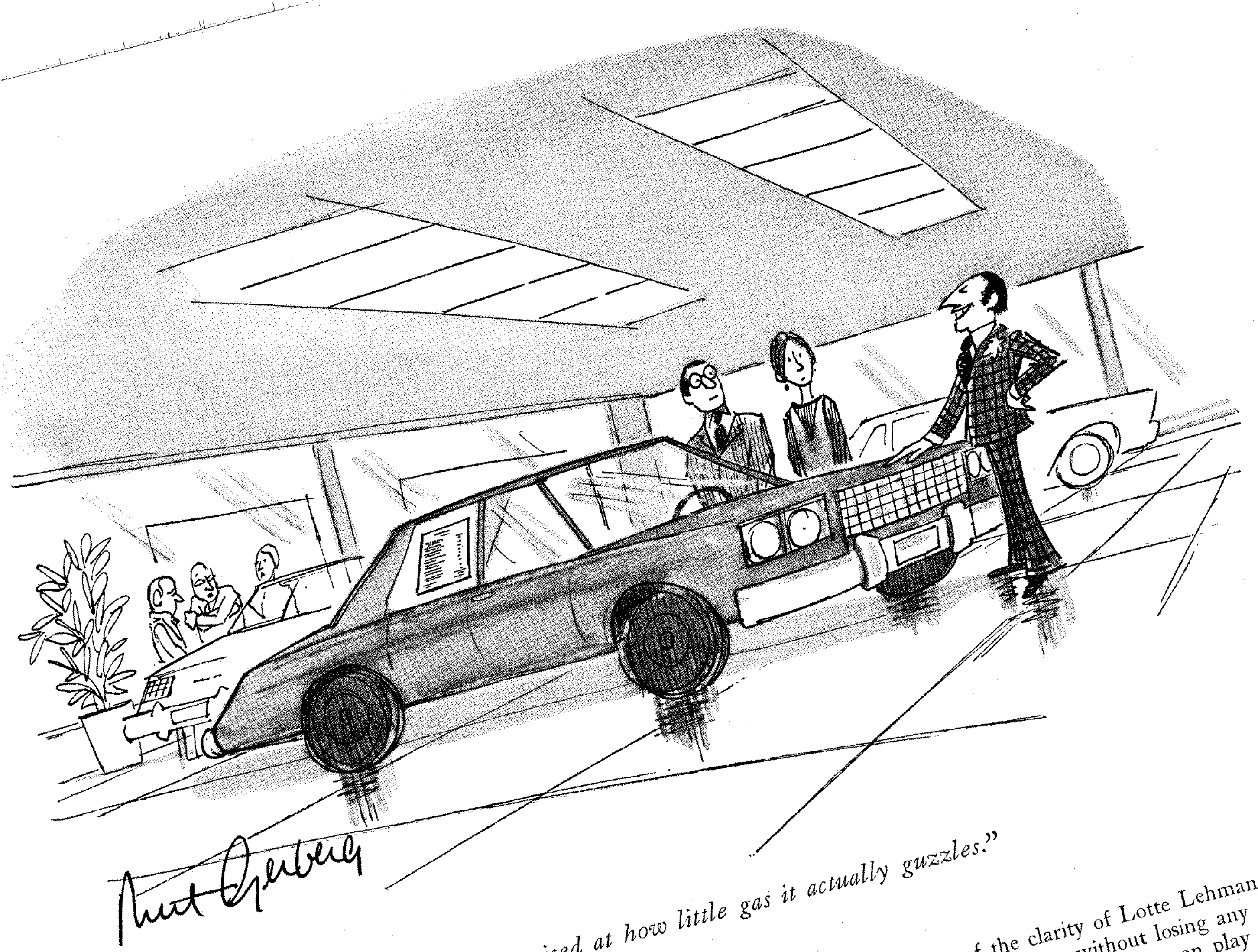
"Two choices," he said. "We're gonna either send seven men onto the court or lock the Dodgers' dressing-room door. If the whistle blows to begin the second half and they aren't here to play, we win by forfeit."

In the second half, the Dodgers came onto the court on schedule but they had some shaky moments. Most of these, however, were offset by some shaky moments that the Shooting Stars had, and Brooklyn held on to win, 130–113. Jackie Dorsey finished the game with 37 points and 11 rebounds.

Afterward, we sought out Mr. Verssen. Victory, we had assumed, would give him a chance to smile, but he had other matters on his mind. For one thing, the players had to be paid. He declined to tell us what the paid attendance had been for the game. "You know, there are two and a half million people living in Brooklyn," he said. "I figure we should get at least a thousand of them here for each game—that's the break-even point—but so far we haven't done it. I might add that no matter whom I talk to—politicians, businessmen, people who live in the borough—I always get good vibes. Nobody is disdainful of the Brooklyn Dodgers. I want you to know that I'm doing this in the best interests of basketball and the best interests of Brooklyn."

Mulatni

A GOOD gypsy violinist, we discovered last week, has skills very much like those of a good bartender. The discovery came while we were listening to a set by György Lakatos, a smiling, rather roly-poly thirty-three-year-old Hungarian with dark, curly hair, who will be performing every night in midtown Manhattan for the next six months or so, and who is considered by many music lovers in Hungary to be one of that country's three or four top gypsy violinists—which is saying quite a lot, because in greater Budapest alone there are a hundred and eighty gypsy bands and orchestras playing the hotels, restaurants, coffeehouses, and taverns every night of the year. The good violinist can, like the good bartender, parallel his guests' moods, adjust their feelings, throw light on their problems, or, at least, apply ointment to their wounds. The bartender does this by listening to you or ignoring you, by telling you a joke or buying you a drink on the house, and the gypsy violinist also figures out the most



"You'll be surprised at how little gas it actually guzzles."

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effective way to get to you, whether by delicious chords, driving rhythms, resonant, deep, slow tones, or dazzling arpeggios and trills.

Lakatos and four sidemen, all of whom are also in their early thirties—a clarinettist, a cimbalom player, a violist, and a double-bass player, which is the traditional configuration of a gypsy band—are now the house musicians at Hungaria, a cheerful and comfortable below-ground-level restaurant in the newly opened shopping mall in the Citicorp Center, at Third Avenue and Fifty-fourth. They're the first imported Hungarian gypsy band ever to play an extended engagement in the States. We were able to make our discovery about Lakatos's method of operation because at Hungaria you can watch the musicians and the barkeep at the same time: one side of the bar extends to within a few feet of the bandstand. This seems a friendly gesture, for it means that, despite the fact that Hungaria offers a Hungarian menu not based on goulash (you're asked to make do with dishes like bridal soup with fresh vegetables and quail eggs, and medallions of venison with plum sauce and pheasant dumplings), and despite the contention of some scholarly Hungarians that gypsy music is an indispensable and indivisible part of dinner, you don't have to eat at Hungaria in order to catch the music.

Lakatos appears relaxed when he works, and he and his band pay a lot of attention to one another and to their audience. They play a mixture of traditional gypsy songs, with names like "Fly, My Little Swallow," "I Do Not Owe Anybody Anything," and "The Left Leg of My Dog Is Aching;" nineteenth-century encores from the classical repertory, like the Méditation from "Thaïs;" and modern pop songs, like "Moscow Nights." This mixture is in itself traditional; gypsy music has always been magpie music, adopting what it likes at all times as well as offering what it has to others—Haydn, Mozart, Brahms, Liszt, and Schubert all show gypsy influences in their own work. What distinguishes the Lakatos band is that its members, like a number of younger gypsy musicians, have had formal classical training, and they play a warm but controlled chamber-music style of gypsy music, which has something of the clarity of Lotte Lehmann singing Schubert without losing any of her vocal power. Lakatos can play an audience like a violin, and his music can certainly do anything that drugs or alcohol ever could. By the time the band took a break, after forty-five minutes, it seemed to us that there was more sparkle in the glasses on the tables, more color in the richly embroidered vests the band was wearing. We felt ready for anything.

We mentioned this to a man at a nearby table who had been eating hugely and listening raptly. He said that he was Hungarian and that we were now ready to be Hungarian, too. He explained that *mulatni*, the Hungarian verb for "having a good time," contains the two ideas of passive enjoyment and active participation, and he said that he had seen gypsy music have the same effect on Americans who had never heard it before, on young Hungarian intellectuals who said that gypsy music was schmaltzy and that they listened to nothing but Gregorian chant and rock, and on older Hungarians, most of whom long ago adopted one gypsy song or another as their own personal song—

almost a signature tune. The Hungarian went on, "My opinion is that listening to some of the wailing, slow gypsy pieces will make you live longer, by slowing you down and thus extending your life span, while the fast pieces accelerate your sense of time passing, so that you feel life burning faster during every moment of your now extended lifetime."

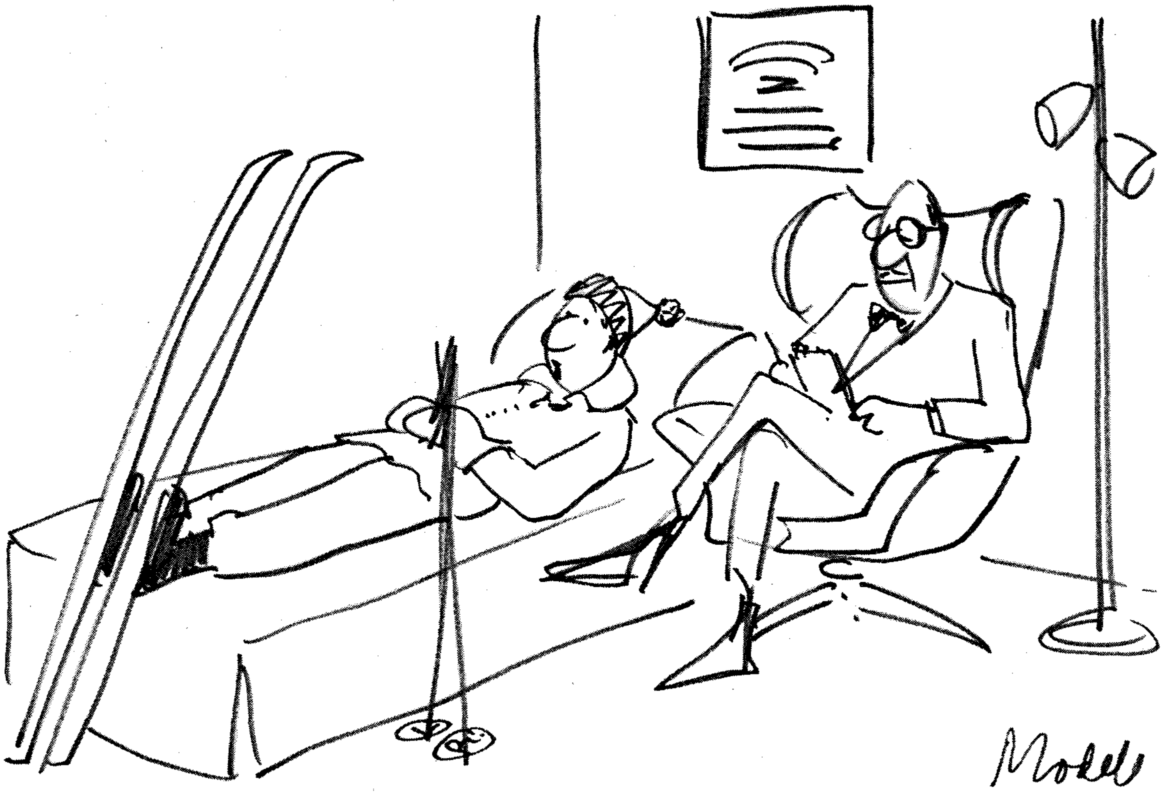
A few minutes later, we were talking with the band—seven people packed into an alcove off the bar. The seventh person was our interpreter, for after a few weeks in the States the band's English is limited to "How do you do?" and "Bye-bye." Our interpreter was George Lang, the Hungarian-born New York restaurateur who is the author of the encyclopedic cookbook "The Cuisine of Hungary" and of the new Encyclopædia Britannica articles on Restaurant and Gastronomy, and who designed Hungaria and hired the band, after auditioning twenty other gypsy bands in Budapest, and then spent a year and a half negotiating with various authorities, including the Hungarian government and the American Federation of Musicians, for the necessary permissions for the band to work in New York.

We asked Lakatos if gypsy music extended people's lives, and he laughed, took a sip at a bottle of beer, lit a cigarette, and said that he was more interested in the present moment. "By its very nature, gypsy music is either sad or happy," he said. "What I do is look at an audience to see who is sad and who is happy, and then try to level out the mood, so that everyone will laugh and cry alternately."

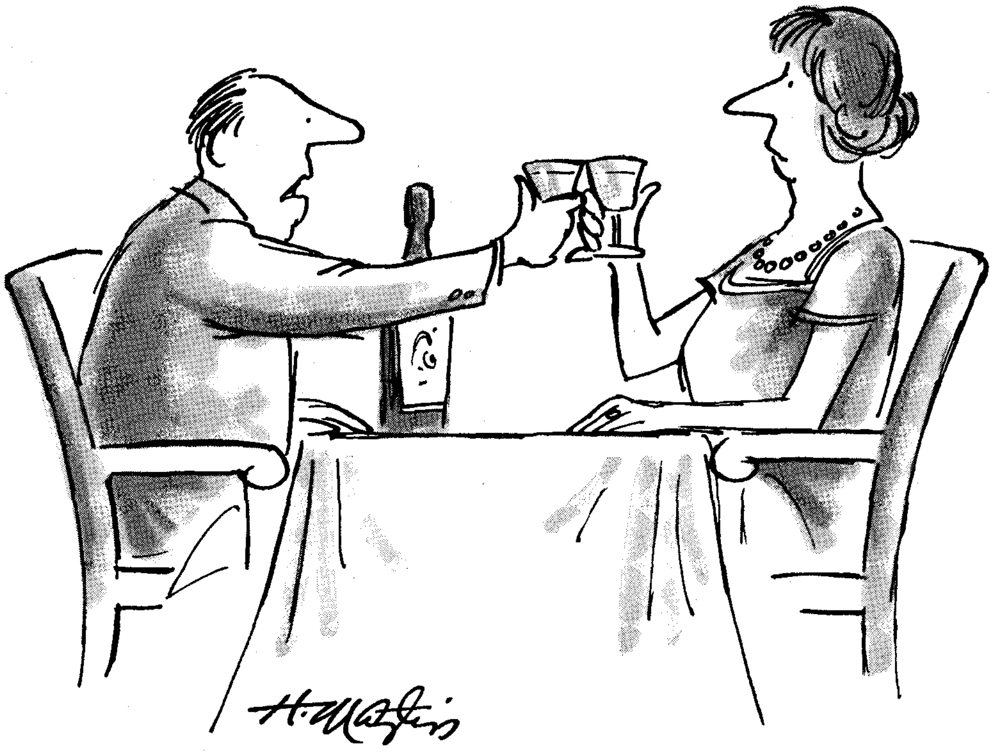
The other members of the band smiled and nodded, and George Lang said that this was always the Hungarian experience, because Hungarians cryingly have a good time and laugh when things are bad. All the musicians come from families whose men have been musicians as far back as anyone can remember. (Gypsy music is still an all-male business; there was one famous woman gypsy *prímás*, or bandleader and solo violinist, who lived two hundred years ago, but so far no one has followed her example.) The clarinettist, Sándor Kecskés, who at home is a soloist on Hungarian radio or television almost every week, started playing the instrument very late, at sixteen; before that, he was interested only in water polo, a game that Hungarians take seriously and play better than anyone else. He uses an East German clarinet, he told us, because he thinks that Willi Bauer, of Leipzig, is the best clarinet-maker in the world. Oszkár Morzsa, the cimbalom player (the cimbalom is a type of dulcimer, descended from the medieval Persian psaltery and played with mallets, like a vibraphone), didn't want to be a musician when he was a kid—until he heard István Lukács, who played only in gypsy orchestras, and who was considered the world's greatest cimbalom player. Then Morzsa had to learn the instrument. Once he had mastered the cimbalom, he was hired by the Hungarian State Folk Music and Dance Ensemble and played with it for twelve years. He likes to play jazz and Chopin on the cimbalom as well as gypsy music. Lajos Sárközi, the violist, whose father was a well-known *prímás*, started out on the violin but switched over to the viola when he found that he reacted much more strongly to chords and rhythm than to melody. The viola rarely plays a solo in gypsy music, the double bass never. Sándor Kuti, the double-bass player, comes from a family of double-bass players.

Lakatos, whose father was also a famous *prímás*, started playing the violin when he was four and his brother Vince Lakatos, now himself a *prímás*, was six. "My brother had just been formally enrolled to study the violin, and I used to take his violin and play on it and with it, and break it, so they had to let me take lessons," Lakatos said. "I have been practicing ever since, so I ought to be pretty good."

At the age of nine, György Lakatos was admitted to the Bartók Institute, the Budapest equivalent of New York's High School of Music and Art. He was one of nine violinists accepted that year out of twelve hundred who auditioned. After graduating, at the age of fifteen, he started playing in a gypsy orchestra and taking private lessons with Professor Dezső Rados, one of the most famous violin teachers of the time in Hungary. As Lakatos talked about Rados, it came out that George Lang, who is himself a good violinist, had also studied with Rados, so the two men traded Rados stories. Rados made his début before he was twenty, and received disastrous reviews. The reviewers agreed that he had no tone, no intonation, no talent. He went into a deep depression, locked himself away for years, and studied everything there was to know about the violin: the psychology of violin music, even the anatomy of violin playing—how the arm muscles moved. Then he gave another concert, and got even worse reviews. But he knew



more about how to play the violin than anyone else in the country, so he became an extraordinary violin teacher; he was so good that anyone who had studied his method for a certain length of time could always pick up a violin and know that he would be at least a decent player. Both Lakatos and Lang remembered their awe of Rados. At each lesson, he would demand, glaring at the pupil, "How is the tone today? How is the sound sense?" and he taught that every phrase has its own tone and its own sound sense. "He had a hawklike nose and a chin that pointed upward," Lang said, "and he gave each lesson in such a spiritual mood that he could make an Indian guru look like a frivolous character from the sixties." For thirty years, Rados and Professor Leó Weiner, the most famous chamber-music professor in Hungary, who taught people like Antal Dorati, Eugene Ormandy, Fritz Reiner, Sir Georg Solti, Janos Starker, and Joseph Szigeti, played chess every afternoon in front of the same window of the Café Abbázia, in Budapest. Weiner, who always lost, always ended the game by saying, "Well, tomorrow I'll show you."



"To us and the shambles we've made of our lives."

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In New York, Lakatos likes to drop into jazz clubs after work. (The band starts playing at Hungaria at six-thirty and knocks off at eleven-thirty.) He is a voracious reader, of everything from Shakespeare to Agatha Christie (in Hungarian, of course), and a big sports fan. He's hoping he'll run into George Beckenbauer, the German soccer star of the Cosmos, with whom he got to be good friends when his band played an engagement in Munich. Meanwhile, he is drawing enthusiastic audiences at Hungaria. The other evening, the violinist Ruggiero Ricci stopped in and, after listening, with mounting excitement, to Lakatos playing a gypsy fantasy for him, borrowed Lakatos's violin and gave a brilliant performance of Paganini's Twenty-fourth Caprice.

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A Postscript about The Market, which is the name of the new Citicorp Center shopping mall, and which occupies three levels of a low-rise building attached to the fifty-nine-story office tower. The center of the mall is a ninety-eight-foot-high atrium filled with tables and chairs and with ficus trees in planters, served by speedy escalators, and surmounted by a skylight. The main tenant of the mall is Conran's, the housewares store, and most of the other tenants are restaurants and food stores. In addition to Hungaria, there's an English restaurant called Richoux of London, which is open twenty-four hours a day, features Scotch salmon flown in from London, and has waitresses in black uniforms and white aprons and caps, who look like the waitresses in the better Pall Mall clubs, only slightly younger; and there's an oyster-and-clam bar, a Swiss restaurant, a Greek restaurant, a health-food restaurant, a chocolate shop, a French bakery that sells *pain au chocolat* and coffee you can eat and drink at the tables in the atrium, and a pâtisserie-café, called Small Pleasures, that sells cakes and tortes baked in Hungaria's kitchen and also open sandwiches, ice cream, espresso, and soft drinks. There's a branch of Doubleday which features cookbooks, and there will soon be a branch of Alfredo the Original of Rome (Alfredo calls himself the pasta king), a coffeehouse named Slotnick's Daughter which also sells coffees and teas, a Scandinavian café offering herring in mustard sauce and aquavit, and a French restaurant serving rotisserie-style leg of lamb, not to mention fish and pig's feet. The whole area is brightly lighted by a mixture of sodium-vapor and mercury-vapor lamps which looks a lot like sunlight; it has a nice, clean, sleek, restrained modern look, and it is pleasant in winter to eat a *pain au chocolat* at a table in the atrium and look straight up at snow falling silently on a skylight ninety-eight feet overhead.

There is one thing about The Market which could puzzle New Yorkers. That is the statement by Citicorp Chairman Walter Wriston that his company had envisioned the Citicorp Center as "perhaps a symbol of this changing New York—a New New York that can solve its problems and set new standards of urban achievement." New Yorkers who are familiar with 399 Park Avenue, the Citibank building in the block adjacent to Citicorp (399, which is nothing much to look at, is just north of the Seagram Building, and, although it was built a few years after the Seagram Building, looks ten years older, having ignored the lessons that the Seagram Building had to offer), will probably only be pleased by the whole Citicorp complex: The Market, the triangle-topped, aluminum-covered-steel office tower, and the new polygonal St. Peter's Lutheran Church. But that "New New York." Hmm. Then we got it. Nationally, the enclosed shopping mall started out as a cleaned-up taste of New York occupying a small part of the downtown areas of other cities—the first one went up in Rochester, New York, in 1965. Los Angeles, where the outdoors is off limits, has lots of gaudy shopping malls, complete with atria, and one hotel with cocktail pods (tiny lounges suspended over water). And now Manhattan, for the first time, has its own taste of New York, but entirely surrounded by New York.

AFTER THE LIFE CLASS

THE life class was meeting outdoors. The model sat cross-legged on a glaring yellow ground cloth. George Lent, instructor in philosophy at the Day Extension College, emerged from the classroom building and shaded his eyes. The model's narrow, erect breasts reminded him of snouts. She was reading "The Idiot," her brows contorted. Most of the easels were clustered in direct morning sun, arranged to afford a full frontal view of the model. George wanted to get closer to the sweating painters so he could take a better look at her, but he noticed that Errol Foy, one of his students, was present—positioned modestly, as always, slightly to the side of the model. Errol was painting a chaste, crude head-and-shoulder profile in colors as close to nature as he could manage. A maple leaf was taped to the palette next to the green he was mixing. George hesitated. He wanted Errol's good opinion. He went back inside the school.

Most of the Day Extension students were city firemen attending on their days off and somehow being paid for it by the Veterans Administration. It was embarrassing to be teaching men who would disappear periodically and reappear limping—or burned, or with harrowing coughs—and say nothing about their injuries. George was ashamed of his chronic complaints, all of them trivial but all of them worse since his wife had left him. Possibly the ringing in his right ear was not trivial. Today Errol had a bandaged elbow, which drew comment from some of the other students. All Errol would say was that he had fallen. When Errol was out of earshot, the others had said that he was probably telling the truth, because probably he had fallen off his wife. Errol was married to a large woman.

Errol was hated, which George didn't understand. Evidently, he was hated partly for his studiousness. He attracted mocking sucking and kissing sounds when his back was turned. His name was considered ridiculous. He was susceptible to the same distracting but minor kinds of afflictions that George was. Problems of Philosophy had been meeting outside until Errol, gasping for breath, had asked that they meet indoors while the rose season lasted. He suffered from rose fever, which, he informed his hilarious comrades, was exactly like hay fever except that it was worse. George had reminded them that there was nothing funny about allergies. Roses grew all around the porch where the class had been meeting. There was ample, comfortable room inside—the Extension was temporarily housed in a run-down mansion whose ownership was in litigation between two heirs—but resentment against Errol persisted for causing the move indoors.

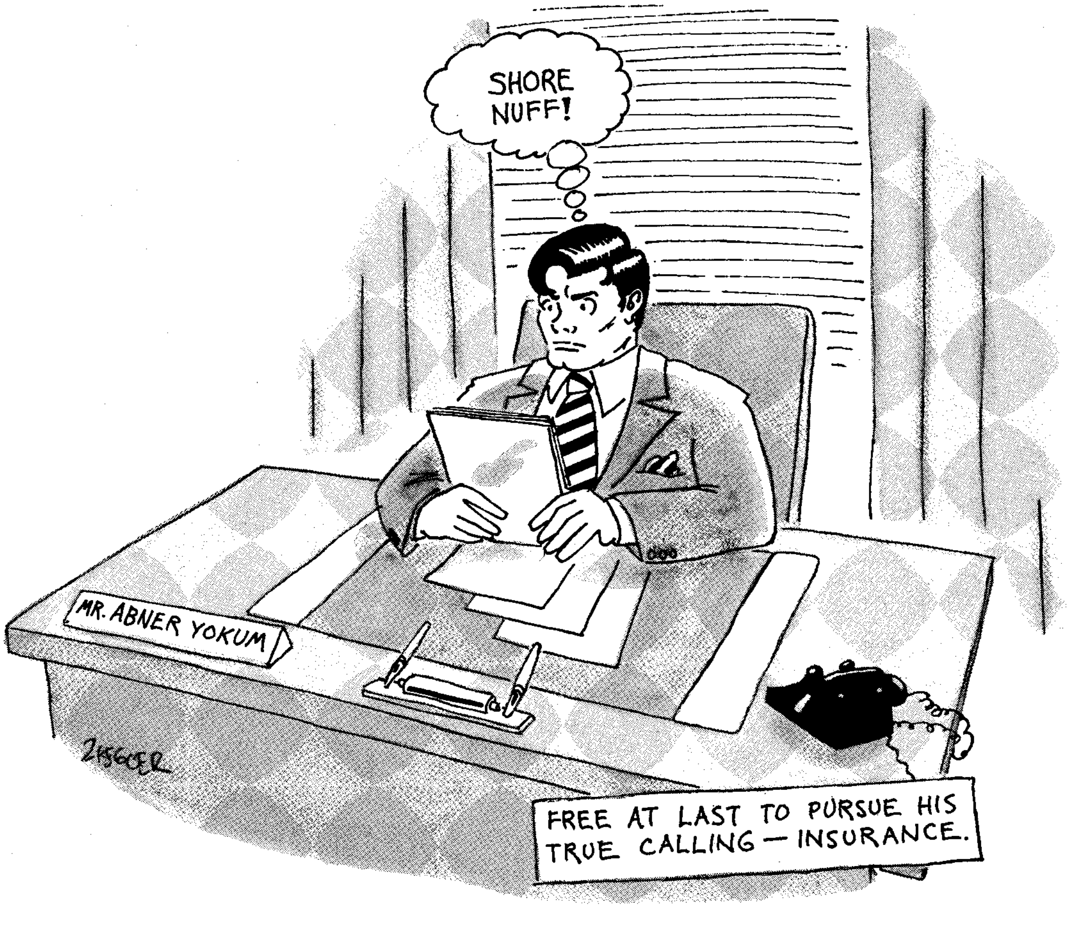
Errol was in his late thirties. It was true that he was odd-looking. His prematurely white hair was worn very short. He had a muscular neck. His ears cleaved to his head, so that full face he looked fishlike at first. His teeth were perfect, almost delicate. His features were handsome but in some way discrepant with his strangulated high tenor speaking voice. Everything Errol said made people smile. George felt that *he* looked something like Errol. He considered himself handsome but felt his head was too small.

In class, Errol followed everything George said, doggedly, his eyes always on George's face. At times, he took notes feverishly. He frequently asked for definitions. George had been impressed by Errol's assiduous underlining activity during class. Once, when Errol was out of the room, George had taken a look at his philosophy text. Either Errol wanted to remember everything or he was using underlining as a means of registering how far he had read.

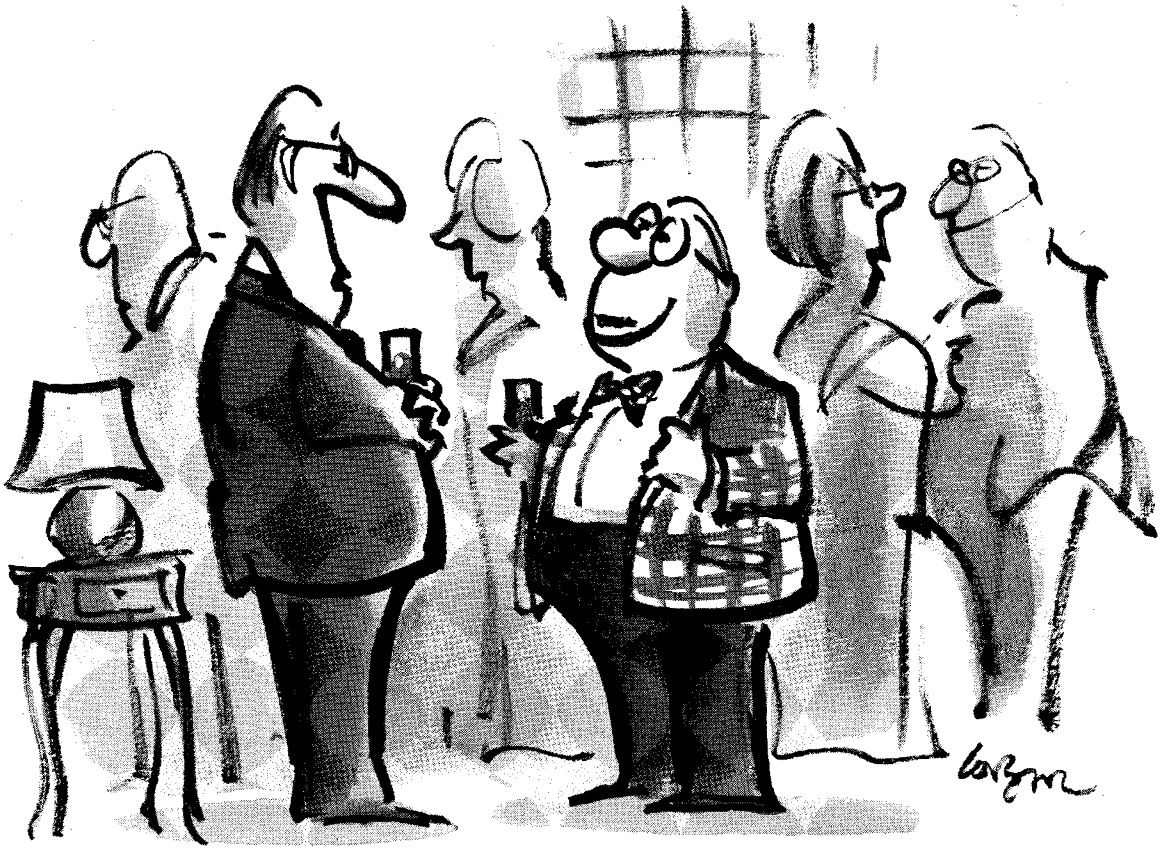
Recently, George had penetrated a set of taunts often used against Errol. It was Errol's practice to leave the life class half an hour earlier than the others and go upstairs. Jokes were made about Errol's being the world's fastest painter. The painting instructor explained to George that Errol left early in order quickly to paint a landscape or still-life to take home to his wife. Errol's nudes were upstairs in a closet.

Small things made George approve of Errol. For instance, Errol was the only one in the school with enough curiosity to ask George why, at the age of forty, he was teaching for the first time in his life. All the others had been satisfied with George's allusions to the collapse of his job as a fund-raiser for an unspecified cause organization. Since Errol was a member of the National Guard, George had felt uneasy about revealing to him that he had worked for years in the anti-conscription movement. But there had been no particular reaction, and presumably Errol hadn't spread the word.

Errol took a familiar tone with George. He pronounced his last name with a peculiar impera-



FREE AT LAST TO PURSUE HIS TRUE CALLING — INSURANCE.



"Yes, I think 'Raindrops Keep Falling on My Head' is an excellent choice. I don't have a theme song myself."

• •

tive force, adding an aspirate: "Lhent!" The pronunciation was spreading. George found himself liking it. It was sounding correct. Did Errol somehow sense that George was feeling crushed by life? In order to get this appointment as an unranked instructor, George had had to humble himself to a remote acquaintance. Was Errol trying to be helpful?

He wanted to be humorless, like Errol, for a while. Errol had been disapproving of somebody's attempt at humor during class. Someone had volunteered the little-known fact that the first man off Columbus's boat in the New World was an Irishman. Someone else had said that of course it was, because somebody had to get off and set up the bar for the other guys. Errol objected to jokes connecting alcohol and the Irish. Errol was also inflexible. According to school regulations, any non-smoker could demand that smoking cease during class time. Errol always did. Why firemen smoked so heavily was a question that bothered George, like the question of why Errol didn't smoke—if the habit was as intrinsic to firefighting as it appeared to be.

There was one question Errol wanted answered with respect to every thinker whose name came up. George had had difficulty the first time the question was asked—in connection with Hegel. Errol had asked, "Is he a rational?" George had understood this to mean "Is he irrational?" George had considered it a good question, and had talked expansively, taking both sides of the issue, until he noticed that Errol was dissatisfied. He discovered then that what Errol meant was "a rational" and by that he meant "a rationalist." To Errol a rationalist was an atheist. Since then, the question had been asked about even the most minor figures in the history of thought. George wondered why Errol wanted to know. He felt himself disguising his own atheism when it threatened to emerge during discussions. He presented himself as, at worst, neutral. It was unlike him. Errol seemed happy just to have the information about each name, whatever it was. There was no sign that he was happier to hear that someone was a believer than not. Why was Errol happy, in general?

Nothing embarrassed Errol. When it came to mispronunciation, which was widespread in the school, Errol was the worst offender. Errol wanted correction. He asked if other people were pronouncing words correctly. He brought down a rain of corrections on everyone, which was fortunate, since, George had discovered, it was essential to correct mispronunciations at their first appearance. If he allowed them to pass, he was implicated: his own pronunciation would courteously adapt to the incorrect one. This had happened with the word "genitals," which George had allowed to pass as "genteels."

GEORGE described himself to himself as being in arrears. He was being crushed by library fines, bills, unread magazines. He felt both that he should sell his house and that it was unsalable without considerable repair work, but that since this was work of the sort he was capable of performing himself, it would be intolerable to hire labor to do it. He was thinking of the punctured rain gutters. The house looked especially bad when it rained. It had been a damp summer. His car horn worked, but only if he pressed the horn ring in precisely the right spot. It had given him some bad moments, but he felt unable to take the car in for repair until the horn was definitively broken. He felt it was pointless to remain in the suburbs. On the other hand, his job was here, and his wife. She was living in a commune of divorced and separated women, not far from the college. Inaction was the problem.

Pinned to the wall over the kitchen table at home was a display of headlines collected mainly by his wife. He knew them by heart:

INSANE CRIMINALS
WIN NEW RIGHTS

COAST WOMAN, 25,
HAS FESTIVE NAME

6-FOOT BOGUS WIFE
ROBS SINGER'S ROOM
WHILE HE SHOWERS

17,636 LANDLORDS
ACCUSED OF LYING

They flanked a news photograph of Willy Brandt trying to eat corn on

THE LINCOLN RELICS

A Lincoln exhibit on view in the Great Hall makes the 16th President of the United States, born 167 years ago, seem very real. Displayed are the contents of his pockets the night he was assassinated, a miniature portrait never before exhibited, and two great documents from the Library's collections, the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural Address.—*Library of Congress Information Bulletin, February 27, 1976.*

1

Cold-eyed, in Naples once,
while the congregation swooned,
I watched the liquefaction
of a vial of precious blood,
and wondered only
how the trick was done.
Saint's bones are only bones
to me, but here,
where the stage is set
without a trace of gore,
these relics on display—
watchfob and ivory pocketknife,
a handkerchief of Irish linen,
a button severed from his sleeve—
make a noble, dissolving music
out of homely fife and drum,
and that's miraculous.

2

His innocence was to trust
the better angels of our nature,
even when the Union cracked
and furious blood
ran north and south
along the lines of pillage.
Secession grieved him
like the falling-out of brothers.
After Appomattox he laid
the white flower of forgiving
on Lee's crisp sword.
What was there left for him to do?
When the curtain rose
on "Our American Cousin,"
he leaned forward in his chair
toward the last absurdity,
that other laughable country,
for which he was ready with his ransom—
a five-dollar Confederate note
in mint condition, and nine
newspaper accolades
neatly folded in his wallet.
It was time for him now
to try on his gold-rimmed spectacles,
the pair with the sliding temples
mended with a loop of string,
while the demon of the absolute,
who had been skulking in the wings,
leaped into focus,
waving a smoking pistol.

3

In the Great Hall of the Library,
as in a glass aquarium,
Abe Lincoln is swimming around,
dressed to the nines
in his stovepipe hat
and swallowtail coat,
effortlessly swimming,
propelled by sudden little kicks
of his gunboat shoes.
His billowing pockets hang
inside out; he is swimming
around, lighter at each turn,
giddy with loss,
while his memory sifts
to the sticky floor.
He is slipping away from us
into his legend and his fame,
having relinquished, piece by piece,
what he carried next to his skin,
what rocked to his angular stride,
partook of his man-smell,
shared the intimacy of his needs.
Mr. President,
in this Imperial City,
awash in gossip and power,
where marble eats marble
and your office has been defiled,
I saw the piranhas darting
between the rose-veined columns,
avid to strip the flesh
from the Republic's bones.
Has no one told you
how the slow blood leaks
from your secret wound?

4

To be old and to be young
again, inglorious private
in the kitchens of the war
that winter of blackout,
walking by the Potomac
in melancholy khaki,
searching for the prairie star,
westward scanning the horizon
for its eloquent and magnanimous light,
yearning to be touched by its fire:
to be touched again, with the years
swirling at my feet, faces
blowing in the wind
around me where I stand,
withered, in the Great Hall.

5

He steps out from the crowd
with his rawboned, warty look,
a gangling fellow in jeans
next to a plum-colored sari,
and just as suddenly he's gone.
But there's that other one
who's tall and lonely.

—STANLEY KUNITZ

• •

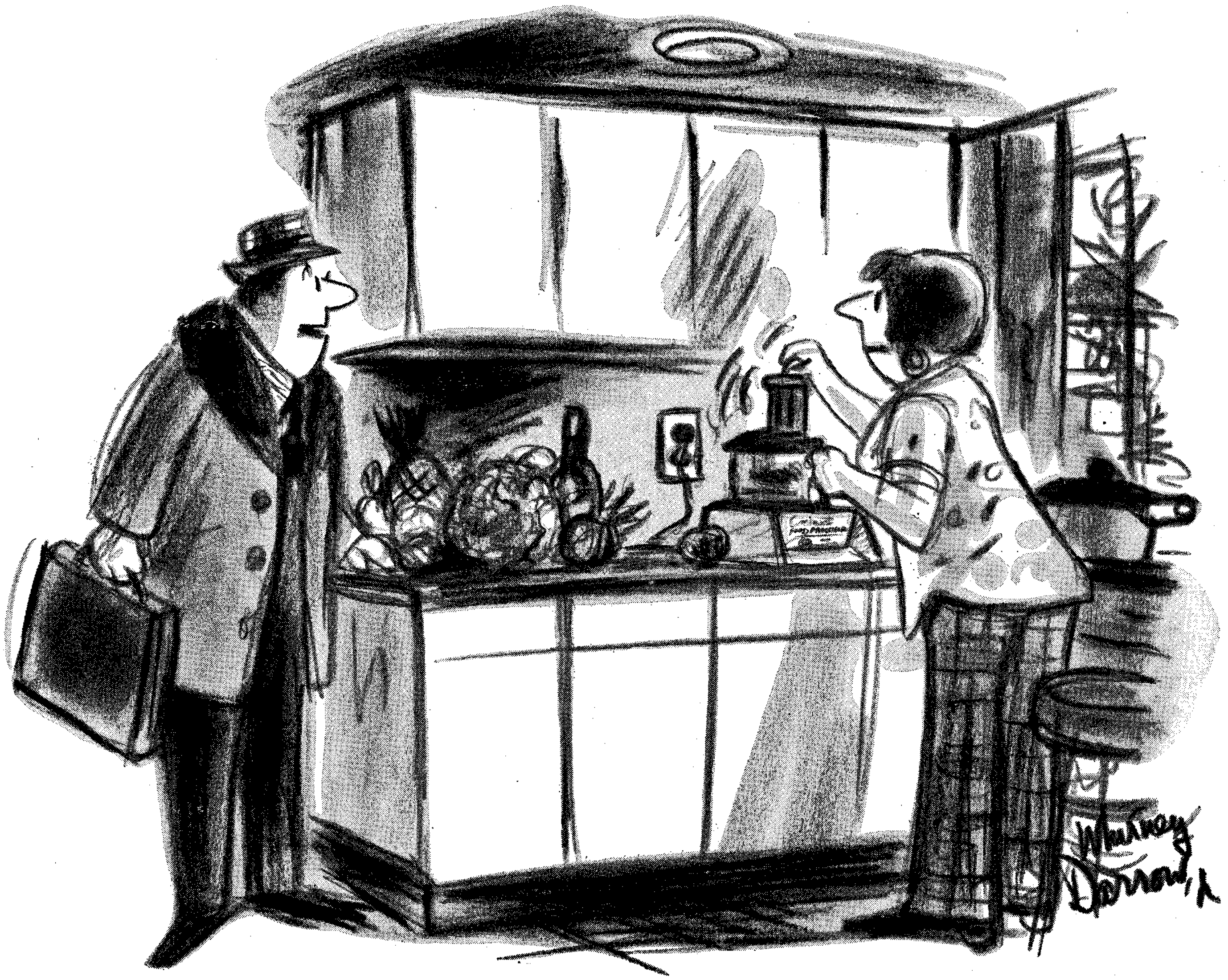
the cob by biting the end off the cob. The display was lacerating to him, now that she was gone. He intended to take it down soon.

George hated the commune. Lately, his wife seemed horrified at his appearance. He had lost thirty-five pounds. "Why are you doing this?" she asked. "Is this to put pressure on me by coming over here looking like a skeleton suddenly? It won't work."

"No, not at all. Nothing to do with you. You miss the point. The point of doing it is this: I have a theory. Right now my life is in ruins. But being really thin at our age is usually a sign of self-control. Being this thin conveys an idea about me, such as that my situation of leaving one kind of work totally and going into the college might be deliberate, conceivably. Anyway, it makes that interpretation possible."

"Well, but not if your clothes are hanging on you like wrappings. You could at least get a new belt so the end doesn't stick out like a lever like that. Or at least get some new pants."

This led to a discussion about money and about disposing of the house, during which tears came into his eyes. She reminded him that she had forbidden him to come to the commune unless he was in emotional control of himself. She always made it impossible for him to explain what was upsetting him. Their house was on wooded land adjoining a state park. For years she had refused to have household pets. She rejected cats because they were stealthy and she had once, as a child, stepped on one in the middle of the night. Dogs she rejected because she considered them servile. Now George was bearing the deferred cost. Their house was a haven for rodents of all kinds. Woodpeckers had chopped arabesques into the facings of the roof. He was afraid to show the house while the rustling in the walls and ceiling was so continuous. It was injustice that had upset him.



"Didn't I put my gloves down here somewhere?"

• •

There was something else upsetting about the house. He had always been proud of the unscreened porch projecting deep into foliage. Even when meals were served on the porch, there were very few insects. His theory, which all their guests had heard at one time or another, was that because they had refused to disturb the balance of nature around and on the porch, natural predators were taking care of the insects. They had allowed wasps and birds to construct nests there at will. From year to year nests of all kinds had been left undisturbed. Now the porch looked inexplicable. All the nests would have to be knocked down before the house could go on sale. He knew it was fatuous, but the idea of knocking them down felt like betrayal.

PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY proceeded. George's attention wandered. The students could talk about capital punishment forever without him. He was sleeping badly. His eyes hurt. Sometimes he needed a mental image of someone who was genuinely pathetic. He tried to think of one. Nothing came to him.

George dismissed his last class early. On impulse he stepped into the hall and called Errol back. Immediately he was embarrassed about what he was doing. He asked Errol to sit down, and then decided it would be better if they both stood. "We can stand up. This is going to take about one minute, Errol," George said, disliking the way his voice sounded. "Errol, I wanted to say something you probably don't need to hear. I saw the way they rode you all the time, is all. It appalled me. There's no reason for it."

He waited as long as he could for Errol to reply. He continued, "Anyway, I wanted you to know I noticed it. I don't know where you get your equanimity." He regretted the word. "How can you smile about this?"

"They don't bother me."

"Why not, though?"

Errol only smiled more contemptuously.

George repeated himself. "They never let up. Why doesn't it bother you?"

Errol's smile was unwavering.

George said, "You're religious. Is it that?"

"No," he said vehemently.

"It's not something you talk about?"

"No."

Errol seemed willing to stand there indefinitely.

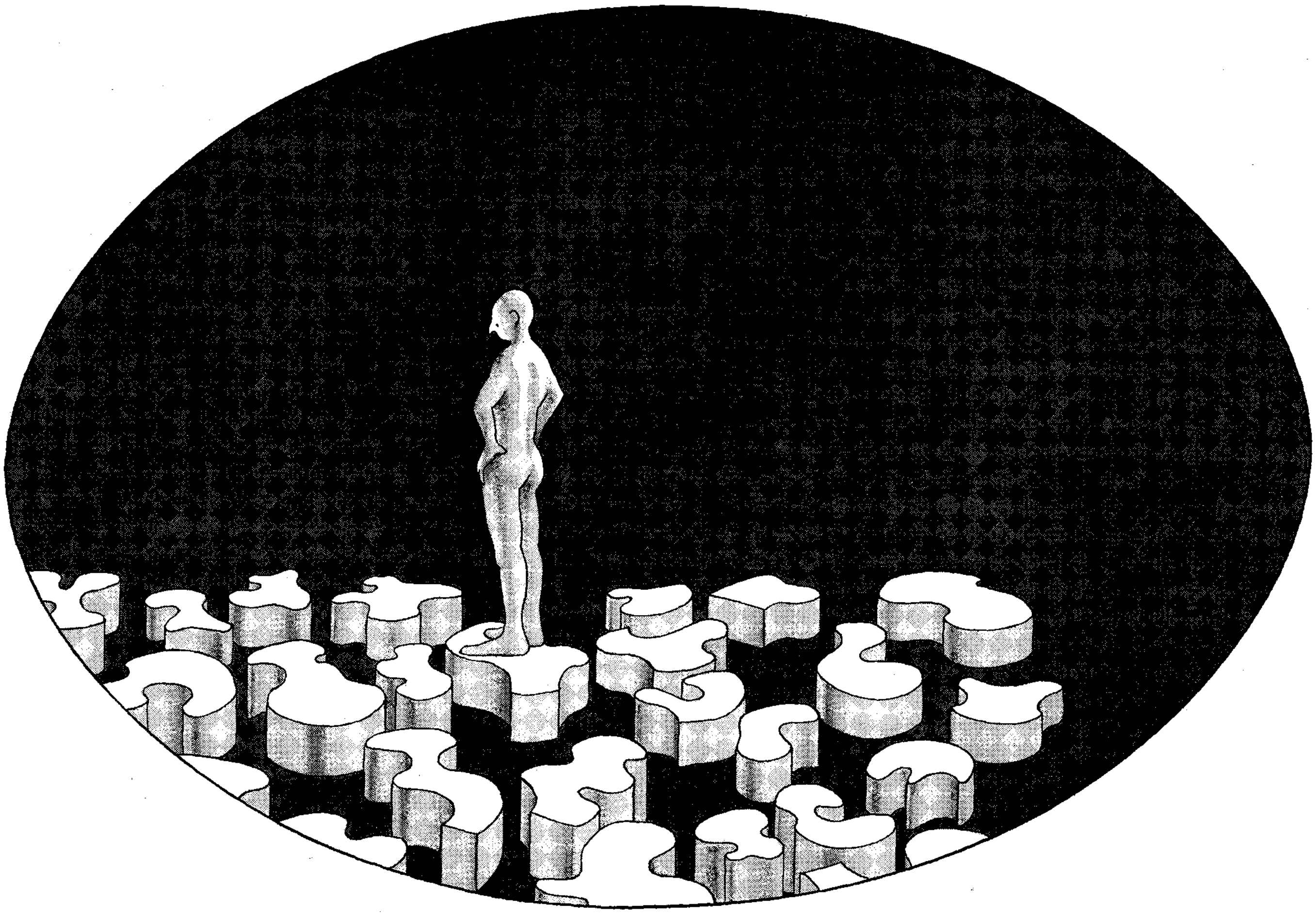
George sat down. He closed his eyes. When he opened them the room would be empty.

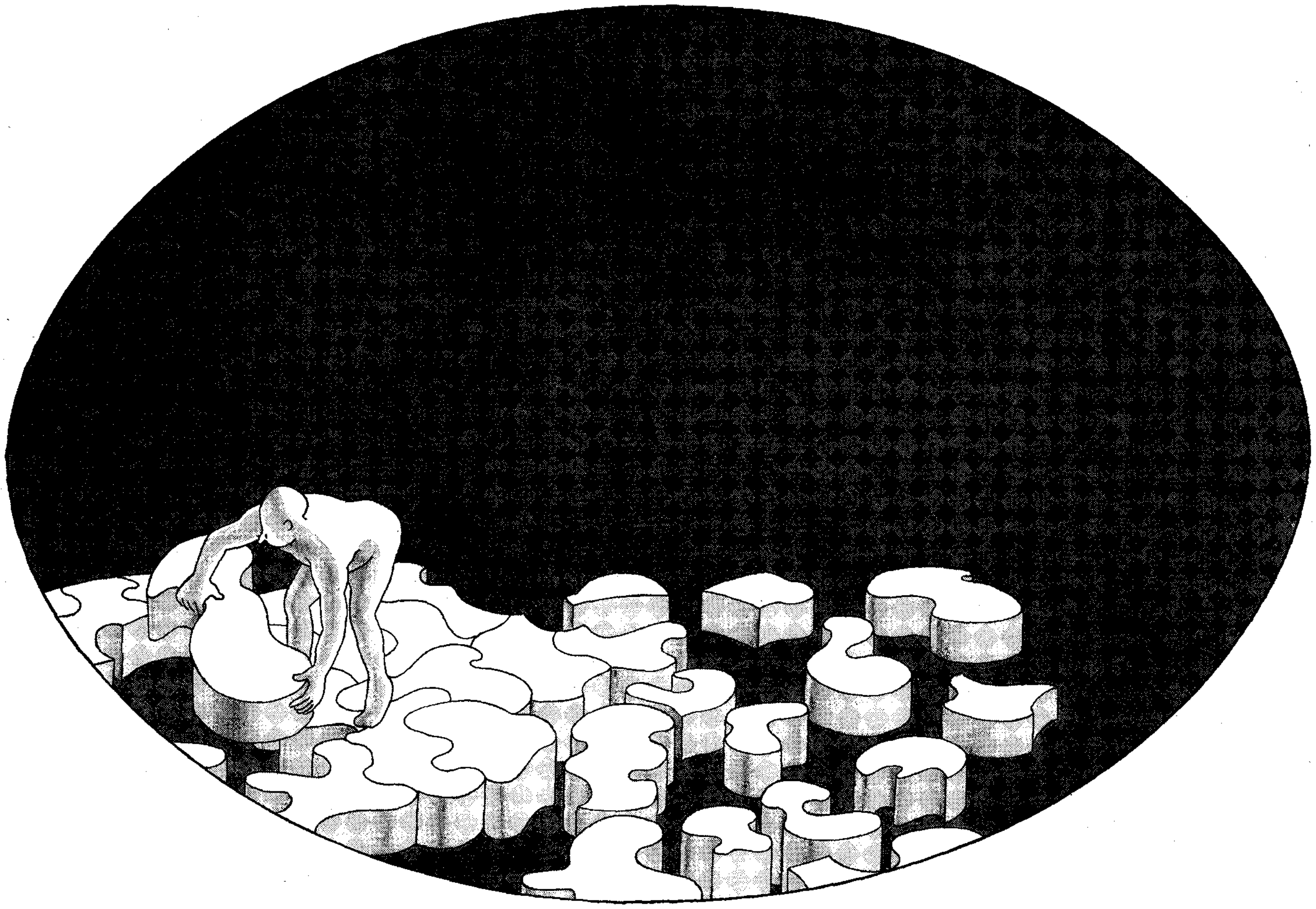
—NORMAN RUSH

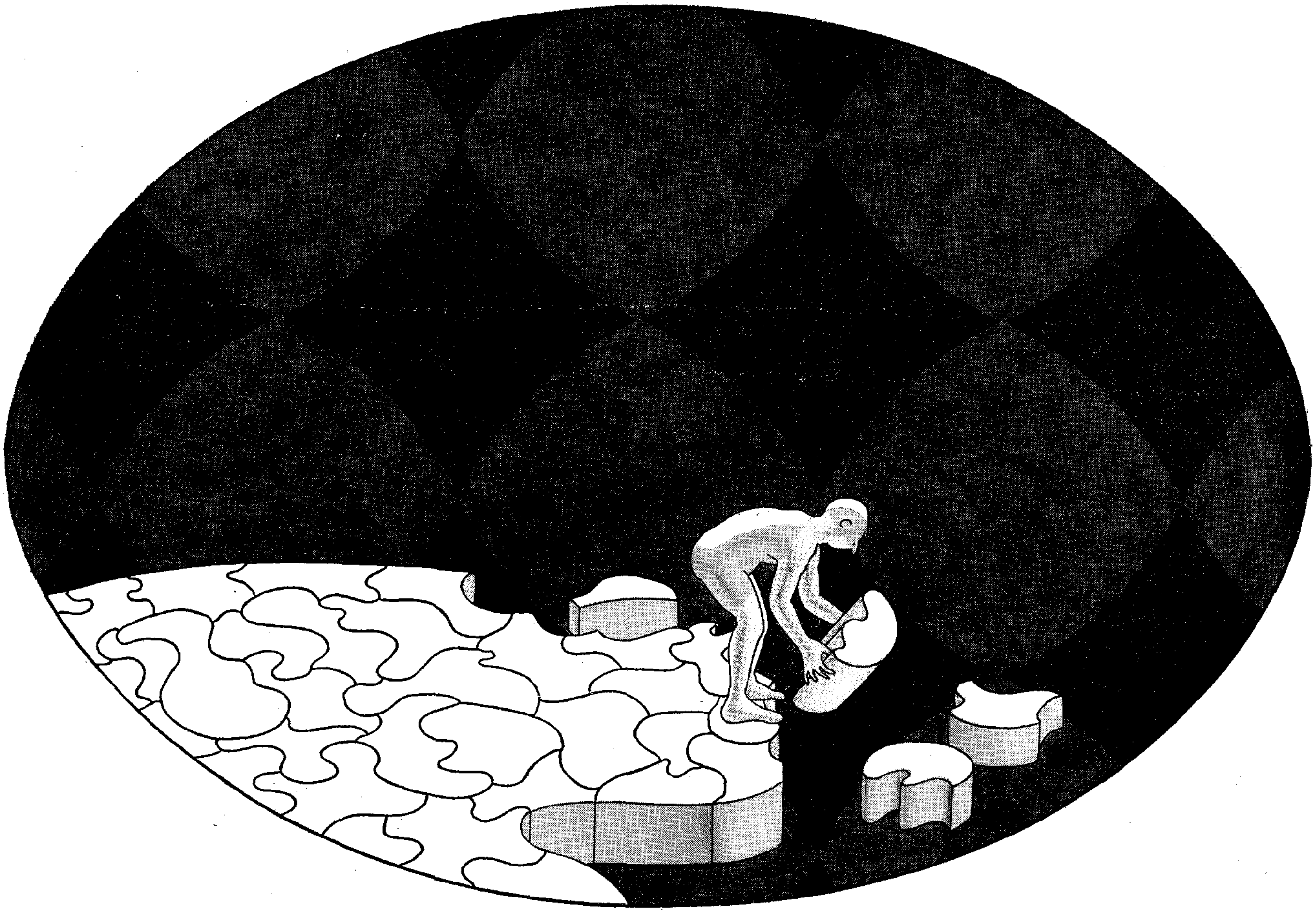
Feld, 77, was wearing a tuxedo and tails Monday evening at the Tiffany Theater on Sunset Blvd., appropriate attire, it seemed, for this man who has made a career playing maitre d's, butlers, fancy hotel managers and maestros.—*Lee Grant in the Los Angeles Times.*

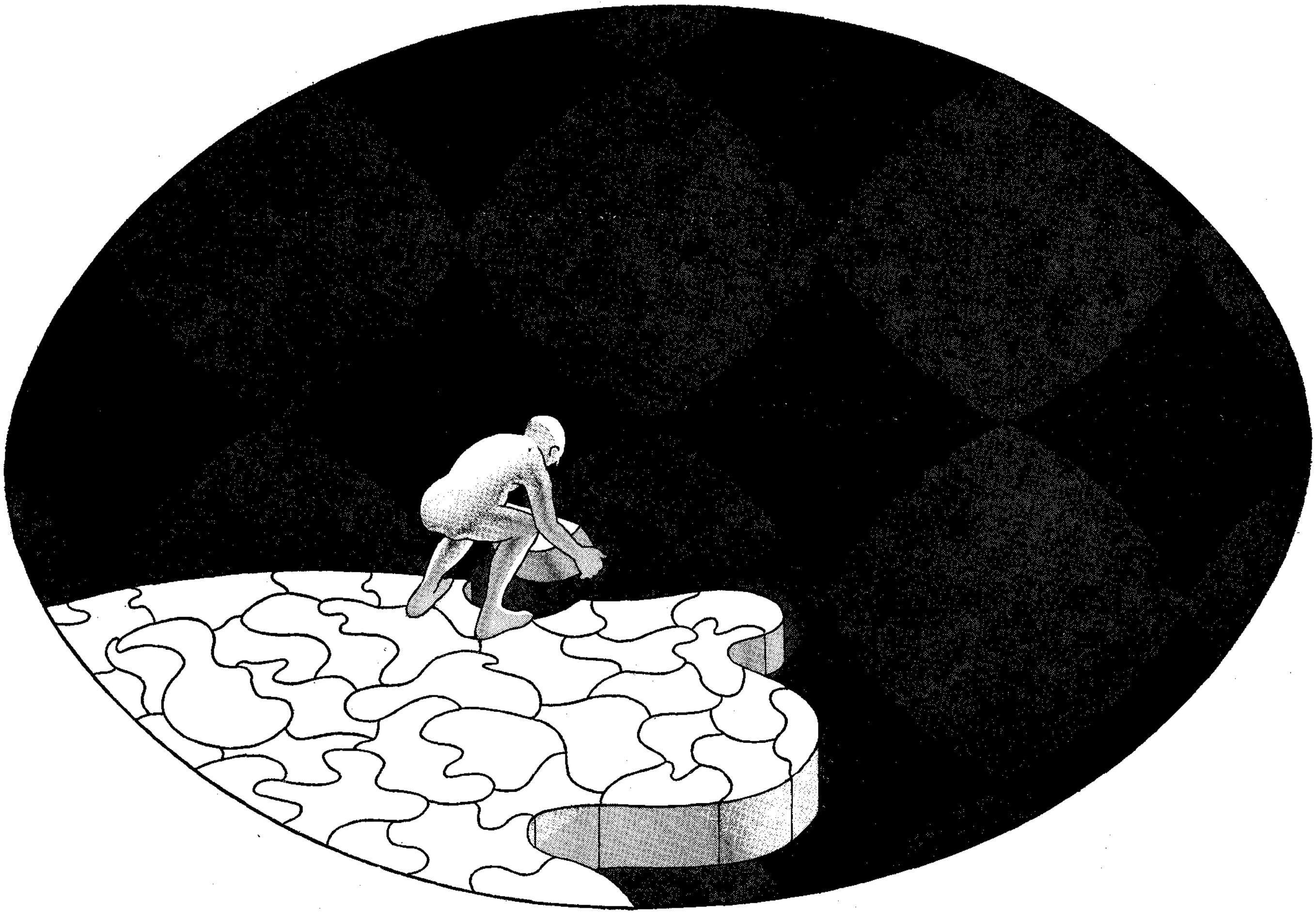
In California, anything goes.

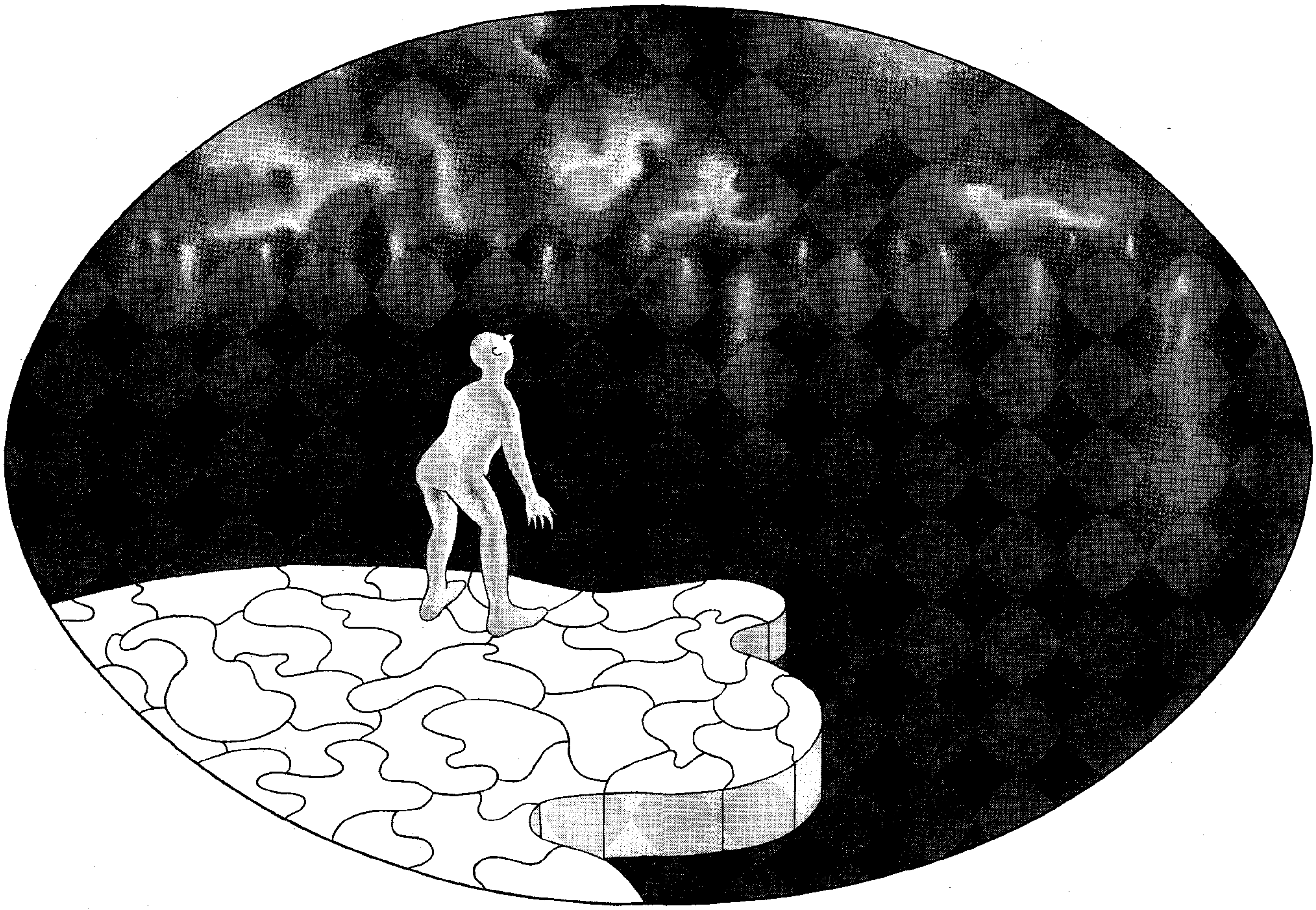
THE PUZZLE

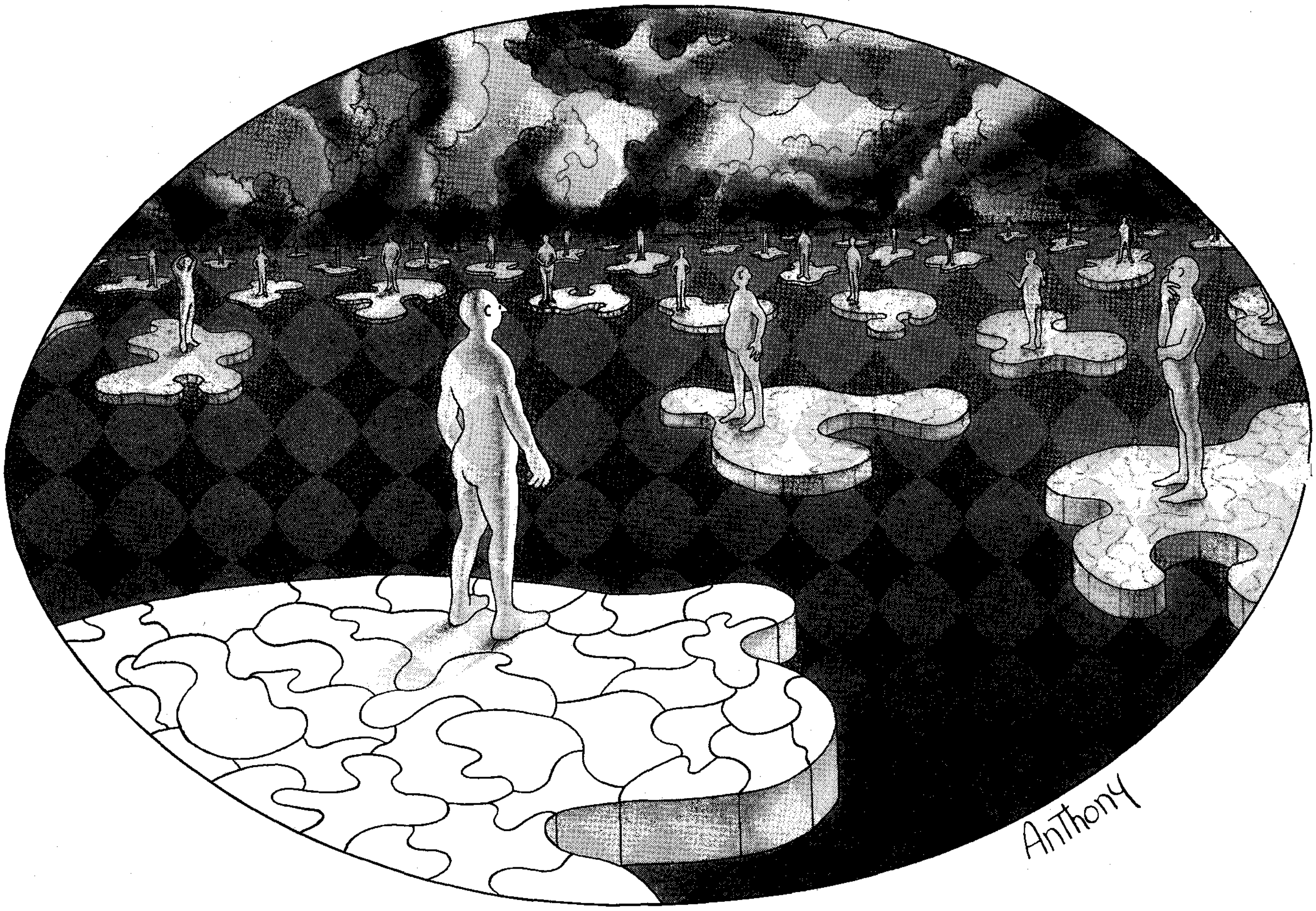











Anthony

THE OTHER DAY

THE other day my mother died and of course that meant getting an undertaker so I got out the Yellow Pages and turned to Undertakers which referred me to Funeral Directors where I looked over the names until I found one that sounded sufficiently dignified. I called this Mr. North who said he was very sorry to hear about my mother whom he had met once or twice at PTA meetings but he was of course very glad to be of assistance at this trying time and would take care of everything even the casket unless I wished to come in and pick one out at my convenience. I did so that very afternoon selecting a high-priced model made of red cherry even though I knew my wife would kick up a fuss over the needless expense since a pine box would do the job but when it's your own mother how can you send her out of this world in anything less than the best and even though I took my lumps that night it was still worth it.

The next morning I called the florist for flowers from all of us and he said it would be about a hundred dollars but everyone agreed that the money was well spent when they saw the beautiful casket piece that said MOTHER and the lovely spray of irises that said GRANDMOTHER and the bouquet of tiny white roses that said GREAT GRANDMOTHER. I felt particularly bad seeing them because Mama enjoyed flowers so much but she said not to worry she thought they were just beautiful too and certainly worth every penny *we* spent on them. The fact of the matter is that my two sisters never actually paid me for their share although I hated to remind them and cause hard feelings but that's really a whole other story.

For the wake that evening Mr. North wanted the family there about a half hour before calling hours began and he met us at the door very nattily attired in his red tails and top hat and white gloves and showed us how everything was arranged and said he hoped it was satisfactory and we all agreed it was very nice and couldn't have been better. We sat down in the chairs lined up along the side especially for the immediate family and I for one felt a bit silly sitting there quietly waiting for the show to begin because no one else had come. Even though it was still fifteen minutes until the calling hours officially started I was certain no one would show up because my mother was in her nineties and had outlived almost everyone she knew including two husbands and three children and even a grandson killed in a motorcycle accident. As we sat there waiting I noticed an odd pungent aroma like manure and went over to Mr. North and asked about the smell for which he apologized profusely saying that it was from the cats having stayed the night. Although they usually didn't there had been a funeral just the day before and since he'd be needing them again so soon he decided to keep them this one time but saw now that it had been a serious error in judgment on his part and he swore he would never do it again as he hastily sprayed the premises with Lysol brand disinfectant spray. After that the odor was barely noticeable.

I sat down again still certain that no one would show up but fortunately I was dead wrong inasmuch as not only Mama's nieces and nephews came but even a few remaining neighbors as well. They all said how good she looked and just to make conversation I said yes she looked even better than when she was alive but then I noticed Mama frown and I knew I'd put my foot into my mouth adding that I meant because she'd failed so in the last year. Even though none of them had visited her during that time they all said yes that was certainly true but Mr. North had done *such* a good job and I agreed while Mr. North smiled appreciatively but discreetly in the background and I didn't want to make another gaffe by saying that I wished he'd left at least a token wrinkle to remember her by. Just then one of the neighbors pushed his way through the crowd toward me and said how sorry he was and before I could even thank him he asked me if I'd seen his latest article on a local eighteenth-century silversmith and I knew I was in for it whether I said I had or I hadn't.

However Mr. North saved me by announcing that things would get under way if we would please sit down and as soon as we did he introduced the first act of half a dozen chimps along with their various props including six unicycles and a basketball. Everyone found it quite entertaining and applauded them vigorously as Mr. North returned to introduce Miss Lydietta and her bareback horse act which was very good despite my sisters' catty comments about Miss Lydietta's costume being too brief for bereavement even though it was black. Following her act Mr. North introduced a dog act and I could see Mama already getting uneasy over that and as it turned out the dogs were Pekinese which Mama particularly disliked ever since one jumped up and nipped her on the seat. Before the act had even commenced Mama called me over and asked to please dispense with the dogs although she would especially enjoy an aerial act but when I mentioned this to Mr. North he apologized profusely saying that due to the relatively low ceiling he'd had to cut the high wire and trapeze despite the people all clamoring for them and asked if acrobats would do in the pinch. Even though I knew Mama would be upset I said they'd do fine in order not to disappoint poor Mr. North who really was doing his best under trying circumstances and Mama actually took it quite well though she surely did love acts like the Flying Wallendas best of all.

She was even pleased when the acrobats were followed by a juggler which was Mama's third-favorite circus act although she had to ask me to turn her head slightly in order to see better. After the clowns which I thought bordered on the sacrilegious with their pantomimic insinuations came the main attraction consisting of the cats who scared the living daylights out of the mourners in the first three or four rows since they were close enough to feel the cats' hot breath. It certainly was Mama's favorite in view of there being no aerial acts and she was quite sorry to see it end although some spoilsports in the front row pointed out that she not only had the comfort but also the safety of her coffin while they were completely exposed on those hard folding chairs. Fortunately Mama didn't hear them and as we were saying good night to her after everyone else had left she told me to compliment Mr. North particularly on the lion trainer who was a young man in his early twenties.

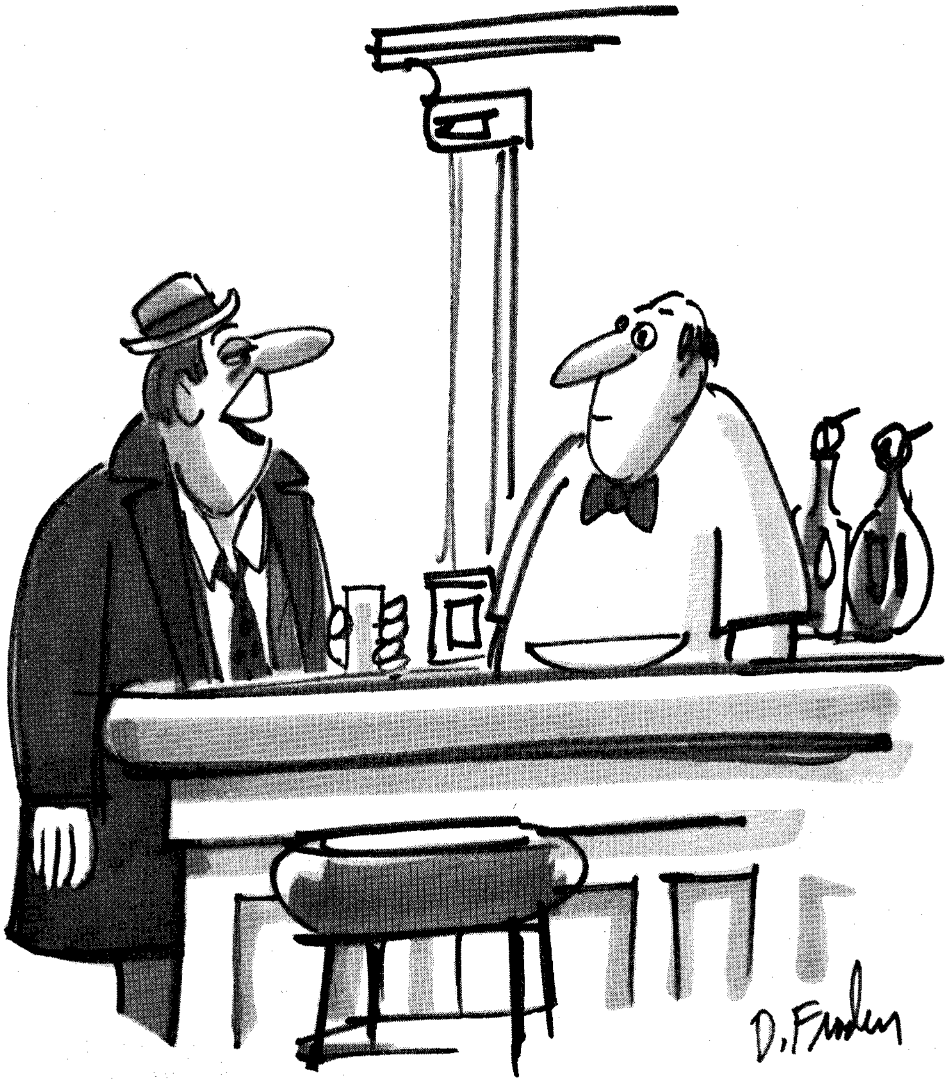
While we stopped for a nightcap on the way home from the funeral parlor I couldn't help but think as the others were watching the All-Star Game how many circuses my mother had brought me to during my childhood and adolescence yet when she had grown too old to continue going by herself I hadn't taken her even once and of course neither of my sisters would take her despite their knowing how she loved it. But even if I had tried to take her my wife would never have allowed it because obviously when Mama needed help with womanly things my wife would have had to do them and certainly not me a man who could have been arrested and charged with crimes that are seldom even named except indirectly under the sobriquet Unnatural Acts. So it seemed rather fitting that Mr. North an almost total stranger had arranged Mama's last circus although it made me feel pretty bad that I had left unpaid my old debt to her and I wondered if I'd paid it back in other ways but I forgot about it by the time we got home and all went straight to bed.

WE were back at the funeral parlor by 8:15 the next morning in order to be at the church by 9:00 and while we were waiting for the nephews and nieces to show up and allow the undertaker to organize the hierarchy of the funeral procession my two sisters began to argue about the pearls Mama was wearing. Sister #1 didn't think she should be buried with them and Sister #2 did and when I also said she should because Papa had given them to her they both told me to butt out and then Mama overhearing the argument said for someone to just try and get them away from her and I had to gently remind her that this was really none of her business. Then #2 said to #1 well if you feel that way about it we'll take them off and Mama said over my dead body you will but everyone ignored her except Mr. North who said politely but firmly that he had his ways if it came to that. #1 said no we'll leave them on because that's probably how Mama would want it after all and Mama said you're damn right so Mr. North bowed and said he just wanted to be sure of the family's wishes in the matter because it would be so much easier now than later.

He ushered us all outside and arranged us so that my two sisters and I rode in the limousine directly behind the hearse and two of the cats at Mama's request rode in the flower car. At the last minute however the priest refused to let them into the church even though their handsome young trainer had them on leashes and knowing that Mama would be terribly upset I slipped them in through a side door. After being seated I noticed that the altar boys looked very familiar but I couldn't quite place them until I asked my wife who said they were our two eldest grandsons and I suppose the problem was that I had never seen them in cassocks and surplices before since they weren't even Catholics. When I asked them about it later they both said they wanted to do something nice for Great-Grandma to make up for not coming to see her for the past year so they bribed the regular altar boys to let them take their places and even though the responses had been switched to English long ago they faked quite creditable Latin right up to the end when we all walked out behind the coffin.

As we drove off to the cemetery I heard the funeral bell toll and was reminded of that beautiful line from Chaucer part of which Hemingway stole therfore nevere sende to knowe for whom the belle tolleth hit tolleth for thee. I suddenly realized that I hadn't shed a single tear for Mama or myself either but I was denied even that comfort then as we were already at the cemetery which was right behind the church. We had to wait in the cars which fortunately were air-conditioned because it was terribly hot while the coffin and flowers were arranged under the awning and even after we did get out we had to wait for the priest to divest himself and step out back. When he finally did come he only said a few words about coming and going as dust and then came over to my sisters and me saying he was real sorry about our mother and I said thanks Father and after he left Sister #2 said how comforting his words had been and #1 said he probably would have said it was a sin to bury her with the pearls if he had known about them.

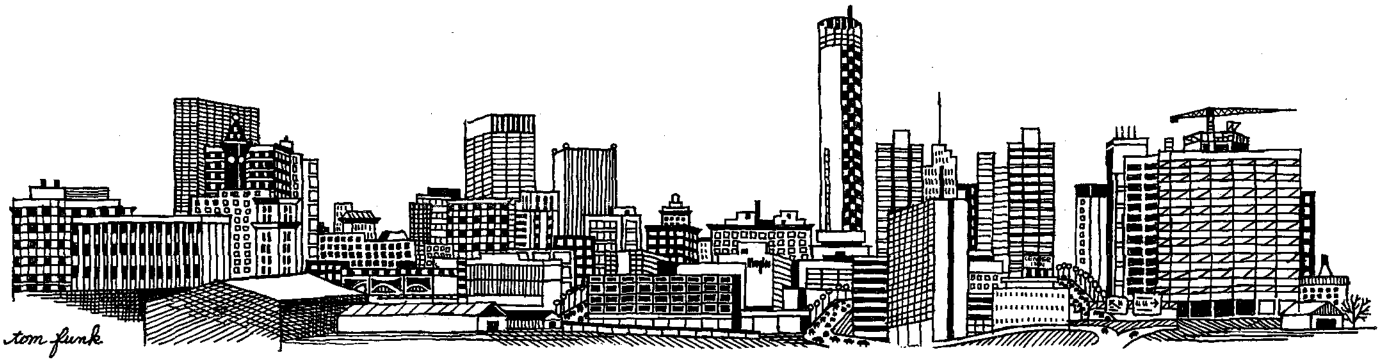
Before that controversy could flare up again I heard a tapping from inside the coffin and recalling how Mama had helped me learn Morse code when I was a Boy Scout I deciphered her message as open up a minute. When I had Mr. North lift the lid she asked me to please adjust the pillow and smooth the wrinkles out of her dress so that she would look her best when she met her Maker and of course it was the least I could do for her as we finally sent her out of this world. Then I kissed her goodbye for the last time but of course she didn't return the kiss because as I said before my mother died the other day. —RICHARD RICE



"It's not whether you can read and write, Eddie, but how you play the game."

PROFILES

FROM RABUN GAP TO TYBEE LIGHT—II



AMONG the pivotal years of American history was the first one in which a politician from Georgia confidently expected to be elected President of the United States. The year was 1824, and the Georgian was William Harris Crawford. His optimism was not unwarranted. Many of Crawford's contemporaries believed that he had the election all but wrapped up, inasmuch as his most serious opposition came merely from Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and Andrew Jackson. A lawyer who had been at various times a United States senator, President Madison's Secretary of the Treasury, and (in 1813) Madison's Minister to the Imperial Court at Paris, Crawford was internationally admired. Who had not heard one oft-told tale about him—that he was the only foreign envoy to whom Napoleon had felt constrained to bow? Here was a man, Georgians were sure their fellow-Americans would agree, who had both substance and style. Crawford could probably have succeeded Madison in 1817, but, at the President's urging, the Georgian, who was still only forty-four, consented to let James Monroe occupy the White House for a while, and wait his turn. Toward the end of Monroe's second term, however, Crawford suffered a paralytic attack. He got well enough to run in 1824, but so many canards were spread about his health that both Jackson and Adams seemed to have a good chance in November. None of the candidates obtained a majority, and in the ensuing election in the House of Representatives (Clay hadn't mustered enough votes to be in it) Adams won, with Jackson second and Crawford a distant third. The frustrated Crawford became a circuit judge in Georgia and died in 1834.

In 1824, the capital of Georgia was Milledgeville, nearly in the geographical center of the state. Had Napoleon chanced to visit Milledgeville, he would probably not have felt like bowing to anyone, because not all Georgia politicians in those days were men who would have mixed easily at Versailles or Fontainebleau. According to one 1818 observer of the behavior of the Georgia legislature (he was, to be sure, a New Yorker, and thus conceivably biassed), "Their conduct was beneath that of any crew of sailors that was ever seen. Cursing, quarreling, hollowing [*sic*], drinking, getting drunk." Violence, often including eye-gouging or worse, was very much a part of the Georgia scene. Button Gwinnett, one of the state's three signers of the Declaration of Independence, died from duelling wounds. Aaron Burr, after his duel with Alexander Hamilton, fled to Georgia, where he knew he would be sympathetically received. Crawford himself killed a man in one duel and his wrist was maimed in another. François La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, a French émigré, had sweepingly dismissed all Georgians, in 1796, as "the most barbarous drunken disorderly and reckless people in America," and as late as 1920 H. L. Mencken, who was, of course, not known for his charitable assessment of any part of humankind beyond his immediate family, wrote of Georgia, "A self-respecting European, going there to live, would not only find intellectual stimulation utterly lacking; he would actually feel a certain insecurity, as if the scene were the Balkans or the China Coast. There is a state with more than half the area of Italy and more population than either Denmark or Norway, and yet in thirty years it has not produced a single idea."

Milledgeville, the state capital from 1807 to 1868, was named after John Milledge, Georgia's governor from 1802 to 1806, who had been something of a hero during the Revolution. Having been credited with a daring raid on a British ammunition depot at Savannah, he joined the Continental Army—though in so discreet a fashion that his fellow-Americans once took him for a Tory spy and nearly hanged him. It was a good thing for Georgia that he survived: he subsequently gave the state six hundred and thirty-three acres for its first university—a site on which grew the city of Athens. The first governor to preside over Georgia from Milledgeville was Jared Irwin. In an earlier gubernatorial term, when the capital was at Louisville, about seventy miles to the east, Irwin signed a historic bill rescinding the sale by the state's legislators, who had been suitably bribed, of between thirty-five and fifty million acres of Georgia land to speculators at the beguiling price—beguiling to the buyers, at any rate—of one and a half cents an acre. Governor Irwin planned to travel from Louisville to the new capital by oxcart, but his wife thought that undignified and cajoled him into getting a gig. The Irwins and their party stopped for lunch at a tavern en route to Milledgeville, but the governor's lady refused to go inside and insisted on being served in her gig. A rooster settled on the hitching post to which the horse was tethered. The rooster crowed. The horse reared. The lady was thrown out, broke her leg, and arrived in Milledgeville lying in an oxcart after all. In its early days as the state capital, Milledgeville was a frontier community. Indians roamed its main street, swapping furs for calico. Diseases were rampant. The principal cemetery has one section containing the remains of ten out-of-town legislators who perished, from nonviolent causes, in the line of duty.

Milledgeville stopped being the capital three years after the end of the Civil War, when a state constitutional

UNDER STARS

The sleep of this night deepens
because I have walked coatless from the house
carrying the white envelope.
All night it will say one name
in its little tin house by the roadside.

I have raised the metal flag
so its shadow under the road lamp
leaves an imprint on the rain-heavy bushes.
Now I will walk back
thinking of the few lights still on
in the town a mile away.

In the yellowed light of a kitchen
the millworker has finished his coffee,
his wife has laid out the white slices of bread
on the counter. Now while the bed they have left
is still warm, I will think of you, you
who are so far away,
you have caused me to look up at the stars.

Tonight they have not moved
from childhood, those games played after dark.
Again, I walk into the wet grass
toward the starry voices. Again, I
am the found one, intimate, returned
by all I touch on the way.

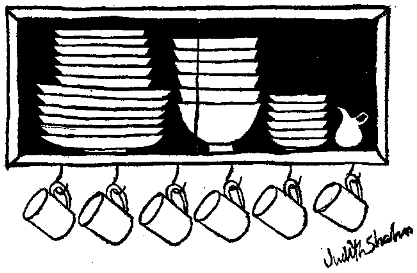
—TESS GALLAGHER

• •

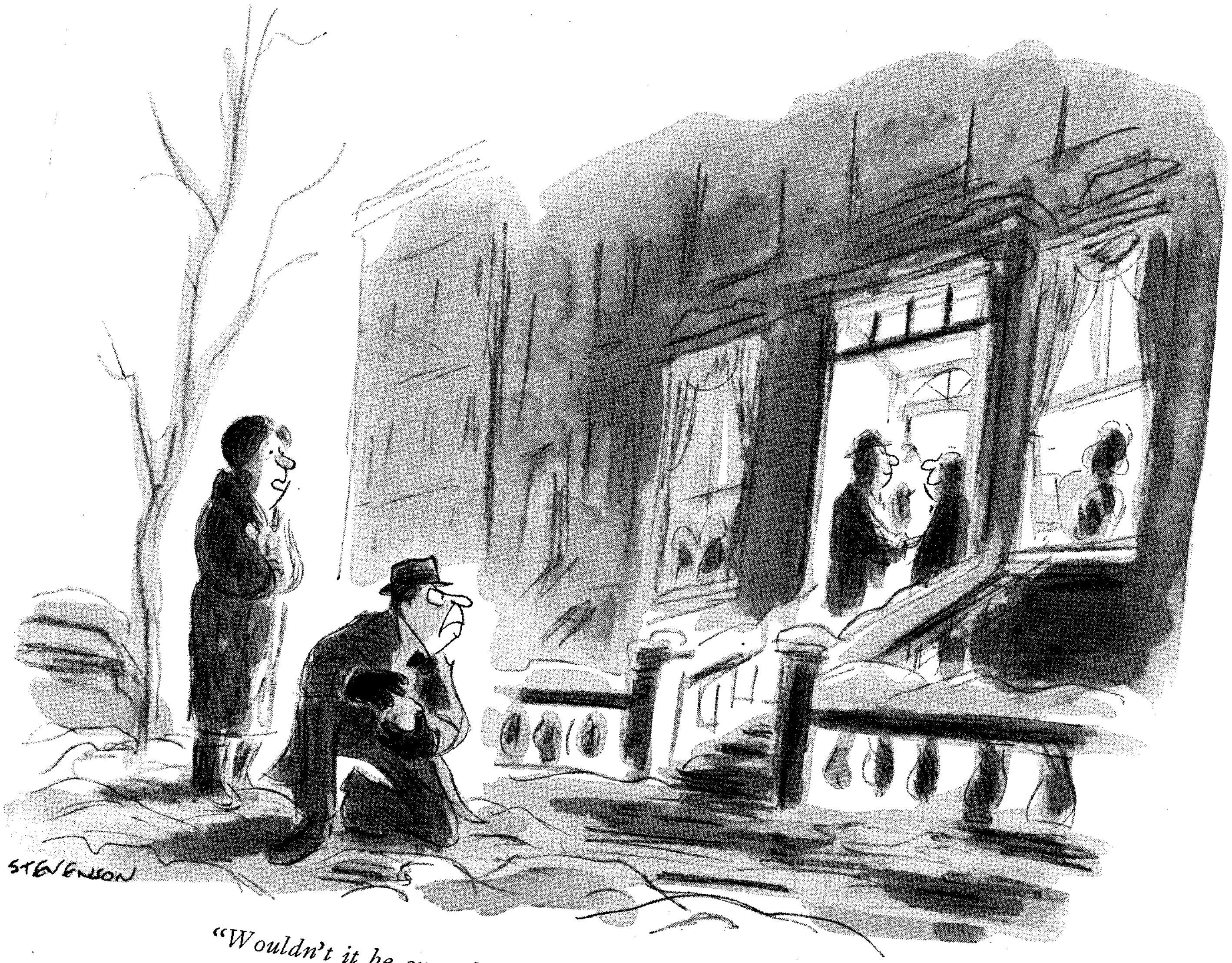
convention was scheduled to be held there. Some businessmen in Atlanta convinced the federal troops still occupying Georgia that Milledgeville innkeepers would not provide lodgings for the thirty-seven Negro delegates to the session. General John Pope, commanding the Yankee forces, ordered the convention moved to Atlanta, so he could keep an eye on the proceedings and on the treatment of the participants. When the Reconstruction constitution was finally drawn up, there was a clause in it naming Atlanta as the capital of the state. The citizens of Milledgeville, who had been about to spruce up the place with new street lights and other amenities befitting a capital city, were monumentally aggrieved, and some of their descendants are sore at Atlanta today for what they construe as unneighborliness. The old statehouse is now part of the campus of Georgia Military College. When fire broke out in the upper stories in 1835, nobody offered to climb up on the building's dangerously pitched roof except a single slave, John Marlor (or Marlow), who scrambled up and down it with buckets of water until he doused the blaze. The legislature gratefully appropriated sixteen hundred dollars to buy him his freedom. "He was a bricklayer, and rather expensive," a contemporary Georgia historian has observed.

Georgia's constitutions have been altered some three hundred times since the state ratified the United States Constitution in 1788. A major revision took place at a convention held in Atlanta in 1877, and the sparkplug of that session was Robert Augustus Toombs, a native of Washington, Georgia, the first incorporated town anywhere in the United States—it dates back to 1780—to bear the name of the Father of His Country. Georgia is second to no state in its devotion to General Washington. It used to require that his picture—like Mao's in China—be displayed in every classroom; its Washington County became, in 1784, the first county in America to be so named, and was created to provide landholdings for Revolutionary War veterans. During the Civil War, Washington County, true to its military heritage, provided more soldiers for the Confederacy—fifteen companies' worth—than any other county in Georgia.

Robert Toombs is reputed to have said, just before the Civil War, "We could lick those Yankees with cornstalks." When he was asked after the war what had gone wrong, he is reputed to have said, "It's very simple. Those damyankees refused to fight with cornstalks." The city of Washington, whose main street is now called Robert Toombs Avenue (it is in Wilkes County, named after the British radical John Wilkes), for years contained no public accommodations, and the reason was provided by another memorable quotation ascribed to Toombs: "If a gentleman comes to town, he can stay at my house, and if he isn't a gentleman we don't want him in town in the first place." A colorful character all his life, Toombs attended the University of Georgia, but he was not allowed to graduate, because of a variety of campus transgressions. Legend has it that while his classmates were sitting through their commencement exercises he gave a rival commencement address of his own under an oak tree near the school chapel. Later, as a United States senator, he was so eloquent an orator that spectators would crowd the gallery when he was slated to speak. There is another oak tree associated with Toombs—one in Washington, Georgia, among whose embracing limbs he is supposed to have hidden when federal troops with a warrant for his arrest came searching for him in 1865, just after the end of the war. (Toombs had initially been opposed to secession, but once the war began he was wholeheartedly for the South, and he became Secretary of State in Jefferson Davis's Cabinet.) Eluding his pursuers, Toombs fled to Havana and thence to Paris. He returned to America in 1867, refused to apply for a pardon from President Andrew Johnson, and died in 1885, at seventy-five, unregenerate—the last authentic citizen, in his view and that of many admiring fellow-Georgians, of the Confederate States of America.



THE eighteen-twenties, quite apart from the bursting of the Crawford bubble, were frenetic years for Georgia. For one thing, that was the time of the first major American gold rush. It had long been suspected that there was gold in the north-Georgia hills. Hernando de Soto had searched for it, vainly, in 1540. When gold was discovered at Duke's Creek, in Habersham County, Georgia, in 1828, one momentary inconvenience to the prospectors who came rushing in to pan for it was that the bountiful veins were in Indian territory. Indians had figured prominently



"Wouldn't it be enough just not to return their invitation?"

in Georgia history. Their ancestors are believed to have lived along the Ocmulgee River, near the present site of Macon, as far back as 8000 B.C. There were Cherokees and Creeks, along with less populous tribes, all over the state—the white-and-gold Cherokee rose has since 1916 been the official state flower—and they were anything but uncouth aborigines. The Cherokees had their homeland in the northern part of the state, where the gold was, and they had known all along that it was there but had never bothered to dig it up. They had more civilized things to do with their time. In the eighteen-twenties, in their capital city of New Echota, they had a bicameral legislature, and it, too, had passed a constitution. They lived in snug and sturdy homes, a few of which were furnished with Wedgwood and Spode that they imported from England. They had an eighty-six-character syllabary—it had been worked out in the early eighteen-hundreds by the erudite half-white Sequoya—and they published their own newspaper, the *Cherokee Phoenix*, both in Cherokee and in English.

The gold that the Indians had not deigned to disturb brought about the ruin of their society. As pick-and-shovel brigades descended upon them in 1828, the governor, John Forsyth, got the legislature to annex all Cherokee land. By 1830, four thousand white newcomers were brawling over rights to the area, and in 1832 Governor Wilson Lumpkin authorized a lottery, under the conditions of which the Cherokees' holdings—in what soon became Lumpkin County—were given away in forty-acre lots to the lucky-number possessors. Married men could draw two numbers, single men and widows one apiece. Indians were excluded. In 1835, some of the Cherokees were chivied into signing a treaty with the United States in which they gave up all rights to their Georgia land. They were paid five million dollars for it and were promised comparable new land west of the Mississippi River. In the summer of 1838, the fourteen thousand Cherokees in Georgia were rounded up by troops under General Winfield Scott in preparation for their westward trek. The Army thought it was too hot to march them off right away, though, and most remained *in situ* until October. By then, it was too cold, but the Indians were sent packing nonetheless—along what was to become known as the Trail of Tears. Before they reached their prescribed destination—Tahlequah, Oklahoma—four thousand of the fourteen thousand had died. In north Georgia today, there are numerous Indian-crafts shops but no Indians.

As the pace of the Georgia gold rush quickened, two rough mining towns sprang up, and each aspired to become the seat of Lumpkin County. One took the gilt-edged name of Auraria. Aurarians contended that the other, Dahlonega—it got its no less glittering name from the Cherokee word "*talo-*

nega," meaning "golden"—was "conceived in sin, brought forth in iniquity, cradled in corruption, and located upon destruction." Dahlonega was nonetheless deemed by a county court to be a cut above Auraria, and was picked as the seat. Congress established a federal mint there in 1838. Up to the time it was closed, at the start of the Civil War, the Dahlonega mint produced 1,378,710 gold coins, in denominations of one dollar, two and a half dollars, three dollars, and five dollars—more than six million dollars' worth in all. The spire of the administration building of North Georgia College, in Dahlonega, which was for a while the only school of mining in the eastern United States, is coated with local gold leaf.

When gold was finally discovered out West, twenty-one years after the Georgia strike, many Georgians, being more knowledgeable than most other Americans about unearthing the precious stuff, were urged to take their expertise to the scene; those who went had needed little urging to begin with. Three brothers named Russell, from Auraria, betook themselves to the Rocky Mountains and there founded a new Auraria, on the site of what later became Denver, Colorado. So many other Georgians followed the Russells that Colorado now has a minor annual holiday called North Georgia Day. There is still gold around Dahlonega, but not of a quantity or quality to make it worth digging up. The old Lumpkin County courthouse, a short walk from the Golden Inn Motel, is now a Gold Museum. There are said to be traces of gold dust in some of the courthouse bricks.

North Georgia College has never been popular among blacks in the state who wanted a higher education, because it is uncomfortably close to Union County, which has few, if any, black residents. During the Civil War, paradoxically, the county, which had acquired its name in 1832, sided, in un-Georgianlike fashion, with the Union. Most north Georgians came originally from places like North Carolina and Tennessee, and they have what to outlanders often seem strange, superstitious ways. When a woman there burned her arm badly on a stove, a friend offered to take her to a hospital. No, the victim said, she'd go to another woman living nearby and "have the fire drawn out." She returned after a bit with only two small blisters to show for the accident. "What did the neighbor do?" the friend asked. "She ran her hand over me," the woman said.

At the northernmost spot in Georgia, Rabun Gap (William Rabun was another early-nineteenth-century governor), there are still self-sufficient mountain folk who use Elizabethan-sounding language; in ordinary conversation they are partial to words like "afeard," "tetchy," "nary," and "yonder." North Georgians often dine on groundhog, possum, squirrel, or rabbit, and they do not think it unusual to remark, in a dietary discussion, "I've got me a coon in my freezer." They are more closemouthed, more reserved, more formal than their sometimes gushingly outgoing southern cousins. "I've been living up here eight years," says a woman who moved north from south Georgia, "and the nice lady across the road hugs me and kisses me, and I've eaten food in her kitchen and taken a bath in her tub, and she still calls me 'Mrs.' " North Georgians have more mountain laurel than magnolia; instead of the pecans of the south, hickory nuts grow there. What discrimination there is in north Georgia is less apt to be directed against blacks than against poor whites. (North Georgians were never much given to using the word "nigger"—not so much because they didn't want to sound racist as because in their view it was an uncultured word, the employment of which should best be left to poor white trash and to Negroes.) When a lawyer from the southern part of the state went north to

"I don't know who this is, but no, I most certainly will not be your valentine!"

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12
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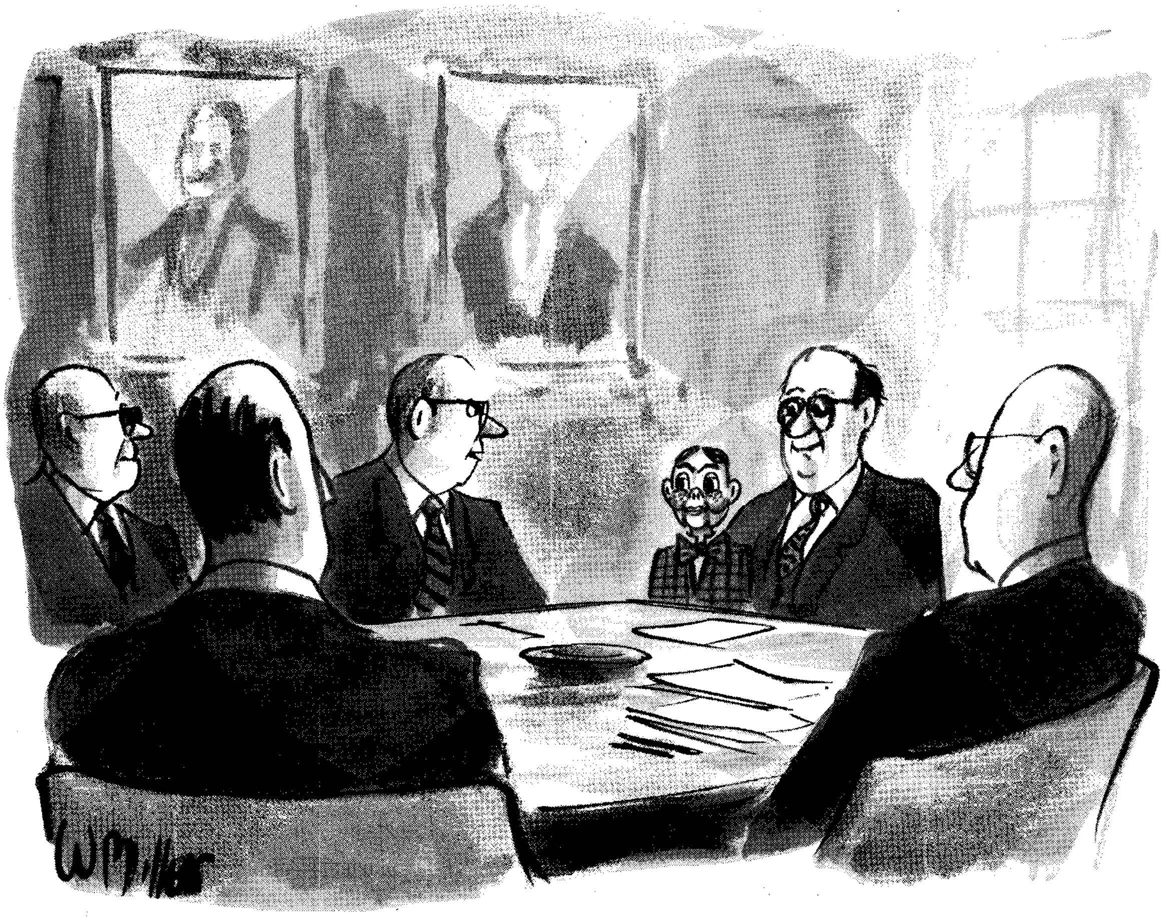
Dalton to help defend a criminal case not long ago, he walked into the courtroom there, saw nothing but white faces, turned to the local attorney he had come to assist, and said—making, he was later embarrassed to reflect, a decidedly racist remark—"Where are the clients?"



"That was a very astute observation, Freckles. Does Mr. Charles T. Allison III share that view with you?"

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Some observers of the Southern scene assert that there are four distinct Georgias: the lower Appalachians; the Piedmont, or foot-of-the-mountain area (which includes Atlanta and Macon); the plantation belt—or coastal plain, as it is sometimes called—below that; and the piney-woods, or tidewater, region. "A Texan says 'I'm from Texas,'" a Georgian may tell you, "but a Georgian will never say 'I'm from Georgia.' He'll say 'I'm from west Georgia,' or 'south Georgia,' or wherever." One can even find Georgians who argue—as often as not just for the sake of the bizarre argument—that there is actually no Georgia at all. There is a superior-court judge in Atlanta who, off the bench, is fond of grabbing a pencil and drawing a rough map of the state with running commentary: "Here"—he draws two circles—"are Atlanta and Macon. Not really part of anything, because they're isolated metropolitan centers. Here"—he outlines north Georgia—"you have a mountain area that might as well be Tennessee. Here"—the Piedmont—"is nothing more or less than rural Virginia. Here"—the coastal plain—"is a mere extension of Alabama. What's left? Oh, the seacoast. That's not Georgia—that's Charleston, South Carolina."

The Georgia painter Lamar Dodd, who is one of the nation's first artists to have been shown in the National Gallery in Washington while still alive, and who until his retirement, in 1973, was the head of the flourishing Department of Art at the University of Georgia, has said that one of the toughest commissions he was ever called upon to execute was a single canvas, some years back, interpreting all of Georgia. Dodd eventually chose as appropriate symbols mountains, peach blossoms, cotton, and blacks picking cotton. If he had to do it over today, he thinks, he would eliminate the cotton pickers and throw in a couple of smokestacks.

Assuming, as the overwhelming majority of Georgians do, that their state actually exists as a separate and definable entity, there are marked differences among the regions. In south Georgia, pecans are called "*pee*-cans." In north Georgia, people who have heard of pecans call them "pee-*cahns*." (In all of Georgia, north and south, the indigenes summon an elevator or operate a vending machine not by "pushing" a button but by "mashing" it.) There used to be more meaningful distinctions. In the old days, very few of Georgia's political leaders came from its north, and north Georgians would grumble that no state roads were ever paved their side of Atlanta. That imbalance is diminishing. Governor George Busbee is a south-Georgia man, from Albany (in southwest Georgia, near Plains), but his lieutenant governor, Zell Miller, is from the town of Young Harris, in the north; and Busbee's budget for last year included an allocation of nearly seven million dollars for a highway running from Atlanta up toward Dahlonega.

One of Busbee's gubernatorial predecessors, Carl E. Sanders, has given considerable thought to Georgia's regional traits. "Politically, the difference between north and south Georgia is fascinating," he says. "When I was campaigning, I'd go up north, and there'd be a handful of people sitting on a mountainside or on courthouse steps, all serious and stony-faced, seemingly emotionless, and when I'd finished speaking to them there wouldn't be much reaction, but if they came up afterward and said, 'We're with you,' I would know that they'd be with me all the way from that moment on. In south Georgia, on the other hand, there might be a hundred or more people at a barbecue, shouting and screaming and whooping it up while I was talking, and applauding wildly when I was through, and yet when I left I wouldn't know where I really stood with them at all."

Sanders, now an attorney in Atlanta, hails from Augusta. His election as governor, in 1962, marked the first time in over a century that anyone from that eastern outpost of the state had been voted into the office. As a rule, Georgia's latitudinal termini—Savannah, also to the east, and Columbus, far to the west—are thought of as detached from the political mainstream of the state. (Columbus and Augusta are both regarded by the Bureau of the Census as core cities of what it calls "standard metropolitan statistical areas;" the Columbus S.M.S.A. includes a chunk of Alabama, and the Augusta one a whole county of South Carolina.) The Georgia mainstream flows north and south, and when Georgians try to encompass the state in a single geographical phrase, the one they most frequently use is "from Rabun Gap to Tybee Light." (The lighthouse on Tybee Island, a few miles south of Savannah, used to be painted black and white. Race-conscious contemporary Georgians sometimes edgily observe that it is now solid black.) It was indicative of the established priorities of Georgia geography that Savannahians did not much seem to care when the last interstate highway in the state was completed—three such highways now converge on Atlanta—because they were far more interested in being able to drive fast to Macon and to Atlanta than down a high-speed road along their coast to Brunswick, to the so-called Golden Islands (principally Sea, Sapelo, Jekyll, St. Simons, and Cumberland), just offshore, and to Jacksonville, Florida.

AUGUSTA, Georgia's second-oldest city—James Oglethorpe founded it in 1735, two years after he landed at Savannah—was the capital of the state from 1786 to 1796, and since then it has often felt neglected. It is one of the few fair-sized cities of the United States (its population is fifty-four thousand) in which a railroad track crosses the main thoroughfare at grade level. The thoroughfare is Broad Street, and Augustans driving to work, as most of them do, more often than not find themselves piled up in interminable lines at eight-forty-five in the morning while a seventy- or eighty-car freight crawls across the street. There has been at least one death in an ambulance at this grade crossing. Broad Street thumpingly justifies its name. It measures three hundred feet from curb to curb, and was a century ago said to be the second-widest avenue in the country, outspanned solely by Canal Street in New Orleans. Broad Street today boasts a historical marker citing what William Makepeace Thackeray had to say about Augusta when he stopped off there in 1855 in the course of a lecture tour:

> Nice quaint old town Augusta, rambling great street two miles long, doctors and shopkeepers the society of the place, the latter far more independent and gentlemanlike than our folks, much pleasanter to be with than the daring go ahead northern people. Slavery nowhere repulsive, the black faces invariably happy and plump, the white ones eager and hard. I brought away 60 Guineas for 2 hours talking, a snug little purse from snug little Augusta.

Broad Street's no longer notably social shopkeepers have lately also been suffering from the same white flight that has afflicted so many downtown commercial areas. (Augusta's population was once over seventy thousand. If it falls below fifty thousand, the city will find itself ineligible for certain federal funds that are reserved for communities with that minimum of inhabitants.) One white woman who now lives in an Augusta suburb does most of her shopping in Aiken, South Carolina, and hasn't ventured into a Broad Street store more than a couple of times in the last ten years. It may be statistically significant that in a recent head count of fourteen mannequins in the show window of a Broad Street wig salon black faces outnumbered white ones nine to five. Fifty years ago, Broad Street was flanked by large shade trees, but they were chopped down to make the town seem more up-to-date. Now saplings are being planted in an effort to rehabilitate the downtown area.

Augusta is a conservative city. Until a Georgian was nominated for President in 1976, it had gone Republican in five straight national elections. The local newspapers occasionally run editorials commenting favorably on the South African government. The Ku Klux Klan not long ago surfaced openly in Augusta: a spokesman for it appeared, unhooded, on television to express his opinion that inasmuch as county authorities had allocated several thousand dollars of federal funds to help underwrite a black festival in Augusta it seemed only proper that a similar sum should be provided for the Klan to put on a white festival in Augusta.

"I don't know where this Klan group comes from or how it got hold of the old rituals. I wouldn't think that any of the younger generation would know enough to get a chapter organized." The speaker is Roy V. Harris, perhaps Augusta's best-known citizen. Now eighty-two and still practicing law from a converted private house in a small enclave that is called Historic Augusta—it is supposed, by means of gaslights and cobblestones, to evoke nostalgic memories of the tranquil Southern past—Mr. Roy, as most of his neighbors call him, is one of the last of the old fire-breathing Georgia segregationists. He was Speaker of the House in Georgia's legislature for eight years, and has been on affectionate terms with all Deep South political leaders for over half a century. The two whose photographs he has chosen to display most prominently on the walls of his private office are George Wallace and Lester Maddox. As Maddox was wont to repel unwanted potential patrons of his restaurant with a pickaxe handle, so Harris, while a partner in a bus company some years back, once confronted some people outside his house, presumably dissatisfied drivers, with a shotgun. When a young north-Georgia bride went to live in Augusta a generation ago, her grandfather sent her off with his blessing and one bit of advice: she was to remember always to be against everything that Roy Harris was for.

Harris, who has mellowed a good deal in recent years, is credited both by people who are for him and by people who are against him with having done much to improve the state's system of higher education, after being appointed to the Board of Regents by Governor Herman Talmadge in 1951. "I have lived through the most exciting period of state and world history," Harris says today. "When I joined the Regents, we had only about twenty thousand students in our state universities—one-sixth of what we have today. When I was first elected to the legislature, in 1921, the entire annual state budget came to ten million dollars." It is now substantial-

APPREHENDED

ly over two billion. "When I left the Regents, in 1973, the state had spent four hundred and fifty million dollars in twelve years on new university buildings and equipment alone." Harris did not leave the Board of Regents voluntarily. Governor Jimmy Carter declined to reappoint him, and conveyed that news to him in a letter signed "Your cousin Jimmy." That was too much for the peppery Harris. "I wrote him back," he says, "and I said, 'Dear Jimmy, Let's get one thing straight: the fact that your great-grandfather's brother married my grandmother's sister doesn't make us cousins.' " Harris supported Gerald Ford in 1976.

For nearly thirty years, most of Harris's testy writing appeared in the Augusta *Courier*, a no-holds-barred segregationist weekly that he began publishing in 1947, and among whose subscribers, at one time or another, he was pleased to find both John F. Kennedy and Elijah Muhammad. The main headline of the final issue of the *Courier* concerned the vote for governor in the Democratic primary of 1974 and read "LESTER MADDOX SUFFERED DEFEAT BUT HIS PHILOSOPHY WILL SURVIVE." Harris has been doing his best to keep that philosophy alive by writing a column for the *Citizen*, the monthly journal of the Citizens (né White Citizens) Councils of America—an organization that is based in Jackson, Mississippi, and of which he is president. The column, entitled, like one he wrote in the *Courier*, "Strictly Personal," gives Harris a chance, as the mood strikes him, to advocate a sharp decrease in government spending or to inveigh against the attempts of his fellow-Georgian Andrew Young to kill off—as Harris sees it—all the whites in southern Africa.

"I always took the position that if you can't win a fight you can at least delay the outcome," Harris says. "When it came to integration, I advocated the use of all possible dilatory tactics." It does not trouble him much that to be a segregationist is no longer a popular public position in Georgia. "The thing is, of course, that we got integrated but we also didn't," Harris says. "School integration in Georgia is kind of a sham. If we had real integration, we'd have a real movement against it. Most of the blacks I feel free enough to talk to on the subject don't care too much about integration themselves. They just want to feel free to move around." Harris has had plenty of opportunities lately to converse with blacks, because some of his best clients are black, including the proprietors of a substantial Augusta-based life-insurance company. "We're the only white folks who work for 'em," Harris says. "Not long ago, I had occasion to call a C.P.A. in Atlanta in connection with an audit of the insurance company's books, and he said to me, 'Who the hell got *you* to represent *those* people?' And I said to him, 'Why, they've been my friends from way back.' "

More than two hundred white lawyers currently practice in Augusta. The city, though its population is fifty per cent black, has five practicing black lawyers. One of these is John Ruffin, who is half Harris's age and is a native of Waynesboro, thirty miles south of Augusta. (Harris was born in nearby Glascock County.) Ruffin went to Morehouse College, in Atlanta, and planned to be a journalist until the furor caused by the Supreme Court's 1954 decision in Brown v. Board of Education made him decide to switch to law, and to civil-rights cases in particular. He graduated from Howard University Law School in 1960, and picked Augusta to practice in because the city then had not even one black lawyer. When Ruffin began, one judge, who has since retired, would post the names each day of the attorneys who were scheduled to appear in his court: "Mr. Harris," "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Doe," and "Jack Ruffin." One of Mr. Ruffin's first cases involved a contretemps in Milledgeville, where some blacks had been beaten up by a policeman. "The N.A.A.C.P. put me on to it," Ruffin says. "I was told, 'They ain't got no money and you don't know no law, so you go over there and maybe you can help them, and even if you can't you might learn something.' " Ruffin learned enough in that and subsequent tense proceedings to become

"How can you read that garbage?"

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the principal attorney for the plaintiffs in a suit filed in a federal court in 1963 (it has not yet been resolved) to compel the Board of Education of Augusta to desegregate its schools in more than token fashion. "I learned how to make Molotov cocktails in the sixties from a middle-aged white lady out at the airport," Ruffin says matter-of-factly, "but now I've forgotten how."

Ruffin was also much involved in litigation arising from a May, 1970, race riot in Augusta, which was triggered by the death, in prison, of a retarded sixteen-year-old boy whose cries for help, when he was set upon by his cellmates, were ignored by guards. Six blacks died in the riot. ("All shot in the back by cops," a teen-age white Augusta boy said to a recent visitor. "Son, just be careful," said the boy's father.) Ruffin brought in some law students from Howard to help him gather evidence against the policemen who were accused of the shootings, but they were ultimately exonerated.

Despite that setback, and other professional disappointments, Ruffin remains by and large a cheerful man, and nowadays judges extend to him the same courtesies they do to any other lawyer. "When you look at things in terms of where we blacks have got to, you feel optimistic, though not when you look at them in terms of where we ought to be," Ruffin says. "Still, some progress is better than none. In 1970, Roy Harris tore my hide off in the *Courier*. Today, he refers clients to me. Mr. Roy may not have his old political clout anymore, but he's a very respected lawyer and a very respected man. I don't know any politician around here who would make a big decision without consulting Mr. Roy, and if I were ever interested in running for public office *I'd* go around to talk to him."

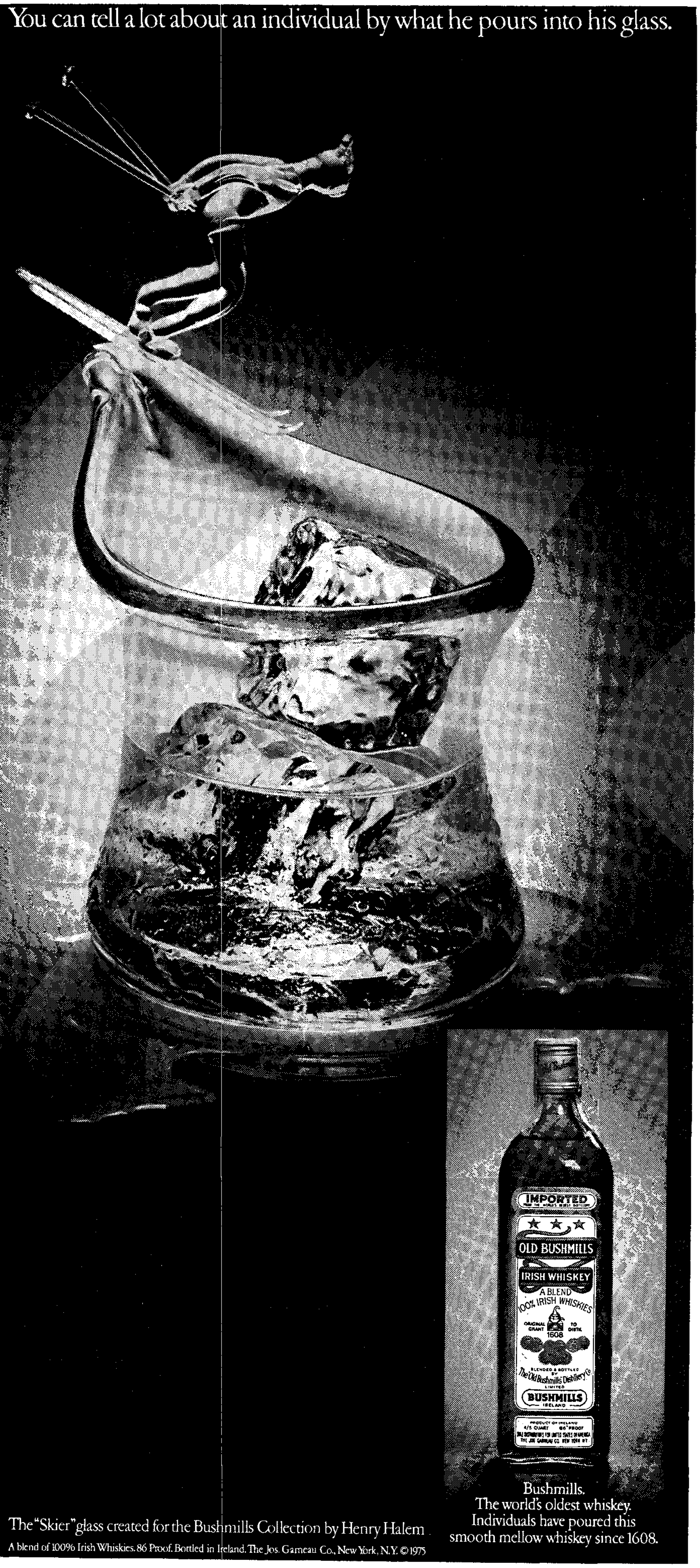
WHEN Augusta ladies go to Atlanta, they wear white gloves and hats—partly because they are on an excursion to the big city, partly because they want to show that they come from an older and more established community. The relationship between Atlanta and the rest of the state has long been ambivalent. Atlanta, which is both Georgia's capital and far and away its largest metropolis—the city's population (including its more or less immediate environs) comes to at least a million and three-quarters—used to be a handy political whipping boy for other Georgians. It was an alleged haven for every conceivable vice. "Send me to Atlanta to stamp out sin!" a gubernatorial candidate might cry in Waynesboro or Waycross. Occasionally, an aspirant to high office would propose, as equally agreeable alternatives, that Atlanta be either demolished or walled in. Atlantans, for their part, would sometimes snootily dismiss people from all the rest of the state as hicks, rubes, rednecks, crackers, or trash—poor trash or rich trash, white trash or black trash. Today, in contrast, rural office seekers visiting Atlanta in quest of slickers' votes may actually start off with "My fellow-Georgians" and may be received with equanimity, even cordiality.

Atlanta attained its present status because it began as a transportation center. It still is one, and it has become the core of commercial activity for all of Georgia—indeed, for the entire Southeast. Georgians like to say that to get to Heaven (Hell, too) you have to go by way of Atlanta. Among the world's major centers of population and power, Atlanta is an anomaly: it has no natural bounds, no mountains or bays or rivers defining its limits. It was established in 1837 in the middle of an ordinary forest, which the Creek Indians had ceded sixteen years earlier to their white neighbors. Atlanta was called Terminus then, because the Western and Atlantic Railroad was going to end there. In the course of the interstate negotiations that had to be carried on to build a connecting line to Tennessee, Georgia acquired a portion of downtown Chattanooga. Georgia still owns it, and from that parcel of real estate the absentee landlord now receives a gratifying annual rental of seventeen thousand dollars.

Peachtree Street, the spine of Atlanta, one thousand fifty feet above sea level, is an uncommon dividing line. All water on one side of the street drains off toward the Atlantic, and all on the other side toward the Gulf of Mexico. (Whether "Peachtree," which by now is part of the names of fourteen avenues, streets, and lesser byways in Atlanta, derived initially from "peach" tree or from "pitch" pine has never been incontestably decided, though the subject has been much debated by Georgia historians.) In 1837, a surveyor named Abbot Hall Brisbane drove a stake into what became Peachtree Street to mark a suitable spot for a railroad terminal. His supervisor, an Army surveyor named Stephen Long, did not seem to think the area had much further promise, viewing it, he said at the time, as "a good location for one tavern, a blacksmith shop, a grocery store, and nothing else." Terminus changed its name in 1843 to Marthasville, in honor of a daughter of former Governor Lumpkin; the place became Atlanta in 1845—that name having been proposed by J. Edgar Thomson, the thirty-seven-year-old chief engineer of the Georgia Railroad, which linked the city to Augusta. Thomson himself later became president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

A town almost literally built around a railroad station, Atlanta was at the outset a noisy, dirty, raffish community. Many of the early workers on the railroad were Irish; one of Atlanta's first churches was a Catholic one. At the start of the Civil War, the population of Atlanta had barely reached ten thousand (a dozen other cities in Georgia were bigger then), but by 1860, with four rail lines converging on it, it was already a transportation hub, consequential in peacetime and in wartime crucial. That was why General Sherman burned it. He entered Georgia from Tennessee on May 5, 1864, and three days later began a hundred-and-seventeen-day campaign for Atlanta, at the end of which ordeal ninety per cent of the city's forty-five hundred buildings were in ruins. The December 10, 1864, edition of the Atlanta *Daily Intelligencer*—the first newspaper printed after Sherman moved on toward the east—declared, "We doubt if the annals of history can furnish a passage in regard to the destruction of property as our city presents."

THE reactions of Georgians to the Civil War have been understandably intense and anguished. Not only did the state lose most of its capital city but it lost about a fifth of the hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers it sent to the Confederate Army, and that at a time when the total white population of Georgia, male and female, was half a million. Georgia was the last of the Confederate states to be readmitted to the Union—on July 15, 1870. One is not surprised to visit a Georgia home more than a century later and find in it a Gun Room—a chamber so designated because it contains the weapon Great-Granddaddy carried at Vicksburg. In Macon, there


You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

The "Skier" glass created for the Bushmills Collection by Henry Halem

A blend of 100% Irish Whiskies. 86 Proof. Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y. ©1975

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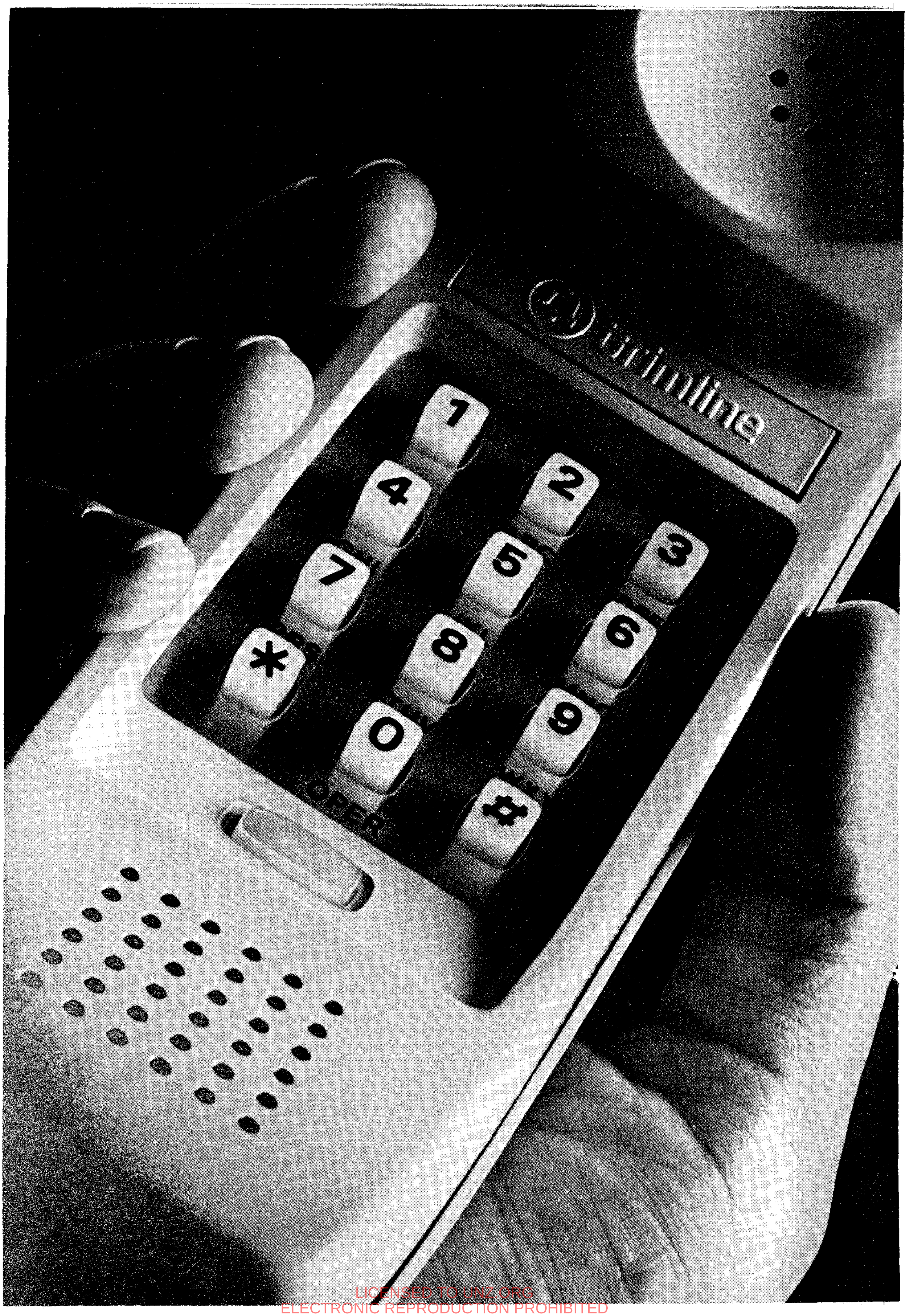
The world's oldest whiskey.
Individuals have poured this smooth mellow whiskey since 1608.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Ever wonder about * and

With * and #, new telephone services will soon be at your fingertips. These services will be possible because technological innovations from Bell Laboratories and Western Electric are transforming the nation's telecommunications network.

For example, with * and #, you may be able to arrange distinctive ringing for incoming calls from telephones you designate.

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A New Kind of Network.

New telecommunications technology designed by Bell Labs and manufactured by Western Electric is bringing you this versatile network. Its main elements are an array of electronic switching systems (ESS) interconnected by high-capacity transmission links, and a new "signaling" system to carry call-handling information.

Stored-Program Control.

At the heart of each ESS is something called stored-program control. With it, the system's calls are controlled by coded instructions, stored in a memory and executed by a central processor. New features can be added by updating the stored instructions rather than rewiring or making complex equipment changes.

The new signaling system that will connect these switching systems operates like a high-speed private intercom. It carries all the information needed to handle each call and frees time on the voice circuits that previously carried such information.

Over 1000 local and long-distance ESS's are already in service, and twenty regional centers for the new signaling network are in place.

These innovations are possible largely because of advances in solid-state electronics. Because of their decreasing cost, low power consumption and speed of operation, today's integrated circuits are enabling engineers to design more capability into communications systems at lower cost.

Building on Bell System accomplishments such as Direct Distance Dialing, digital communications and high-capacity transmission systems, modern electronics permits the new network to handle a wide variety of communications needs.

Continuing Innovation.

All these technical achievements, and their integration into the telecommunications network, result from the close collaboration of Bell Labs, Western Electric and Bell System telephone companies.

Because of this teamwork, Bell telephone companies will give you the innovative services represented by * and # and continue to provide the world's most reliable telephone service for the least $ and ¢.

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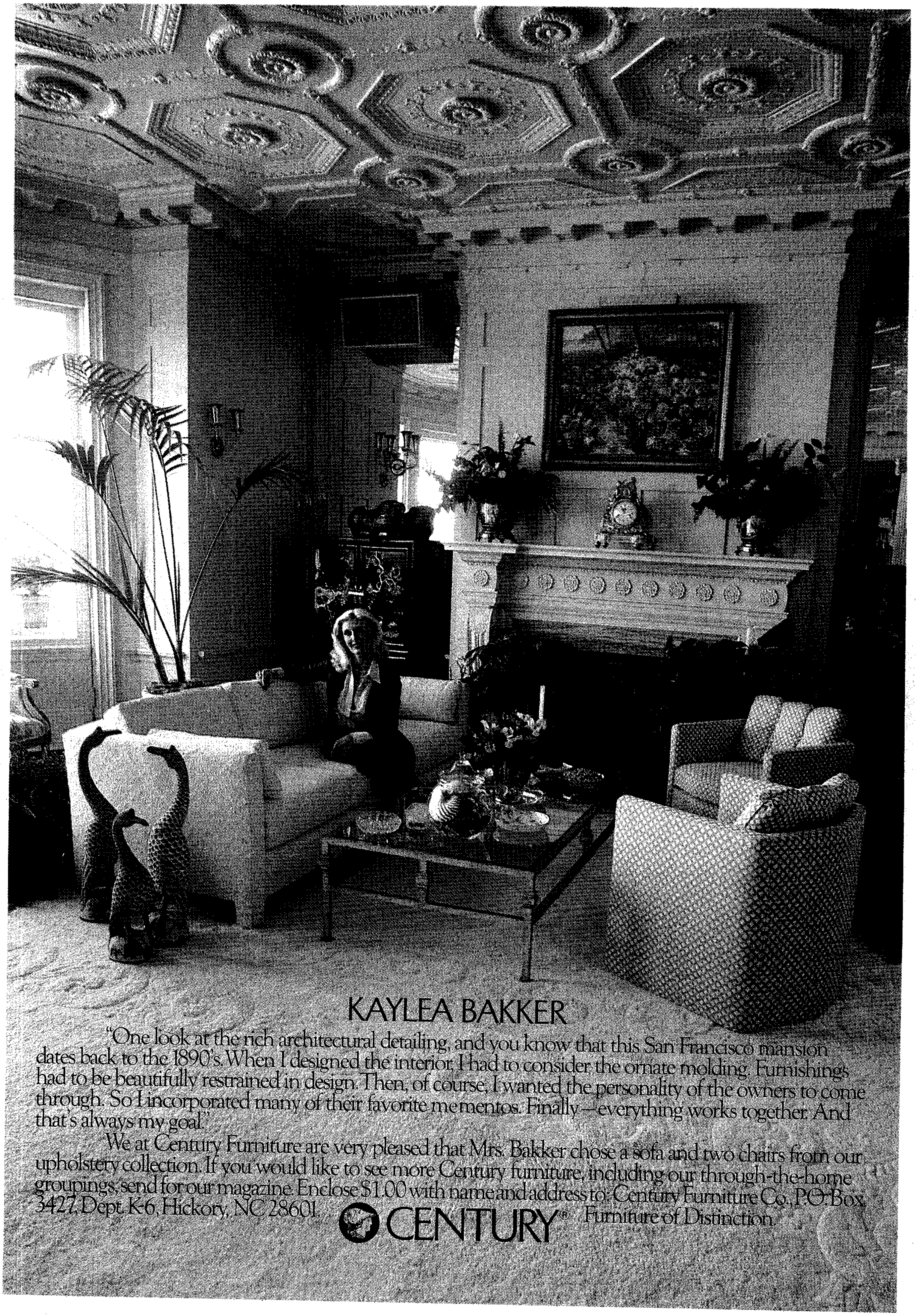
Mass. tax 5% Shipping, $2.50 Shreve charge, Master Charge, VISA, Am. Express

is a onetime private house (now the headquarters of the Sidney Lanier Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy) known as Cannon Ball House, because some Yankee artillerymen with bad marksmanship damaged it while aiming at a target a block away.

What many Georgians—white Georgians, anyway—call simply "the war" continues to color their thinking. Thus, when Joseph B. Cumming, a fourth-generation Augustan and a former chairman of the Georgia Historical Commission, wrote a history of the Georgia Railroad and Banking Company not long ago, he likened its chairman, Sherman Drawdy, to General Robert E. Lee, and subordinate officers of the bank to Lee's subordinates at Chancellorsville. "So Mr. Drawdy's plan has been bold and brilliant and its operation skillfully directed," Cumming wrote, "and its success has been achieved through Mr. Presley as his Stonewall Jackson, Mr. Blanchard as his Jeb Stuart or Jubal Early, and numerous other corporate officers of competence and loyalty as the Hills and other generals who made Chancellorsville an overwhelming victory."

Georgians have an immense capacity for forgiveness. Some Georgia blacks have forgiven Georgia whites for past injustices. Many Georgia whites have forgiven Yankees their incursions. The British actress Fanny Kemble has been largely forgiven for her "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation in 1838-39." Published in England in May, 1863, and in the United States eight weeks later, this account of a few months' stay at the homes of her then husband, Pierce Butler, on St. Simons and Butler Islands had such hair-raising things to say about the treatment of slaves (Butler owned seven hundred of them, and he warned his wife that if she didn't stop sticking up for them the house might be burned down—"a favourite mode of remonstrance in these parts," she reported, "with those who advocate the rights of unhappy blacks") that the memoir was supposed to have been instrumental in deterring Britain from joining the Civil War on the Confederate side.

In Milledgeville, there is an eminent historian, James C. Bonner, who has even more or less forgiven General Sherman. The General is more often than not credited with having burned the state penitentiary in Milledgeville. Bonner, who ought to know, inasmuch as he has been writing an exhaustive history of Milledgeville, says that no documentation exists to support the



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EPA ESTIMATES:
39 MPG HIGHWAY/25 MPG CITY.

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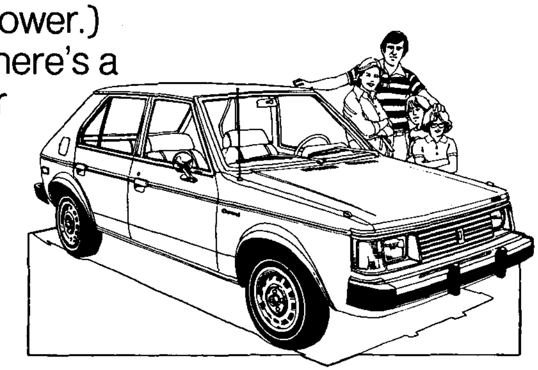
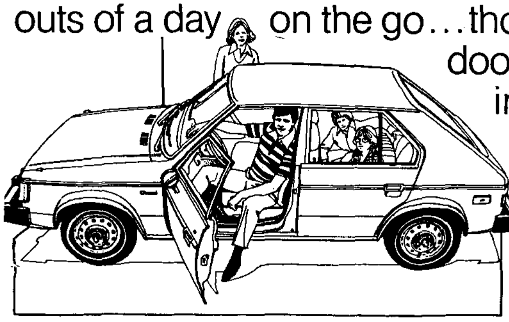
OMNI.

going, even though mom's mileage may vary according to her car's condition and the way she drives. (A California mom's mileage is lower.)

And there's a lot more for moms to like about Omni. It's easy to handle and park, thanks to its front-wheel drive and precise rack-and-pinion steering. It has comfortable seating. There are optional soft touches like automatic transmission, air conditioning, smart cloth upholstery, and lots more.



Dodge Omni has four wide-opening doors. And for any mom who's had to deal with a brace of grocery bags, or a bunch of kids, or just the general ins and outs of a day on the go...those four doors become important. Then there's Omni's hatchback. Open it up, and you're confronted with a special storage compartment covered by a carpeted security panel. Into it you can put five, six, maybe seven bags of groceries. Four fully loaded golf bags. All kinds of odds and ends ...all tucked nicely out of sight. Or, you can lift that hatchback, fold down the rear seat and security panel, and turn Omni into a station wagon with truly astounding cargo handling dimensions. For rocking chairs. Or fireplace wood. Or even playpens.



$3981.* (PRICE OF CAR SHOWN)
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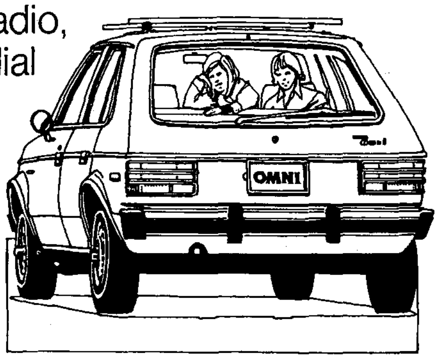
And the beauty of it all is that Omni fits so nicely into the family budget. The one you see at far left is really gussied up—with Premium Exterior and Classic Two-Tone Paint Packages and other good things. Yet, it's priced at $3981.* But Omni's base price starts at just $3706* with such standard items as an AM radio, white sidewall radial tires, and vinyl body-side moldings...which leaves you lots of room to choose the options you want, and still end up with a reasonable price.



Mom, why don't you go to your Dodge Dealer's. Get acquainted with this marvelous new car. And bring dad along. If things go the way they should, you and he will end up buying or leasing the car *Motor Trend* magazine has made its "Car of the Year."

*Does not include taxes and destination charges.

MOTOR TREND
CAR OF THE YEAR

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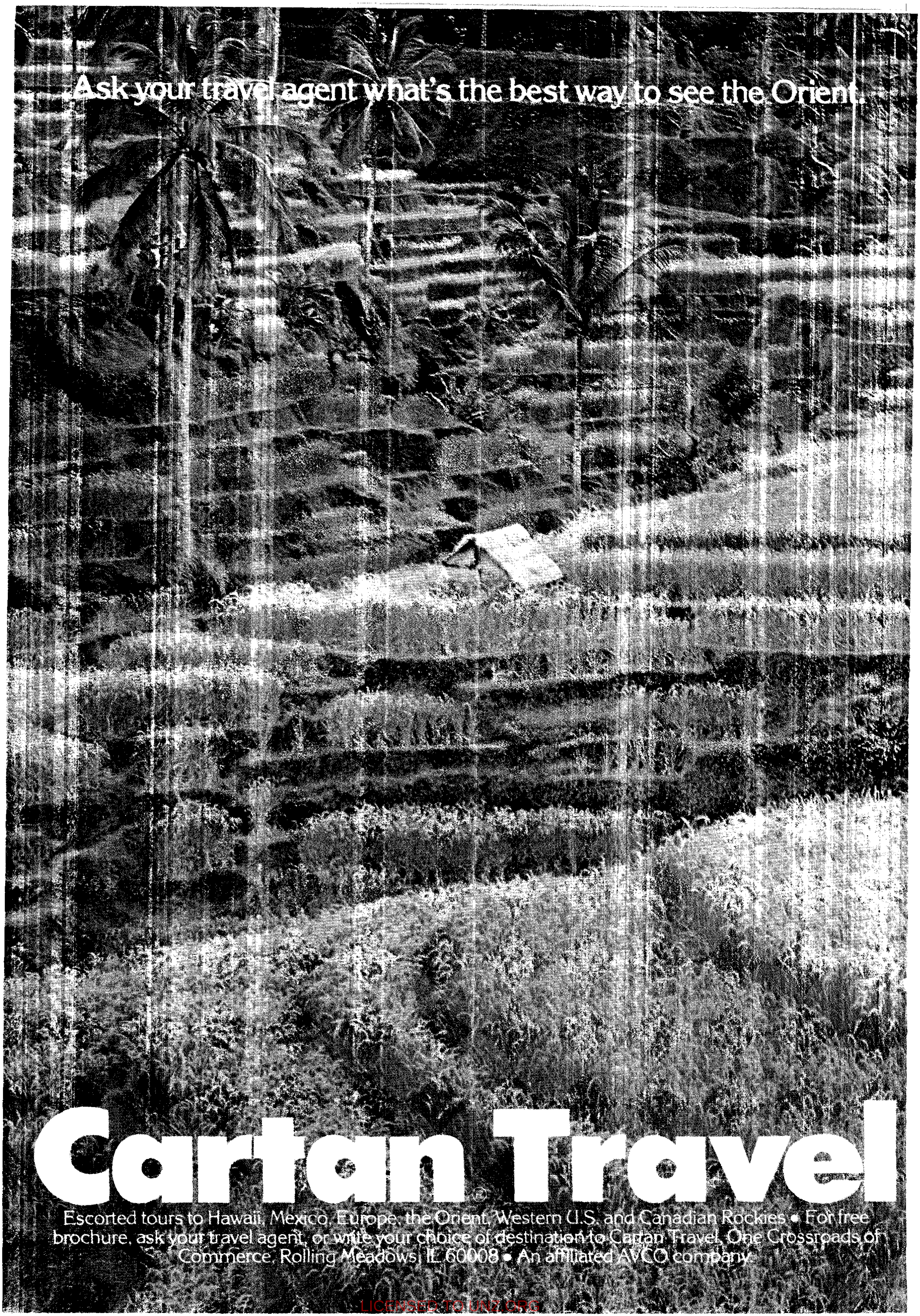
IT DOES IT ALL.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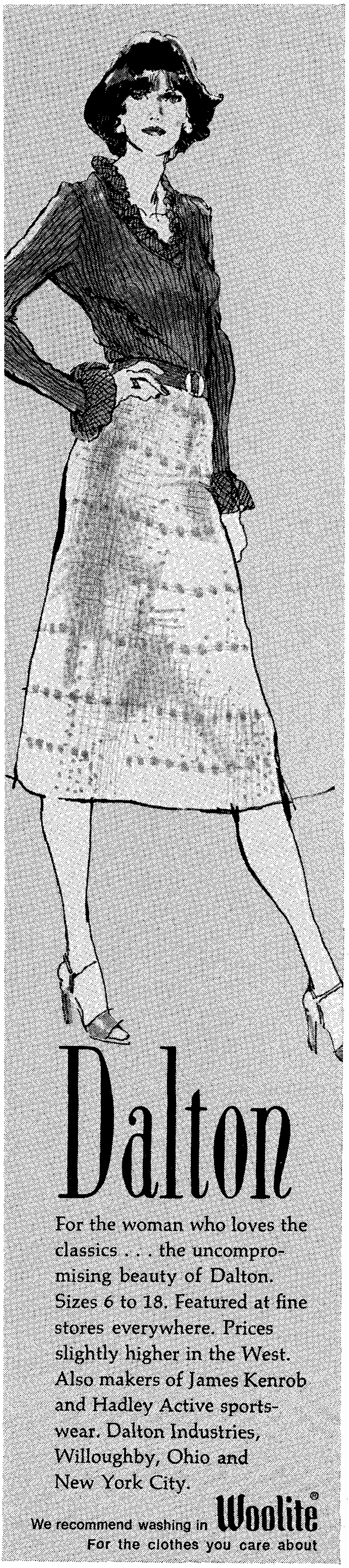
charge; he will concede only that Sherman burned one Milledgeville bridge behind him. Indeed, says the historian, Sherman would have been quite justified in setting the jail ablaze, because guns and sabres were being forged inside it. What actually happened, Bonner has concluded after scrutinizing the available records, is that before the Union troops reached town all the convicts except lifers were let out on condition that they join the Confederate forces. The only occupants left were half a dozen male lifers, three or four prostitutes, and one or two lacklustre guards. When the Yanks drew near, the lifers set fire to the place and all hands fled, one of the women pragmatically joining an Ohio regiment and plying her trade in a borrowed blue uniform for several days thereafter.

Atlantans, who find it more difficult than other Georgians to forgive Sherman, do sometimes wryly describe him as the first large-scale urban-renewal planner. Atlanta has grown in the postwar century with remarkable rapidity—too much rapidity, some Atlantans complain. The city wasted little time putting itself back together after 1865. (Its total 1870 population of twenty thousand included five thousand widows.) In the last two decades of the nineteenth century, it managed to stage three good-sized expositions, by way of calling national attention to its reconstituted self. Concurrent with one of them—an 1887 fair, which President Grover Cleveland graced with his presence—the city adopted a municipal seal that depicted a phoenix rising from ashes. Today, Atlanta is unarguably a first-rank cosmopolis, with—as more than one of its business leaders will proudly inform a newcomer—no fewer than four hundred and thirty-two of *Fortune's* exalted list of five hundred big American corporations represented in one form or another, and with big-league representation, moreover, in baseball, football, basketball, and hockey. "If only we had a team that could win at something!" a staunch Atlanta booster laments.

Yet, for all its glitter, Atlanta has retained some small-town flavor. When Arthur Fiedler comes down with the Boston "Pops" to give a concert at the old Fox Theatre, on Peachtree Street Northwest—a four-thousand-seat auditorium that is one of the last of the monster movie palaces of the nineteen-twenties and was once a regular port of call for the Metropolitan Opera Company—a sign at the airport says in lights "Welcome to Arthur Fiedler," and the same hospitable sentiment is expressed on a message board outside the big Atlanta Stadium, the home field of the inept Braves. Still, Atlanta has had its moments of competitive glory: whose uniform was Hank Aaron wearing, after all, a visiting New Yorker is asked, when he broke Babe Ruth's record?

MUCH of Atlanta's latter-day growth is often attributed to two twentieth-century mayors of the city—the late William B. Hartsfield and Ivan Allen, Jr. Hartsfield, after whom the Atlanta airport, the second busiest in the United States, is named, was mayor, except for one brief interlude, from 1937 to 1961. He was the first mayor of any sizable city in the South to pay much attention to blacks. Rural politicians in Georgia would sometimes denounce Atlanta as that place that had all those niggers and that mayor who cozied up to all those niggers. (Hartsfield is also said to have been the first Georgia politician to say "Negro" rather than "niggra" or "nigger.") Mayor Hartsfield was the only important elected official anywhere in the Deep South to come out publicly in favor of the Supreme Court's 1954 ruling on school integration. He was not a radical man—his philosophy rarely deviated from that of the Coca-Cola Company—but the small steps he took were, for a politician of his time and place, big strides. Ivan Allen, Jr.—the head of a statewide office-supply business founded by his father in 1900—became mayor of Atlanta in 1962, and although he, too, was inherently conservative (he had previously been president of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce), he took up where Hartsfield left off: Allen was the first consequential holder of an elective office in the South to endorse the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

One of the things that have made Atlanta special among Southern cities, and that—once blacks could vote—enabled its mayors to take unusually forthright positions and survive, is that it has long contained a large number of middle-class blacks who are both educated and relatively prosperous. One stretch of Atlanta's main black business street, Auburn Avenue, was in its heyday considered the richest single black block in America. Auburn Ave-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For the woman who loves the classics . . . the uncompromising beauty of Dalton. Sizes 6 to 18. Featured at fine stores everywhere. Prices slightly higher in the West. Also makers of James Kenrob and Hadley Active sportswear. Dalton Industries, Willoughby, Ohio and New York City.

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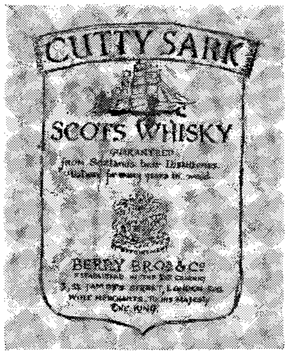
EVEN THE COLOUR OF THE LABEL SEPARATES CUTTY SARK FROM THE REST.

In a world of Scotches with red, white and black labels, the bold yellow employed by Cutty Sark stands alone.

Of course, the Scots Whisky inside the bottle has equally singular qualities. Its distinctive smoothness, for instance. This is a result of a delicate approach to blending used by few, if any, other Scotches.



THE ORIGINAL CUTTY SARK LABEL WAS DESIGNED BY FRANCIS BERRY AND SCOTTISH ARTIST JAMES MC BEY.

Like all good Scotch, the whiskies in the Cutty Sark blend are aged in separate oaken casks. When they reach the peak of maturity, they are blended together.

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One sip and you will discover, as millions have, that Cutty Sark Scots Whisky, like its label, is truly an original.

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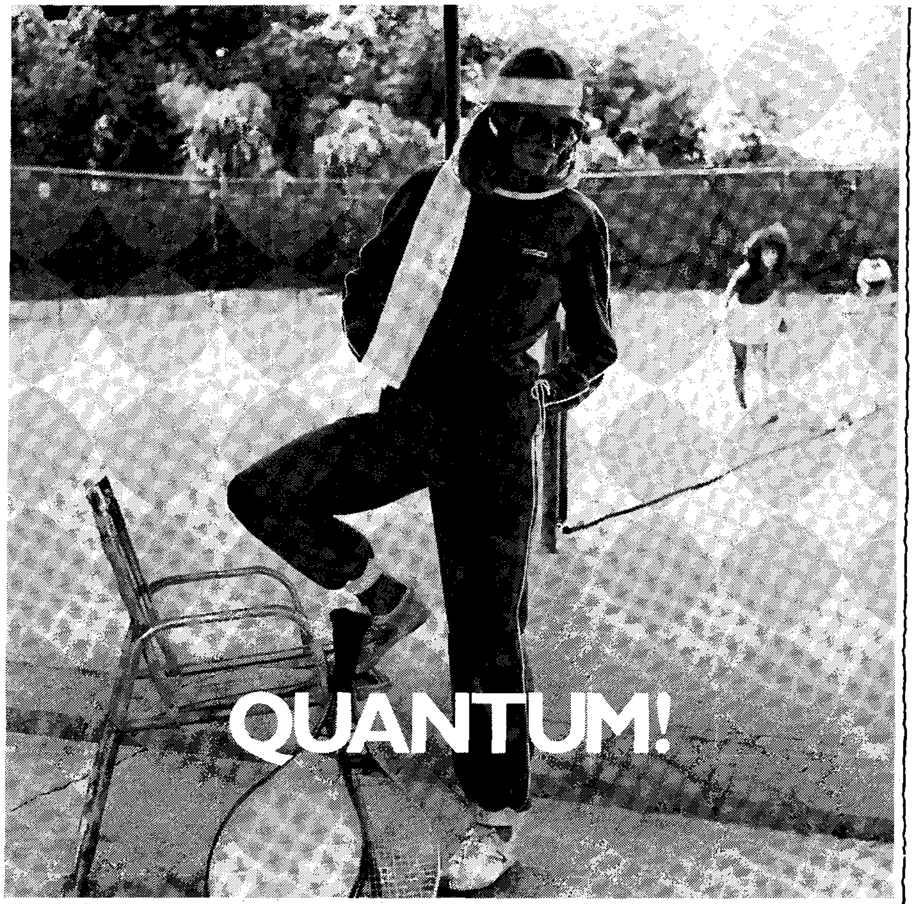

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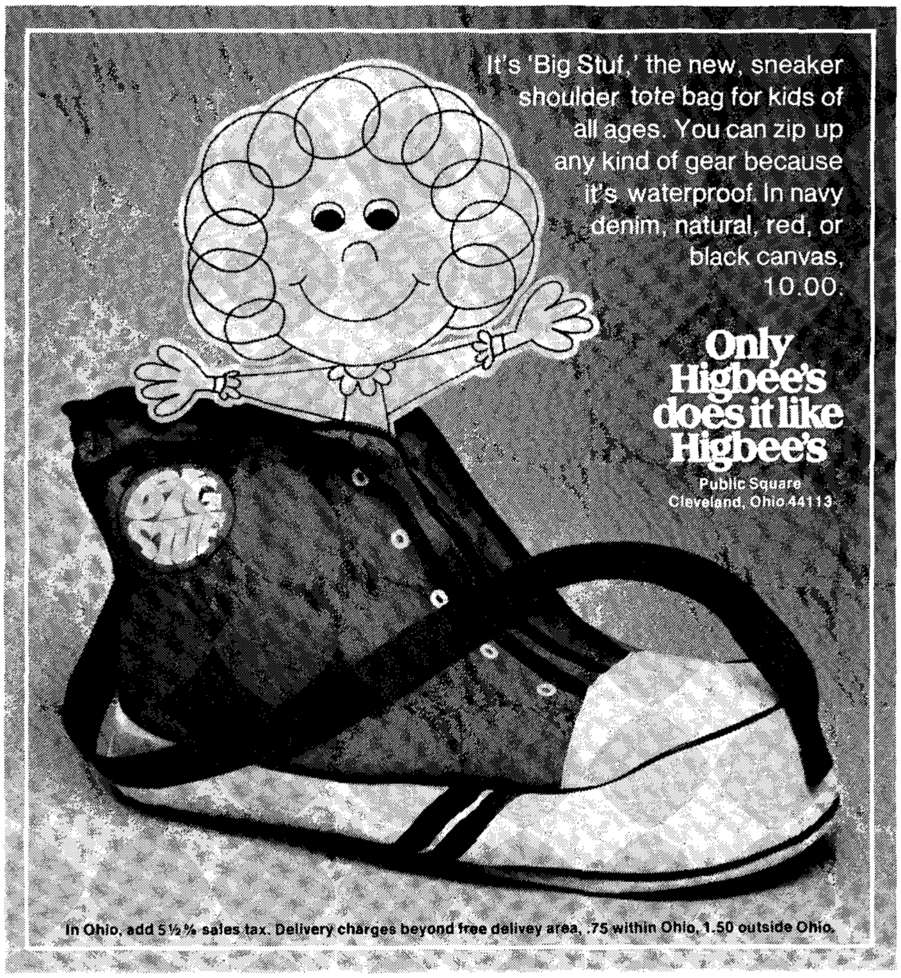
It's 'Big Stuf,' the new, sneaker shoulder tote bag for kids of all ages. You can zip up any kind of gear because it's waterproof. In navy denim, natural, red, or black canvas, 10.00.

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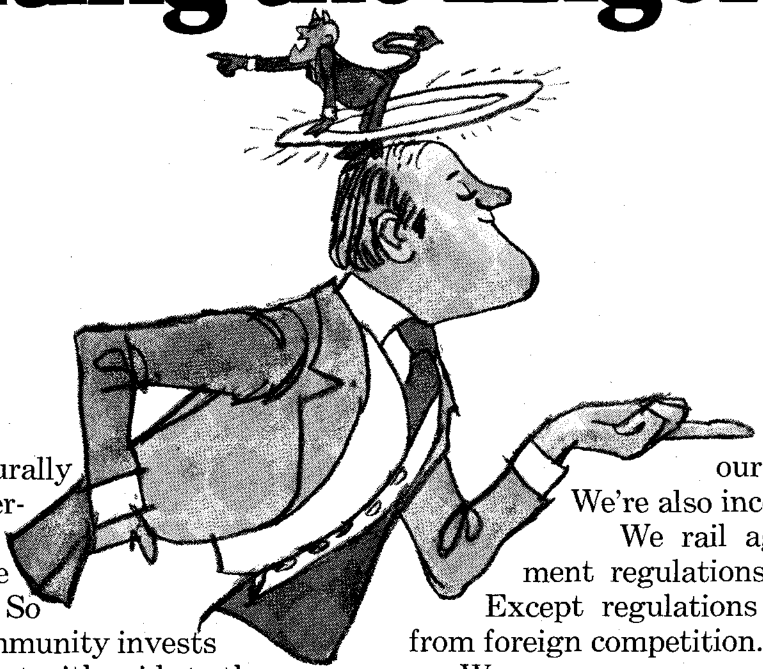
nue was the address of, among other enterprises, the Atlanta Life Insurance Company, which was, and is, the biggest wholly black-owned corporation on earth. As recently as 1933, there was only one public high school for blacks in Georgia, the Booker T. Washington High School, but at least it was in Atlanta.

A sixty-nine-year-old black Auburn Avenue real-estate man, William L. Calloway, recalls being stopped by a policeman for going through a red light more than forty years ago; on learning that Calloway was on his way to work as a teacher at Washington High, the policeman said, "Oh, one of them smart niggers," and summoned a paddy wagon to haul him off to jail. Calloway gave up teaching for real estate in 1942, but until just six years ago he had to call himself a "realtist." "Realtor" was reserved exclusively for whites. Calloway is currently a trustee of the Atlanta University Center, an academic umbrella that covers six educational institutions—Morehouse, Clark, Spelman, and Morris Brown Colleges, the Interdenominational Theological Center, and Atlanta University itself—and is the world's largest complex devoted to black education.

Many of the black leaders in the United States today, whether in politics or in business, received their higher education in Atlanta. Among the thirteen hundred students enrolled last year at Morehouse were eleven Nigerians and three Ethiopians, along with thirty-one Californians and four hundred and eight Georgians. Morehouse—which was opened, in 1867, with a student body of thirty-seven freed slaves, most of them illiterate—gave Emperor Haile Selassie an honorary degree in 1969, when he came to Atlanta to visit the tomb of Martin Luther King, Jr. (King and his father were both Morehouse trustees.) It gave Jimmy Carter an honorary degree in 1975.

The majority of black lawyers, doctors, and dentists practicing in Atlanta have Morehouse degrees of the standard kind; so does Maynard Jackson, who since 1974 has served as the first black mayor of Atlanta. To symbolize his expressed intention of being racially impartial, Mayor Jackson sometimes holds up his trousers with suspenders that have one black strap and one white one. The mayoral pants would be a topic of civic chitchat even if he used a belt, because Jackson, who weighed well over three hundred pounds when he was first sworn in (he was reëlected in November), subsequently embarked on a much-publicized campaign to trim

Too many ads like this start out pointing with pride, but wind up pointing the finger.



Being in business, we naturally believe in competitive enterprise.

Just as naturally, we think everybody should. So each year, the business community invests more money in ads that point with pride to the accomplishments of business and the competitive enterprise system within which it operates.

When we find that our story isn't getting across, we tend to blame the other guy. We point the finger at government. At the media. At educators. At young people.

At everyone, in fact, except ourselves.

Yet business is as much to blame as anyone else for the anti-business mood of the public.

When we're not busy talking to ourselves, we're trying to arm-twist people into accepting the one-sided proposition that there's nothing at all wrong with the way our system works.

We're also inconsistent.

We rail against government regulations, for example. Except regulations to protect us from foreign competition.

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Unfortunately, people see these inconsistencies. They no longer accept on faith the traditional business defense of business. They don't really believe us anymore.

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And time to try a totally new approach: Candor.

We hope it catches on.

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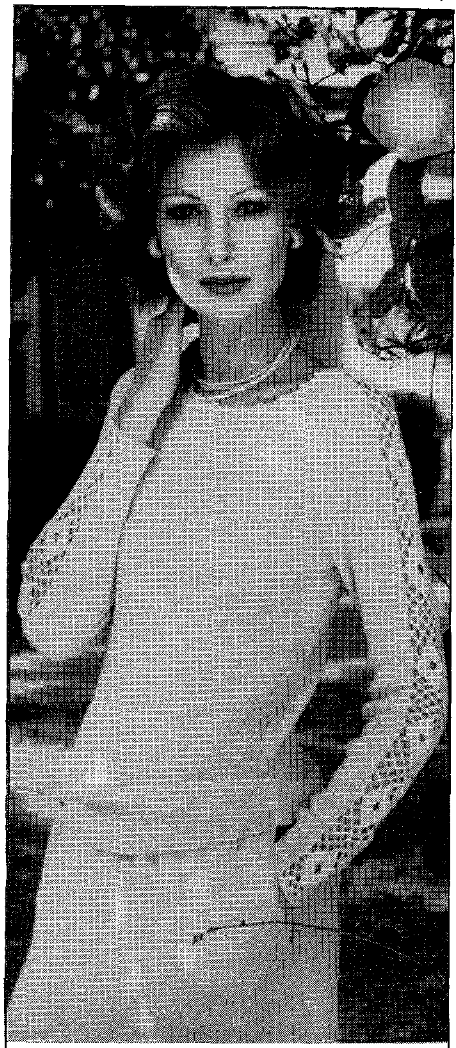

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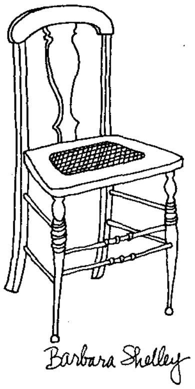
BROWNSTONE STUDIO

his waistline. The Mayor has decreed that any substantial projects involving the allocation of municipally controlled funds be bi-racial ventures. A black insurance executive has just become president of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

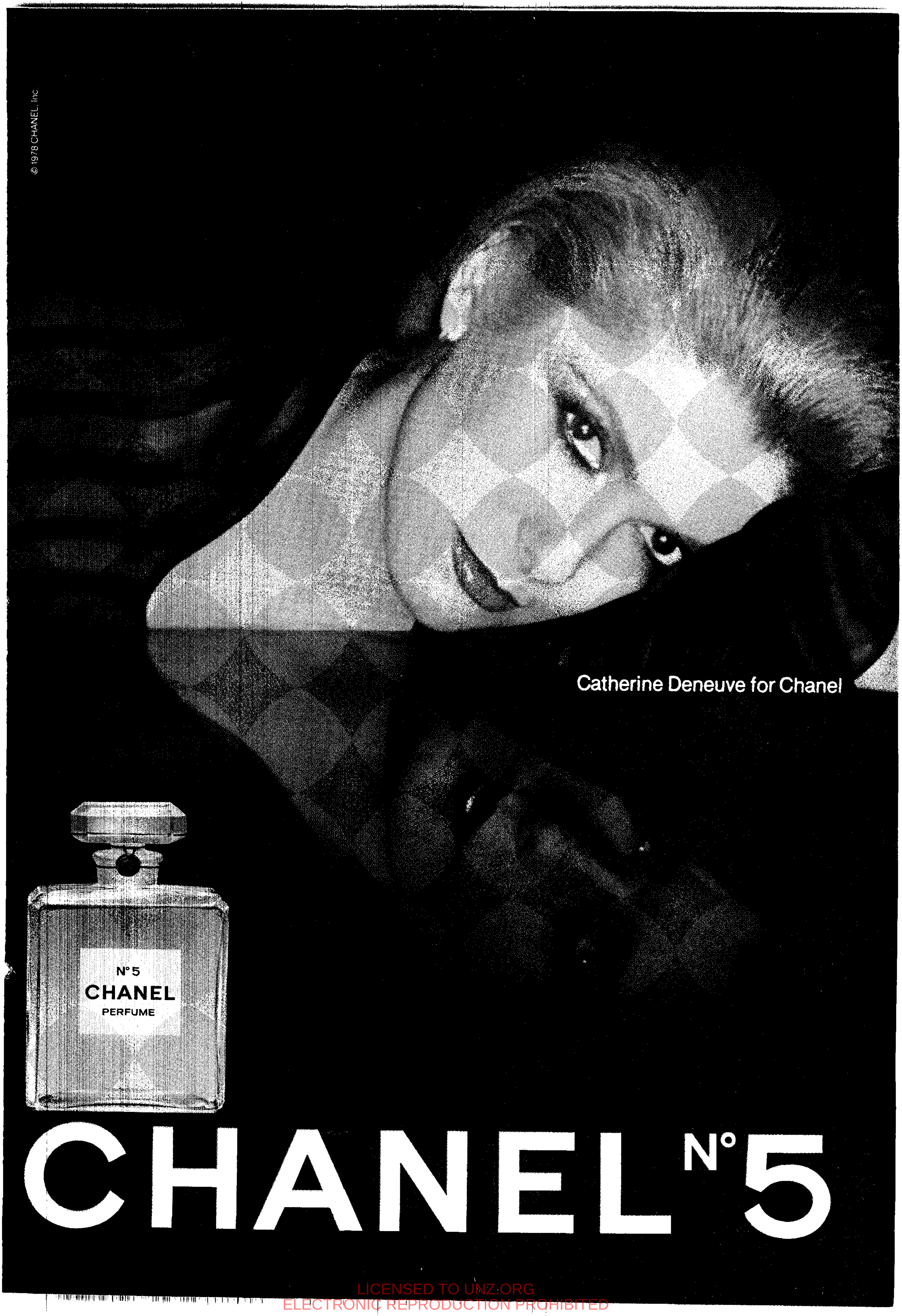
Not long ago, it would have been as memorable an experience for black and white Atlantans to do business together as to break bread together. "I well recollect how uncommon it was twenty years or so back for me to buy property jointly with any non-blacks," says the former realtist Calloway, now unexceptionably a Realtor. "There would be periodic auction sales of foreclosed parcels at the county courthouse—small parcels, mostly, hardly any of them worth over seven thousand dollars—and to keep the prices low three of us would meet on the courthouse steps and agree not to bid against each other. A white man, a Jew, and me." Such tripartite separation of peoples is not unusual in Georgia; in Savannah, a white Jewish woman divides *her* local world into three comparable categories—white, black, and Catholic.



His bi-racial braces notwithstanding, Mayor Jackson has had his difficulties—some with racial overtones. Last spring, he felt obliged to fire a thousand Atlanta sanitation workers—a large proportion of whom are black—for going out on strike in defiance of their contract. (Earlier that year, during the exceptionally cold winter, they had quite legally refused to pick up garbage; their contract gave them the right to stay off the job whenever the temperature fell below twenty-five degrees.) All things considered, though, Atlanta has made remarkable headway in bi-racial coexistence. Its last major race riot was in 1906. That relations between its whites and its blacks, though by no means always serene, are as smooth as they have been lately can be credited in part to the existence of an informal group called the Atlanta Action Forum. It has twenty white members and twenty black members, including the chairmen of the boards of Coca-Cola and Atlanta Life Insurance. The group meets one Sunday morning every month and, over sweet rolls and coffee, discusses the alleviation of existing problems between the races and of future problems that can be logically anticipated. Atlanta's City Council, a formally constituted body, also has a membership equally divided along racial lines—nine blacks and nine whites. Over the last four years, the council members have occasionally voted in solid political-party blocs and solid geographical blocs and solid socioeconomic blocs, but there has been no occasion on which all nine white members have stood on one side of an issue and all nine blacks on the other.

One of Mayor Jackson's chief headaches has been that, despite his example, Atlanta has grown too big for its britches. It had a building boom in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies. In 1974, Atlanta ranked second among all American cities in dollars spent on new office-building construction. Unfortunately, at the same time Atlanta had some six million square feet of available but unoccupied office space. A few of the structures that contributed to the city's 1974 rating are still largely vacant. While the boom was on, though, Atlanta witnessed a radical renovation of its skyline: Peachtree Center and Peachtree Plaza and the still newer Omni International are dazzling examples of elephantine multipurpose architecture. The Peachtree Plaza Hotel has a revolving restaurant seventy stories in the air; the Omni has an indoor skating rink. (For a spell, it also had a fourteen-story enclosed amusement park.) Atlantans tend to be more muted nowadays about a subterranean tourist attraction that opened with much hullabaloo in the late sixties—Underground Atlanta, a catacomb of quaintness (cafés, bars, boutiques, discothèques, wax museums, and whatnot), which enjoyed a brief vogue but has been partly demolished to make way for a partly underground rapid-transit system.

A COUPLE of blocks away from Underground Atlanta stands the state capitol, its dome gleaming with gold from Dahlonega. Outside it is a small scale model of the Statue of Liberty, a 1951 gift to Georgia from the Boy Scouts of America. Inside the statehouse, when the bicameral legislature convenes each winter for a session that normally lasts about six weeks one finds, almost every working morning, a high-school choir from somewhere in the state, bused in to serenade this or that legislator as he starts in on his solemn daily chores. The legislature is often referred to in Georgia as the Ginralsembly. The members of both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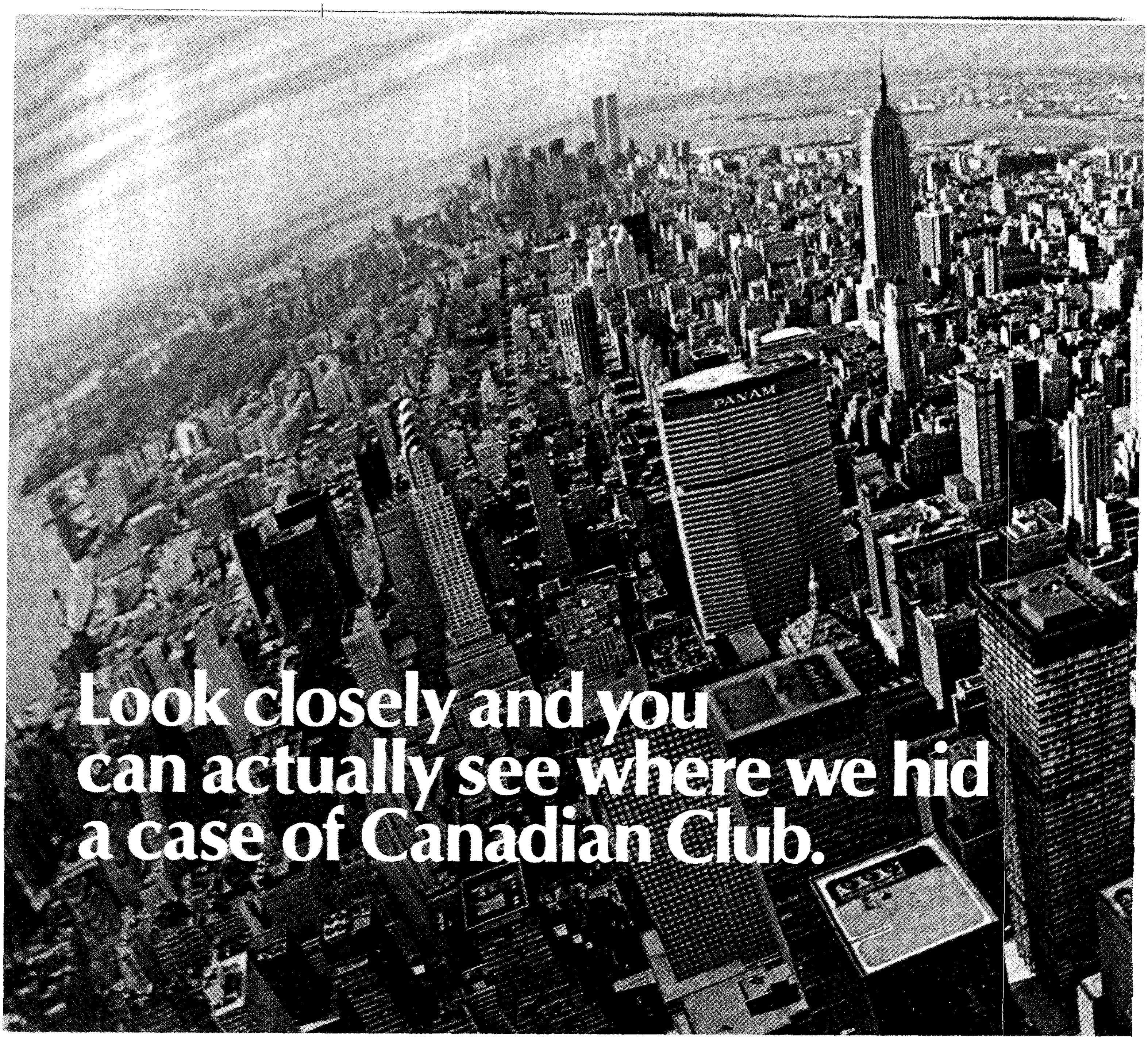
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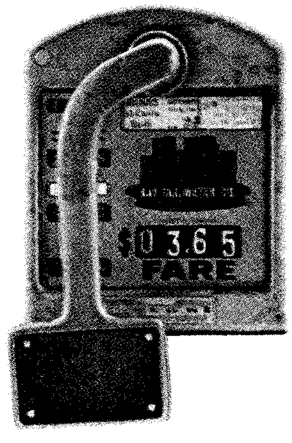
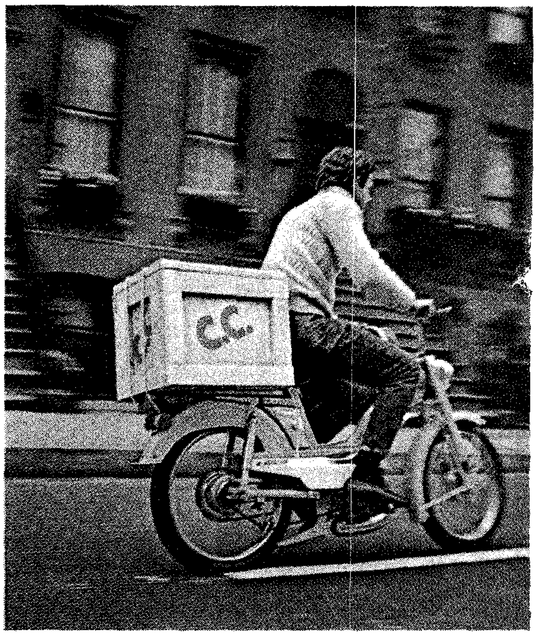


You're getting very close.
This would be a good time to savor a C.C. on the rocks with some pleasant company. Then, at your leisure, stroll over to a familiar mounted officer and climb into one of the cabs waiting for you. Tell the driver to let you off after he has made a right, a left and a right. Remind him not to break the law.



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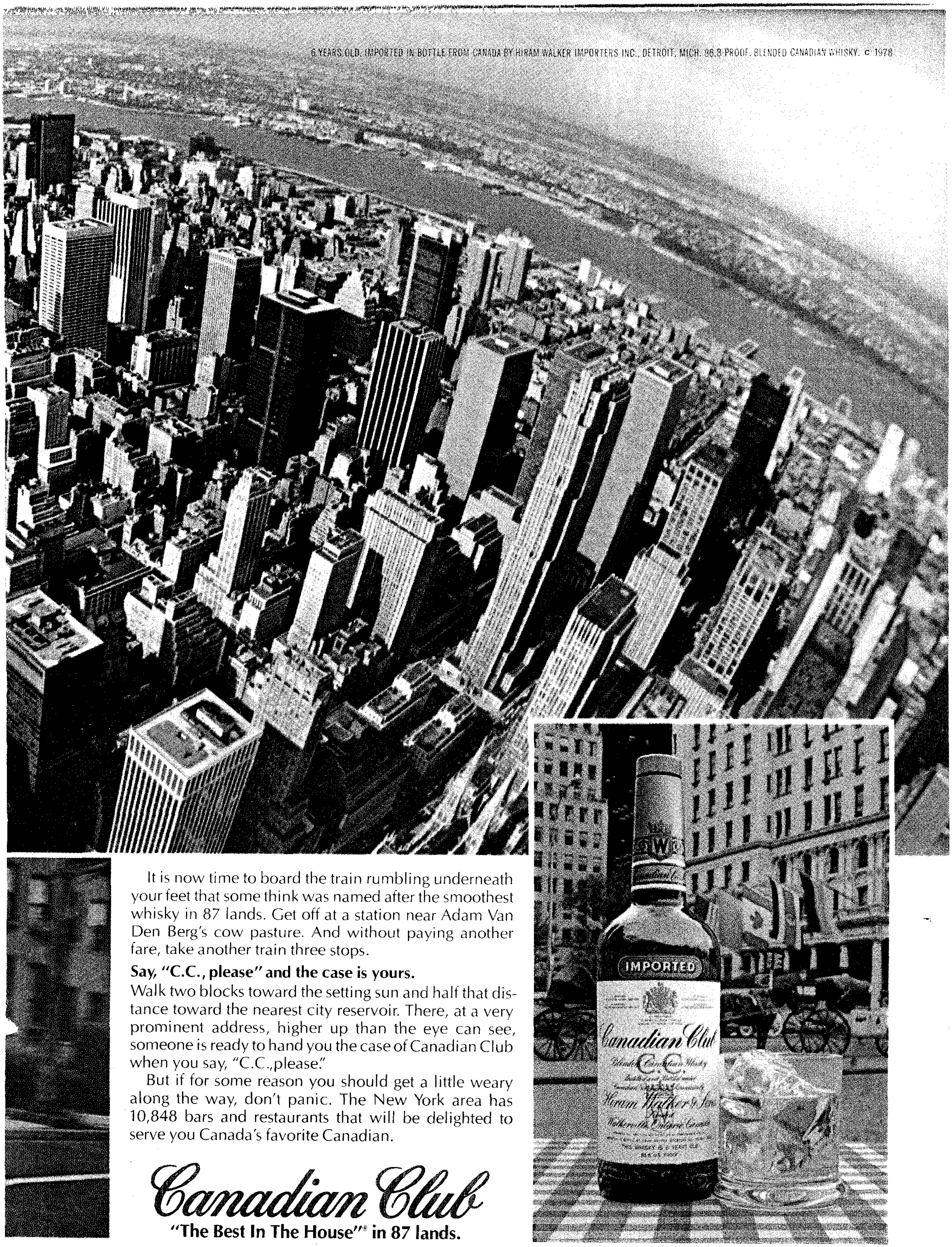

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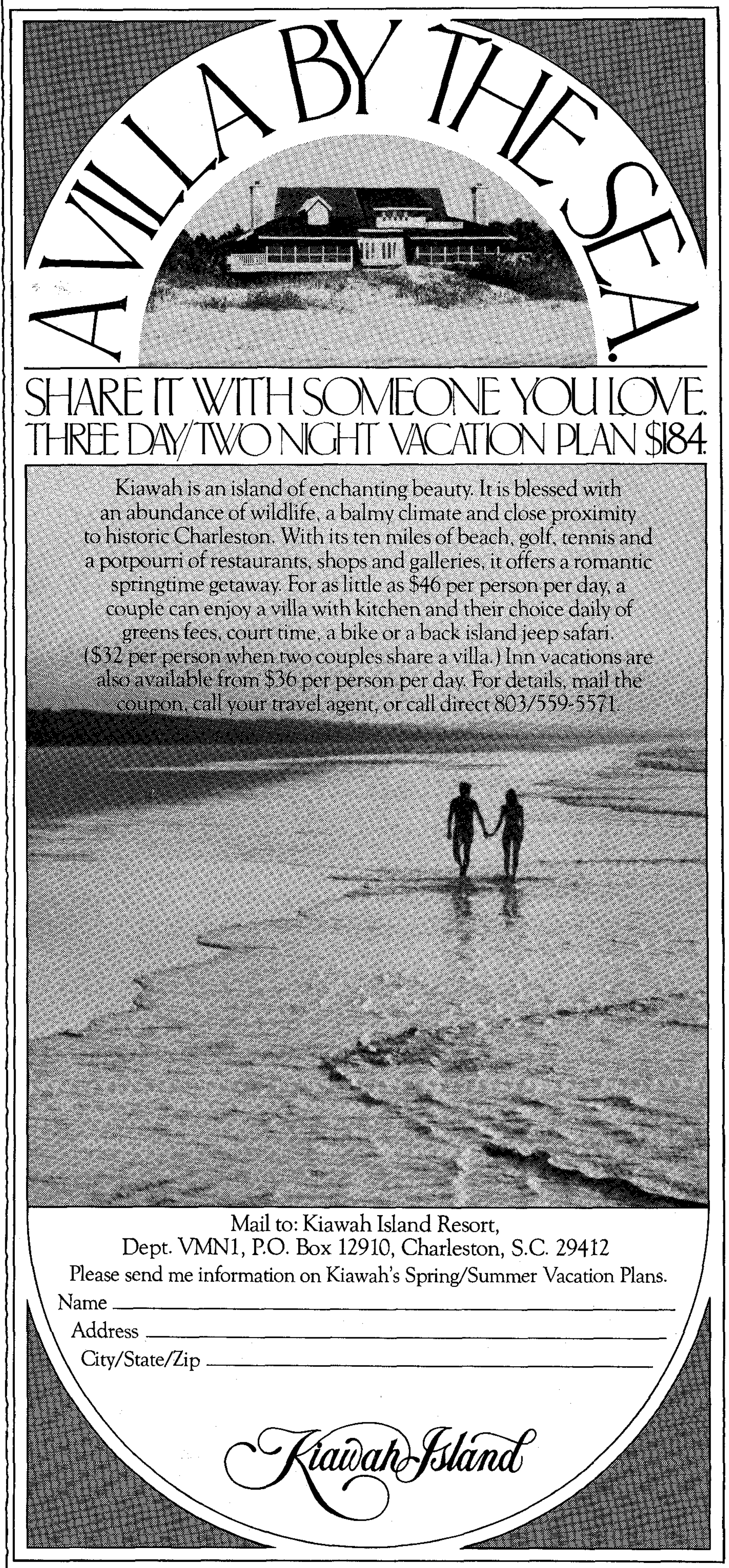
houses of the General Assembly are paid only seventy-two hundred dollars a year, but they take long weekends to attend to their professions or businesses at home, and most of them manage to make ends meet. A survey of the state Senate revealed that twenty-three of its fifty-six members in a recent session had a net worth of over a million dollars.

The legislature is sometimes notable for its antics—"Everybody should have to serve two years in either the Army or the Georgia General Assembly," one weary representative declared toward the close of the 1977 session—but it cannot be accused of furtiveness; much of what takes place on the floor is carried live on television, and both houses have toll-free telephone lines over which constituents may bend a solon's ear. Schoolchildren and others ambling through the marble halls of the capitol can gaze at exhibits related to Georgia history—a peanut-industry display on the generally more sedate Senate side of the building, a stuffed whooping crane and some hornets' nests on the House side.

The visitors can gaze, too, at portraits and busts of (along with Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson) such famous Georgians as William H. Crawford and Jimmy Carter. The artist who did Carter made him strongly resemble John F. Kennedy. A number of the portraits were painted by a son-in-law of an incumbent fixture of the capitol—Ben W. Fortson, Jr., who has been Georgia's secretary of state (the post is largely a ceremonial one) since February, 1946. When Governor Carter managed to get the legislature to agree to put up a portrait of a black there for the first time—the year was 1974, and the subject of the portrait was Martin Luther King—Fortson was the chief speaker at the unveiling ceremony. Afterward, while the Ku Klux Klan milled around in protest outside, the secretary of state led all present inside in singing "We Shall Overcome." Georgia has not yet made King's birthday a holiday, as some states have done, but state Senator Julian Bond, one of two blacks in the upper chamber (there are twenty-two of them in the hundred-and-eighty-person House), every now and then introduces a resolution to that end. "We've always been able to stop that," says a white senator. "We have too many holidays in Georgia as it is."

Ben Fortson's office, almost every inch of which is festooned with testimonial scrolls and plaques, flags, and keys to cities—including a key to Clax-



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Bullock's

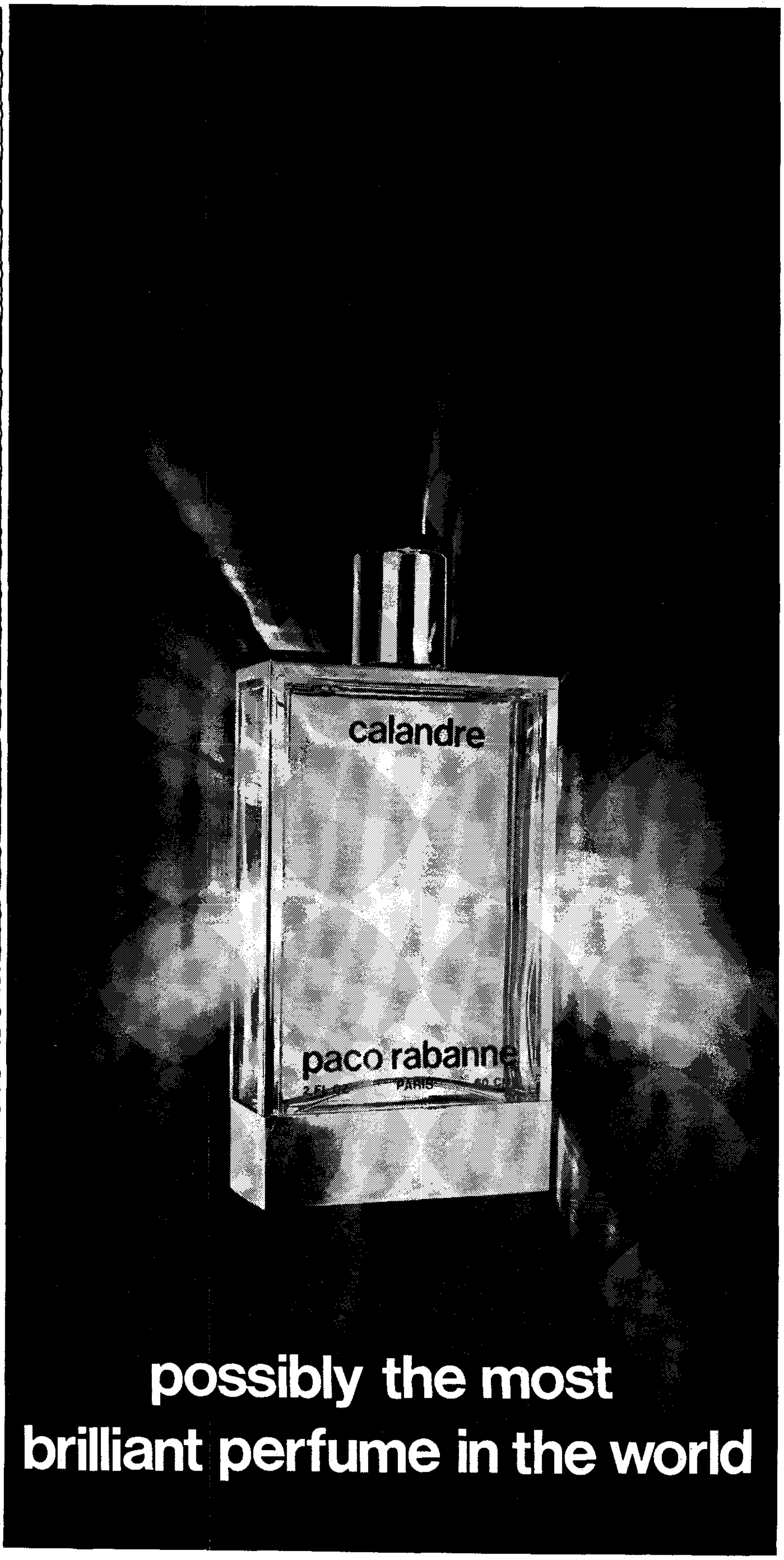
ton, Georgia, the Fruit Cake Capital of the World—is on the main floor of the capitol. He always keeps his door open. An extremely accessible man, Fortson is ready to have his picture taken with anyone at any time; once, he obligingly posed with a couple of waxwork figures of Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable as Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler. Fortson's desk, its surface all but invisible under an accumulation of paperweights, plastic-peanut banks, and the like, is so close to his door that it is almost in the corridor, thus enabling him practically to reach out and pull wayfarers in to shake his hand.

Few people have to be urged; everybody in Georgia likes to swap greetings with Fortson. It is hard to miss him. He gets to his office at six-thirty in the morning—his habit of early rising won him the job of bugler at boarding school. "When I went off to school, at fourteen, Mr. Ben Harper, an honest, decent, respected colored man who lived across the street from us, came down to the train to see me off," the secretary of state says. "Mr. Ben Harper put his arm around me and he said, 'You're going off for the first time, and I want you to be a man and a good boy.' My father was there, too, and he didn't put *his* arm around me. The relationship I had with Mr. Ben Harper was and is characteristic of all Georgia, but it doesn't get much expressed. I've always maintained that we folks, whatever our color, know each other best, and that we're going to solve our problems ourselves. And we're doing it."

Fortson used to preside over an annual starling shoot at the capitol, to rid the place of chronic pests, and his military-rifle collection is among its displays. When Jimmy Carter was governor of Georgia, he said that Fortson was "probably the most respected statewide-elected official" in the state. Fortson is inclined to agree. He favors callers with reprints of a survey showing that in 1975 he ranked first among all state officials in job performance, and that as of January 12, 1976, he was the second most popular Georgia politician among eighty who were rated by a research organization. United States Senator Sam Nunn was first. Governor Busbee was third, and Senator Herman Talmadge fourth. Jimmy Carter was seventeenth, Andrew Young forty-fourth. Mayor Maynard Jackson, though only sixty-fourth, still edged out Jody Powell.

The secretary of state's duties include the affixing of the state seal to all papers of incorporation. Fortson likes to observe that when he started performing that function, thirty-two years ago, a hundred new incorporations annually was considered a fine Georgia accomplishment, but that in 1976, in December alone, nine hundred new corporations were granted his imprimatur. Confined permanently to a wheelchair by an automobile accident in 1929, when he was twenty-four, Fortson spent the next ten years mooning around, reading (the *Congressional Record* was among his favorite works) and fishing. He was living in Washington, Georgia—Robert Toombs' home town. When some friends there said they wanted to put Fortson up for the state Senate, he thought they were joking. They weren't, and as soon as he became the Democratic candidate he knew he would be elected.

In February, 1946, after a couple of terms in the Senate and another couple in the House, Fortson was given an interim appointment as secretary of state by Governor Ellis Arnall. Until 1945, a Georgia governor served a two-year term and could succeed himself only once. (Now the maximum incumbency is two four-year terms.) During the 1946 primary campaign, the overwhelming favorite to take over from Arnall was Eugene Talmadge, who had already been governor three times, starting in 1933, and who had enjoyed reminding Atlantans back then that he was a country boy at heart by grazing a cow on the gubernatorial lawn. Talmadge won in November, but he had been ill, and he died in December, before Inauguration Day. Secretary of State Fortson had all the ballots in his custody, but just as the General Assembly met to install somebody else—presumably Melvin E. Thompson, who had been elected lieutenant governor—Fortson was presented with a new write-in sheet, which had materialized in the home county of Gene's son Herman and had just enough write-in votes for Herman Talmadge on it to make him a contender. On January 15, 1947, at two-twenty in the morning, the legislature named Talmadge as governor. Governor Arnall believed the selection of Talmadge to be highly irregular, and refused to yield his office to him unless so instructed by the state Supreme Court, which was studying the whole peculiar procedure; some of Talmadge's adherents thereupon tore off the gubernatorial door. A governor couldn't govern without the state seal, however, and Ben Fortson had that. "Herman called me and said, 'Ben, I need the seal,'" Fortson recalls. "I said, 'Herman, I can't let you



Bullock's

have the seal, because the seal belongs to the governor, and I don't know who the governor is.' Herman said, 'Ben, let this be on your conscience,' and I said, 'Herman, that's exactly where it is.' At the same time, I heard rumors that some of the wilder Talmadge people were planning to get the seal by blowing up my safe. So for the more than two months it took the court to arrive at a decision I sat on the seal all day and slept on it all night. When I'm talking to the schoolchildren of Georgia, I sometimes say to them, 'If you don't believe the great seal of Georgia makes a lasting impression, just try sitting on it sixty-seven days.' Eventually, the court ruled in favor of Thompson. That turned out to be a break for Herman, because he could say for a whole year that he'd been unfairly dealt with—and the next time around he beat Thompson fair and square. We've had some interesting times in Georgia."

Another factor in Talmadge's 1948 victory was the circumstance that one of Thompson's first acts as governor was to buy Jekyll Island from its wealthy Northern owners—the heirs of J. P. Morgan and his crowd, who had not used the retreat since the Second World War—and convert it into a state park. Thompson, born inland, had never forgotten his own first boyhood glimpse of the sea, and he wanted all Georgians to be able to share the experience. Talmadge, however, assailed Jekyll Island State Park as a waste of taxpayers' good money, and that was a popular position to take at the time; today, any Georgia politician who advocated doing away with the park would probably be doing himself in.

In acquiring Jekyll Island—where the last slaves to arrive in Georgia were smuggled ashore in 1858 from a vessel falsely flying the colors of the New York Yacht Club—Governor Thompson was much helped by Alfred W. Jones, the proprietor of nearby Sea Island, who today, at seventy-six, is the acknowledged patriarch of the Georgia coast. Jones is generally conceded to have come as close as anyone can to being at the same time a real-estate developer and an environmentalist. An Ohioan by birth, he has been a coastal Georgian since 1923, when he came down to help a cousin, Howard E. Coffin, a founder of the Hudson Motor Company, manage Sapelo Island. Coffin had bought Sapelo in 1912; much earlier, it had been the private preserve of Royalist refugees of the 1789 French Revolution, who amused themselves in Georgia by hunting truffles

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with pigs on leashes. Sapelo—the name stems from a still earlier occupancy, by a Franciscan mission called San José de Zapala—was taken over in 1936 by Richard J. Reynolds, the tobacco man; now, like Jekyll, it is mostly state-owned. Unlike Jekyll, which is reachable by a causeway, Sapelo is accessible only by small boat; it has no tourist accommodations, and is being kept as an estuarine sanctuary and a wildlife preserve. When Coffin and Jones were in residence on Sapelo in the twenties, they once tried to see how long they could subsist on what the island provided without repeating a menu. It took them six weeks to exhaust the possibilities, which ranged from alligator to peacock. In 1926, Coffin also bought Sea Island, and Jones soon helped him build the big hotel there, the Cloister. They wanted it to resemble the Boca Raton Cloister, a celebrated hostelry, so Jones engaged its architect, Addison Mizner, who took on the Georgia job. Some of his notions turned out to be impractical, however. "There is nothing to architecture except proportion," Mizner would tell Jones whenever Jones tried to point out to him that his plans, though undeniably appealing, contained no provision for such mundane appurtenances of hotel life as kitchens and bathrooms.

Eugene Talmadge sometimes said that he would never bother to campaign in any county that was big enough to have a streetcar. What every Georgian knew he meant by that was that the smallest counties were the ones that mattered most in state politics—a situation that obtained until 1962. Georgia has a hundred and fifty-nine counties (Alabama, almost as large, has sixty-seven), and the hundred and fifty-nine county courthouses that dominate municipal squares throughout the state are seats of real authority. One white Georgia lawyer who has defended many poor blacks in criminal cases has given these citadels of power much thought. "I become offended when people say we have solved our problems," the lawyer says. "There's only a veneer over the problems, like the veneer you see on so many of the courthouses. You can tell a lot about the progress a county has made by studying its courthouse. The 'White' and 'Colored' signs on the doors to the toilets have been painted over, but when the paint begins to fade, is it freshened or is it left alone, so the old-time identifications are visible through it? And the people, too, vary from

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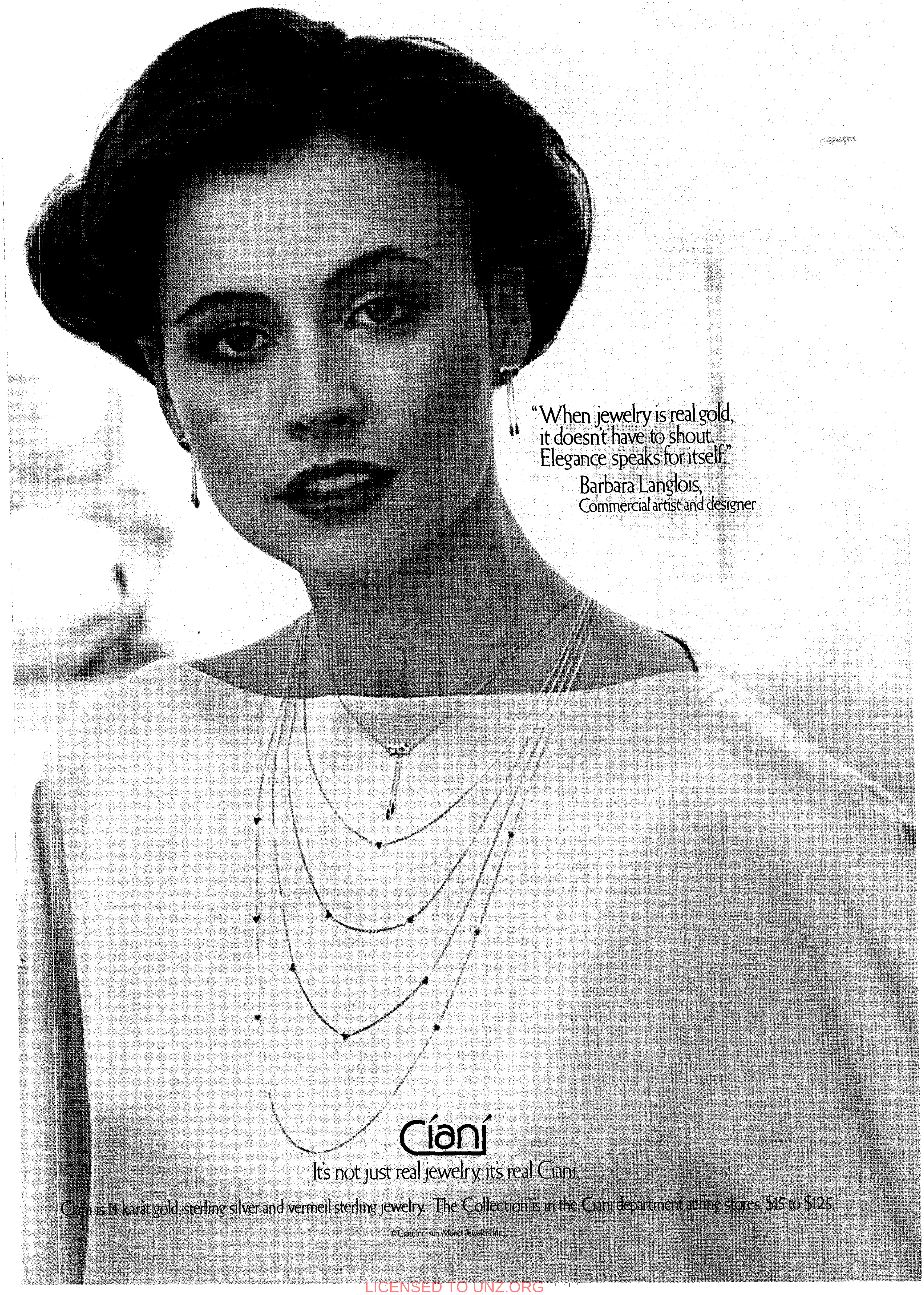
courthouse to courthouse. It wasn't so long ago that a judge in one small county sentenced me to ten days in jail, without bond, because he thought I was asking a sheriff on the witness stand too damn many questions—did blacks visit his home, for instance, or was he acquainted with any acts of discrimination on racial grounds? I was taking the place of another lawyer, a public defender, who'd been slugged by a deputy sheriff inside the courtroom after *he'd* asked some questions about the deputy's sleeping with a black woman. When I turned up, that deputy slugged *me*, just outside the judge's office, but that didn't keep the judge from putting me away for contempt. I should say that that courthouse has some way to go."

In keeping with the spirit of interdependence that now often prevails between Atlanta and the rest of the state, Georgia has organized itself lately into some territorial units more manageable than a hundred and fifty-nine separate entities—a mere eighteen regional planning and development agencies, which are supposed to avoid politics and address themselves strictly to social and economic affairs. The eighteen regional directors get together from time to time, but their convocations are not notable for unanimity. "I can't recall when we ever agreed on anything," one administrator says. "And I don't suppose we ever will. At nearly every meeting, somebody proposes that we disband, but we can't even agree on that."

Meanwhile, the entrenched county leaders remain men and women to reckon with. Most of the state's counties are named after eminent Georgians of the past: Oglethorpe, Gwinnett, Crawford, and their ilk. Only one, Hart County, is named after a woman—Nancy Hart, who was a legendary heroine of the Revolution. During that war, many Georgians regarded the Creek Indians as more of a threat to their security than the British. Mrs. Hart disagreed. The grateful Indians called her the War Woman, because she hated Tories so much more than them. Six feet tall, red-haired, and the mother of eight, she would meander through the streets of British-occupied Augusta feigning insanity (the fact that she was cross-eyed abetted her pretense) and spying on the enemy. She was a crack shot. One day, some English soldiers entered her home without an invitation and demanded food. She suggested that they stack their weapons in a corner before eating, and when they had she grabbed a musket and said she'd shoot the first intruder who budged. One did, and she killed him. The last Georgia county was created in 1924, when the General Assembly decreed that Georgia would thenceforth be known as the Peach State. In further deference to that fruit, the legislature snipped off pieces of Bibb, Crawford, and Houston Counties and grafted them together into a Peach County.

Georgia's counties have always varied widely in population. Fulton and De Kalb, two big ones that embrace portions of Atlanta, have, between them, more than a million people; Sumter, Jimmy Carter's home county, has twenty-nine thousand; Clay County, southwest of Sumter, has about thirty-five hundred. The appeal that such tiny, streetcarless counties had for Eugene Talmadge and other politicians was their leverage in statewide primary elections, which for forty-five years, starting in 1917, were decided not by popular vote but by county vote. By virtue of a county-unit system that the legislature adopted in that year, no county, however small, had fewer than two votes, and no county, however big, had more than six—and every two votes entitled a county to one seat in the lower house of the General Assembly. The system had its critics from the outset. The Atlanta *Journal* said in a 1917 editorial, "Not until it is true to say that two is as much as four, and not until it is honest to give only eight ounces for a pound and only fifty cents for a dollar, can the County Units System be anything but deception and fraud." Rural Georgia, though, did not then give a hang what anybody in Atlanta thought. The 1917 law covered primary elections, and in Georgia the primaries—the Democratic primary, actually—were all-important. Between 1872 and 1962, practically nobody got elected to anything in Georgia who wasn't a white Democrat. No black ever voted in a Democratic primary until 1946.

When Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, launched his States' Rights Democrat Party, in 1948, the members of Georgia's Democratic hierarchy feared that some of their followers might defect. So they made every Democratic office seeker sign a loyalty oath agreeing to support the entire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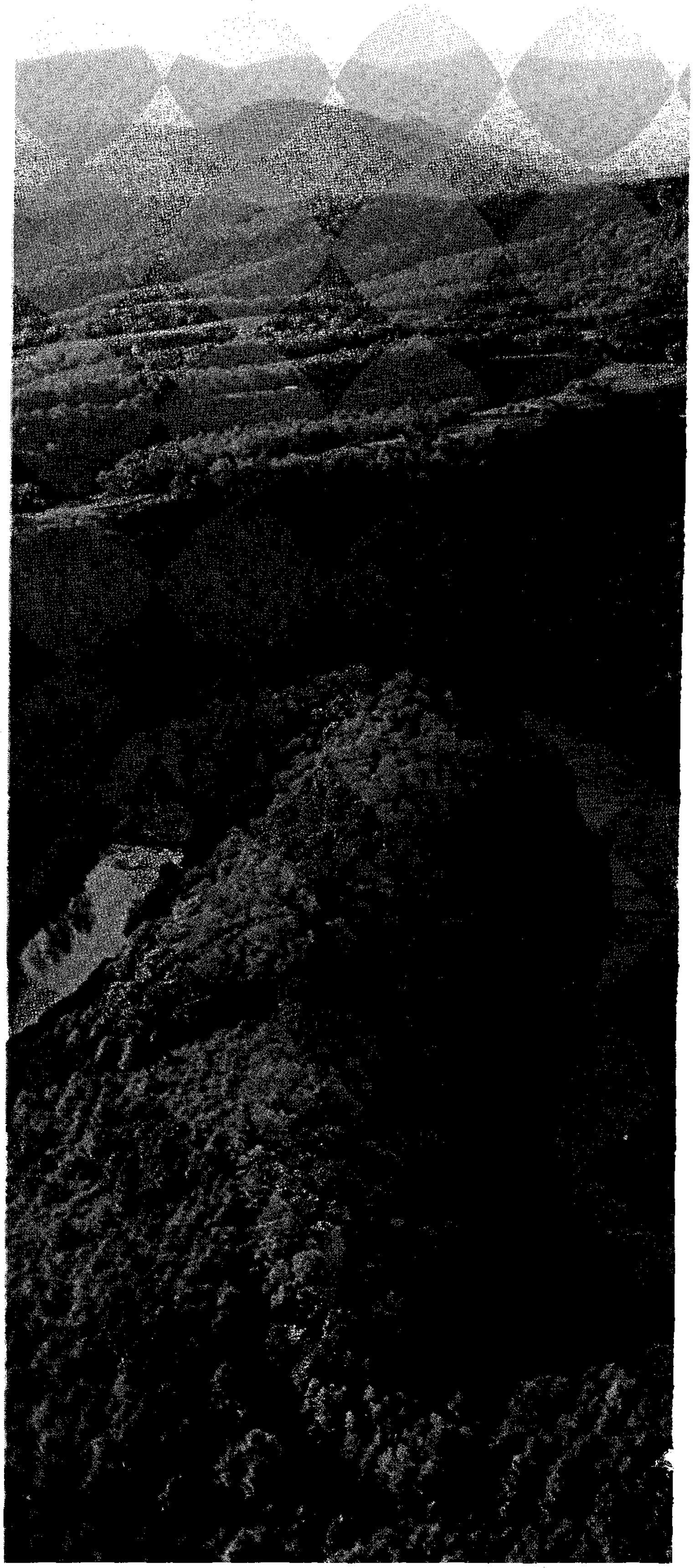

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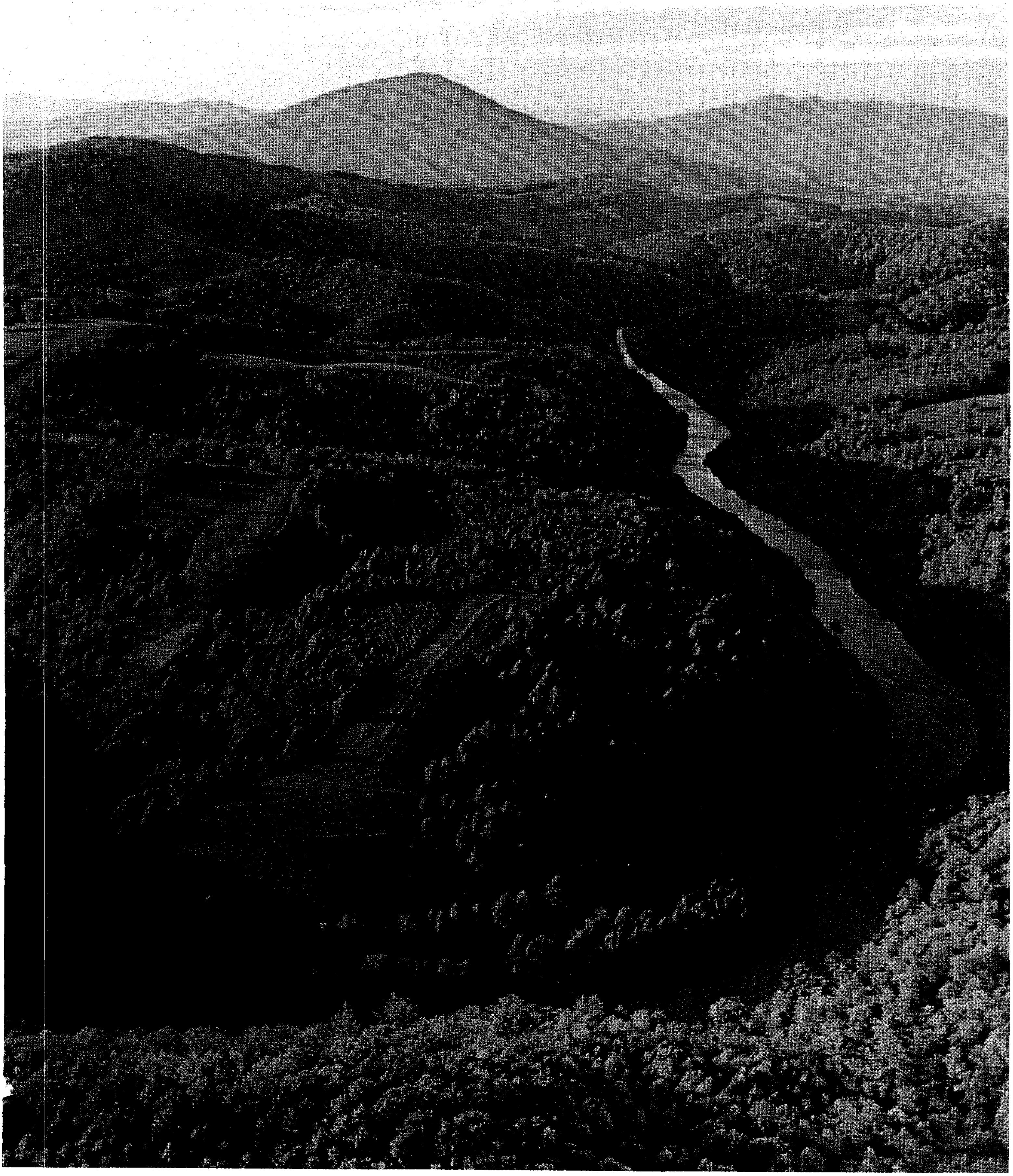

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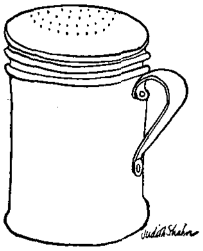
Democratic ticket. There were no serious problems with that until 1966, when Charles Longstreet Weltner, Georgia's representative from the Fifth Congressional District, was up for reelection. Weltner had drawn attention to himself by his espousal—rare for a Georgian at the time—of civil rights. (His stand had attracted to him, as a legislative assistant, a young Georgian named Wyche Fowler, Jr.; Fowler now occupies that House seat, having won it last spring in the special election necessitated by the move of Andrew Young to the United Nations.) In 1966, Weltner routinely signed the by then traditional pledge of loyalty. But just after he did, the Democratic nominee for governor turned out to be Lester Maddox. When Weltner was asked by associates if he could conceivably support *him*, he mulled over his dilemma for twenty-four hours and then declared, "I cannot compromise with hate, neither will I violate my oath of office." He forthwith dropped out of the race. Weltner is now a judge in Fulton County Superior Court.



While the county-unit system was in operation, less than half the population of Georgia easily controlled more than two-thirds of the telltale unit votes. In 1957, for instance, Echols County had two unit votes and Fulton County six. A person in Echols County (pop. 2,200) had eighty-nine times the voting impact of one in Fulton County (pop. 561,000). By 1960, Echols had one unit vote for each 938 residents; Fulton had one for each 92,721. Popular votes didn't mean much, and, indeed, they hadn't in the past. In that controversial 1946 election for governor, for instance, Gene Talmadge, though a comfortable winner by county-unit-vote tabulation, had actually received fewer popular votes than James V. Carmichael, a lawyer.

In 1962, the United States Supreme Court declared Georgia's county-unit system null and void and unconstitutional. The case was the only one that Robert F. Kennedy, as Attorney General, personally argued before the Court. The attorney who was primarily responsible for winning the legal battle—which by then he had been waging for fourteen years—was Morris B. Abram, a white native of Georgia, who left the state soon afterward to become, seriatim, president of Brandeis University, a member of the American delegation to the United Nations, and a partner in the New York City law firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. He is now also chairman of the United Negro College Fund. "The county-unit system was the political device whereby the vested interests in Georgia—the banks, the power company, people like that—retained control," Abram says. "It was essentially a racist system, designed to deprive whites in Atlanta of their proper votes and to give these, as surrogates, to the rural poor white trash. As for the blacks, even after 1946, when they got the right to vote, in the country they were terrorized and didn't vote, and in the city their votes didn't count. In effect, the people who ran Georgia were giving up liberty to preserve property and power. No one elected under the politics of the county-unit system could have become a national figure, because he had to be a prisoner of racism, parochialism, and agriculturism, barred from political life on any higher plane."

Abram was born and raised in Fitzgerald, in Ben Hill County—a two-unit county sixty miles east of Plains. Fitzgerald was named after an Indiana editor who thought it would be nice for soldiers on both sides of the Civil War to have a warm place to live in, side by side. Some of its streets, accordingly, were named after Union generals and some after Confederate ones; in the spirit of postwar harmony, its main hotel was called the Lee-Grant and its municipal park the Blue and Gray. Abram's maternal grandfather, Morris S. Cohen, was a watchmaker, who put himself through medical school and went to Fitzgerald to practice. Dr. Cohen was not warmly received by the resident physicians, who were graduates merely of proprietary schools, and who, in a few instances, believed that vaccinations were dangerous sources of infection. Though Cohen was the only professionally qualified doctor in town, his colleagues persuaded the local hospital to deny him the use of its facilities; what surgery he felt compelled to do he did in his office.

The maverick doctor's grandson also swam against the Georgia tide. In 1954, for instance, Abram ran for Congress on an anti-segregationist platform. He lost, predictably, in part because he had incurred the wrath of Governor Herman Talmadge, who in the *Statesman*, a journal he published, had been running items to the effect that, while nobody knew for sure whether or not Abram was subversive, was it not rumored that the fellow had

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studied abroad? The eventual change in the relationship between Abram and Talmadge is symptomatic of how much Georgia has changed. In 1934, Abram declined to join a literary society at the University of Georgia solely because Talmadge was a member of it. For many years afterward, the two cussed one another regularly from Rabun Gap down to Tybee Light, Talmadge sometimes attacking Abram's crusade against the county-unit system by publishing photographs of black men dancing with white women. Today, Talmadge and Abram own property together.

Abram enjoys reflecting on the vagaries of twentieth-century Georgia politics. "I never met Jimmy Carter until 1966," he says, "but, given his political pace, there were three times when he and I simply had to meet in Georgia long before that. The first was the fight against the county-unit system. In 1948 and again in 1950, Herman Talmadge, as governor, tried to get the county-unit rule embodied in the state constitution, and each time there was a referendum. Each time, Talmadge lost. The people of Georgia, given a chance to express their views, wanted no part of his scheme. I was opposed to it, and over the years I heard from many people in Sumter County, and a few of them even sided with me, but I never heard from Jimmy Carter. The second time I simply had to meet Jimmy Carter was during the long dispute over Koinonia Farm, the interracial experiment begun in 1942 by the Baptist preacher Clarence Jordan. God, what he went through over the next twenty years! Firebombs, boycott of his produce—everything. I was among the few who supported him, but I never heard from Jimmy Carter, who lived six miles away from Jordan's farm. The third time was in 1963. I had moved to New York by then, but at President Kennedy's request I went back to Georgia as a member of the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law to try to help some black and white kids being tried for sedition, because they'd taken part in voting-rights demonstrations. They were being held without bail in the Americus jail. Carter was a state senator then, representing that area, but I never heard from him. Now, the interesting thing is that if I *had* heard from him on any of those occasions, given the political climate of the times he would never have become governor, or President. Jimmy Carter is President because his political base was purified. But by others. He had nothing to do with it. Someday, I

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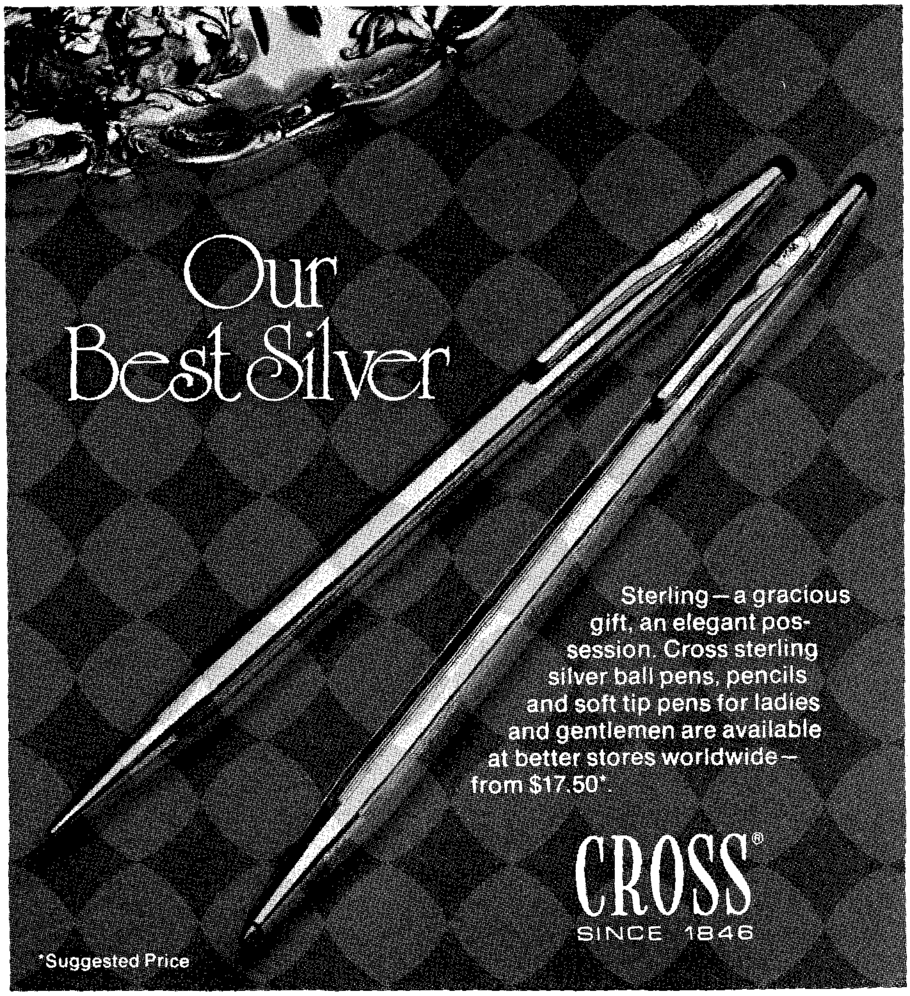

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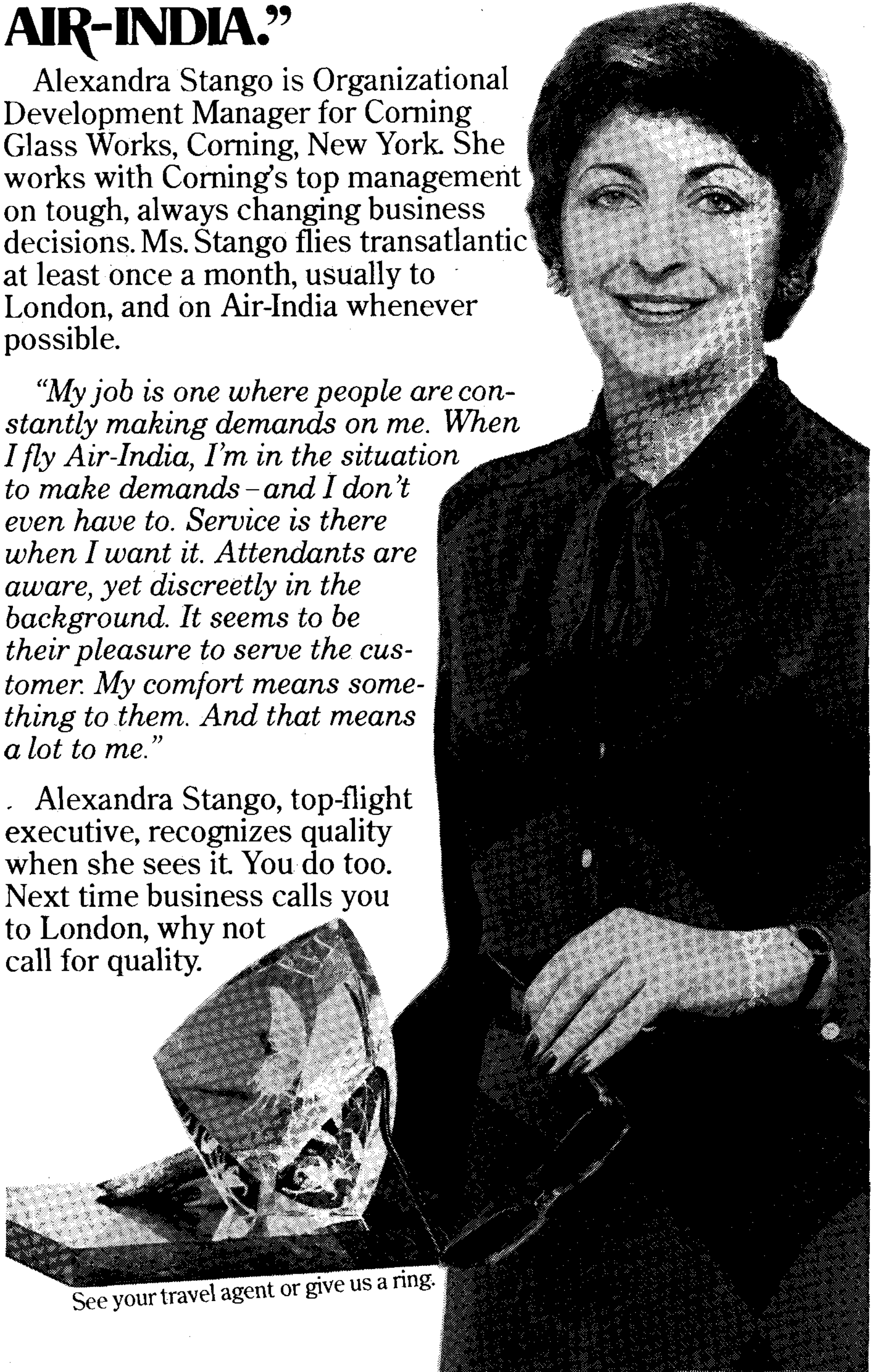
hope to be able to figure out why he didn't. Maybe it's because the political world has to be made up of those who pave roads and those who walk on them."

"DURING the boycott, my husband and I were not afraid, even when the cars kept coming by full of men shooting guns. If we had to die, we wouldn't have been the first Christians to die for what we believed in, and we wouldn't have been the last." The speaker is Florence Jordan, the widow of Clarence Jordan, who died, of natural causes, in 1969. Mrs. Jordan still lives at Koinonia Farm, an enclave now consisting of fourteen hundred acres, just outside Americus. She and her late husband—a Georgian from Talbot County, some forty miles north of Plains, who had a bachelor's degree in agriculture, a master's in theology, and a Ph.D. in New Testament Greek—had come to Sumter County in 1942 to start what they called an Experiment in Christian Living. This was a low-scale commune, whose members raised chickens and cattle, grew corn and peanuts, and sold their surplus produce at a roadside stand. There were a few blacks among them. "It was our Christian belief that got us in trouble," Mrs. Jordan says. "Clarence was an ordained minister, though he never had a pastorate. He and I believed that Jesus taught us to love our enemies, and we also felt that while God respected all persons equally, the church was not bearing sufficient testament to this. According to Acts 2 and 4, the disciples got together at the apostles' feet and made distribution of their goods according to need, and they continued steadfastly in fellowship. '*Koinonia*' is the Greek for 'fellowship,' you know. Between 1942 and 1954, Clarence went around and spoke at various Georgia churches, and for a while he was popular, though some of his neighbors never did like his preaching love and peace and sharing and brotherhood and then *practicing* it, too. But then, after the Supreme Court's 1954 decision on education, and the formation of White Citizens Councils, we began to get unpopular. We were called pacifists and Communists and integrationists. We couldn't buy tractor parts or fertilizer or seed. We were effectively boycotted out of selling our fresh produce, so we switched to pecans, which we didn't have to sell locally but could ship out by Railway Express and the mails. We never had many blacks, and we don't now, because those we might have ex-



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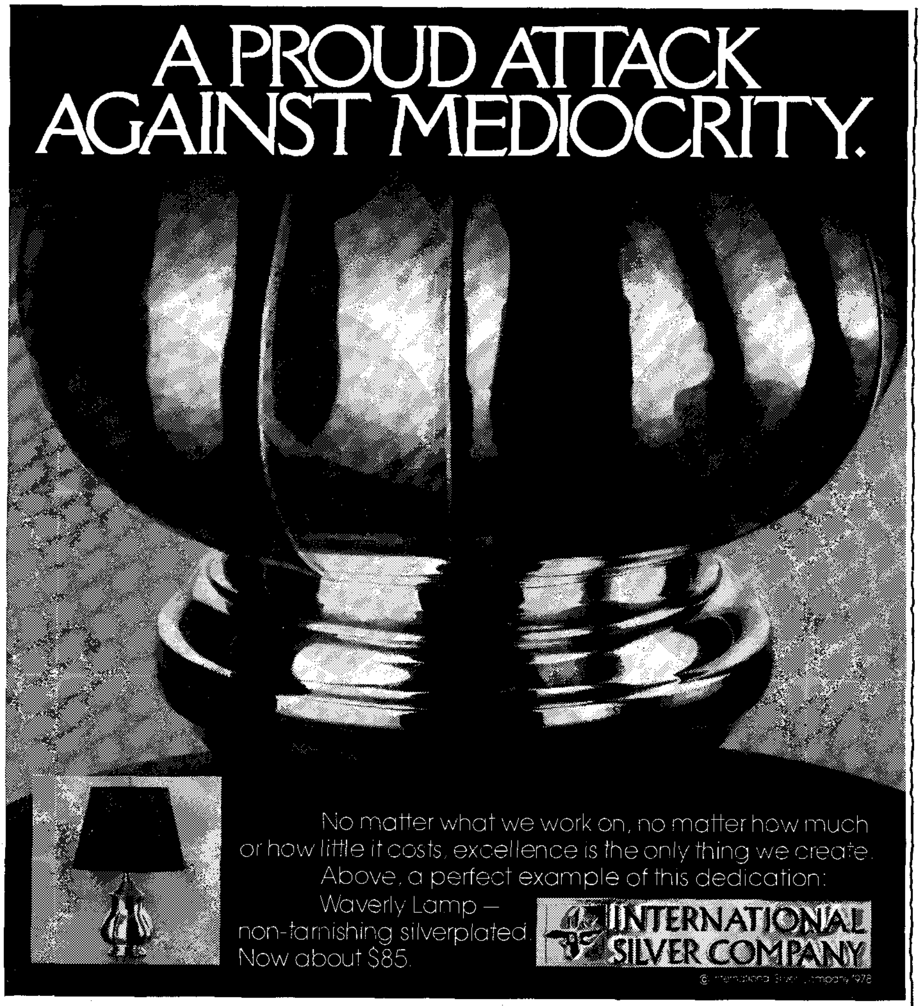
pected to attract have just made it into the middle class and they don't like to do, as we do, without private cars and private telephones. I had my phone taken out during the Vietnam war, because the taxes I was paying on it were going for munitions, and I haven't had it reinstalled and don't intend to."

In 1956, the Americus *Times-Recorder* printed an item—an erroneous one, it happened—to the effect that Clarence Jordan was sponsoring the application of two Negro students to the Georgia State College of Business Administration, in Atlanta. That raised a few Americus hackles, and some local members of the Ku Klux Klan stopped by Koinonia Farm and suggested that the Jordans leave town. Next, two black men and a light-skinned woman (she was not white, as was first indignantly assumed, but mulatto) were observed strolling along an Americus street sharing a bag of popcorn. It was taken for granted that any people indulging in any such miscegenation had to be residents of Koinonia Farm, and a leading banker of Americus called that brazen public performance an affront to the community. The boycott began; the night riders came charging by. "We were Southerners ourselves, and we knew that what we were doing wasn't generally accepted by most other Southerners," Mrs. Jordan says, "so we could take what was happening to us without bitterness. Not that we enjoyed it. Still, my husband would watch the men with the guns ride by and would say, 'There but for the grace of God go I.' "

NOWADAYS, few people in Americus or Plains pay much attention to Koinonia Farm, which does a thriving mail-order business in pecans and peanuts, and which has also gone into the construction of low-cost housing for the poor—both white and black—of the area. Most citizens of Americus and Plains simply pretend that the place doesn't exist. Mrs. Jordan and her associates grow fine muscadine grapes, among other crops. Not long ago, a professor at Georgia Southwestern College, in Americus, thought he'd go out to Koinonia and get some grapes and make some wine; a neighbor spent two hours trying to dissuade him, arguing that it could do him no good to be mixed up with all those communal hippies, with their long hair and beads and whatever. The professor went anyway. "I don't know what *you're talking about*," he told his neighbor afterward. "There wasn't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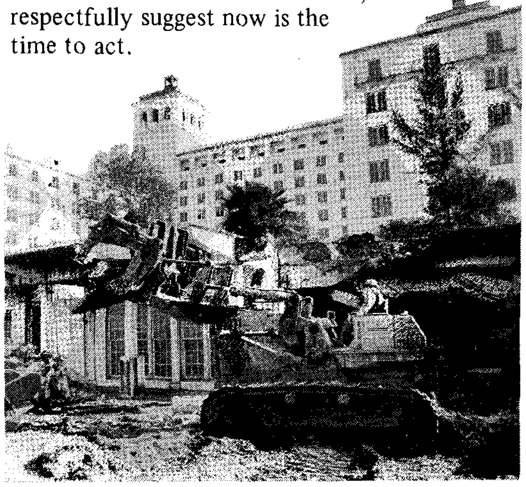
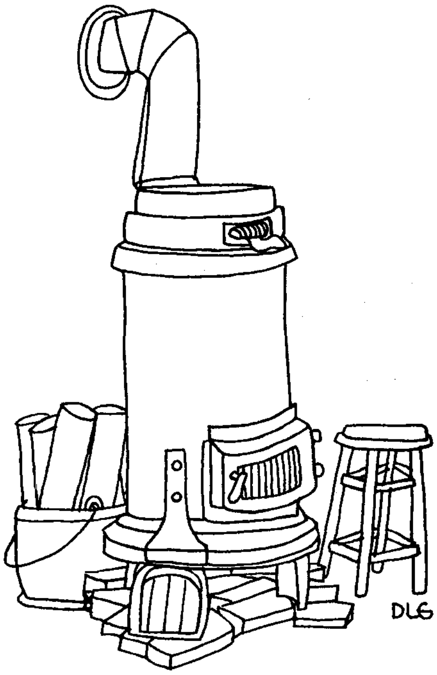


much of anything out there except pecans and Christianity and grapes."

One of Secretary of State Fortson's younger brothers, Warren Fortson, used to be the Sumter county attorney, based in Americus. (Attorney General Griffin Bell was born in Americus.) Because in the early nineteen-sixties Warren Fortson advocated setting up a bi-racial citizens' committee that might be able to reduce local tensions, he was accused of being a Communist, was expelled from his church (of which he had been Sunday-school superintendent), and lost his job. Eventually, he left town. He now practices law in Atlanta. "The theory is that I was run out of Americus because of the bi-racial committee that I never did get established," Fortson says, "but it was more complicated than that. I was a humanist in a very conservative place, and I was simply trying to find a way of preventing demonstrations of the sort we'd had earlier, and the whole thing blew up in my face. I wasn't fired from my job as county attorney, they just hired somebody else. The simple fact was that everybody who wasn't for segregation then and there was, ipso facto, a bad guy."

The conservatism of Americus has been made manifest in many ways. The city did not hold a memorial service for President Kennedy after his assassination. The *Times-Recorder* carries on its editorial page syndicated columns furnished to it by the John Birch Society. Last spring, local Birchers and their sympathizers managed to defeat a school-bond proposal even though both Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter recorded exhortations on its behalf. Carter is not the first Sumter County man to have



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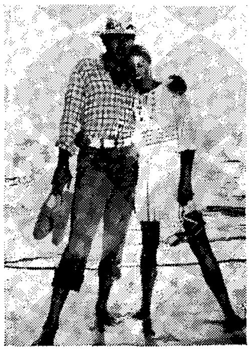

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made it big in Washington, where his pleadings sometimes carry more weight than they do in Americus. A son of Americus named Charles F. Crisp became Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1891, and his elevation to that post occasioned jubilation in his home town. " 'Speaker Crisp' sounds all right," said the *Times-Recorder* then, "and some of these days it will be 'Senator Crisp' and then look out for 'President Crisp' about 1900." But Crisp died in 1896, after a successful campaign for the Senate. There were other memorable nineteenth-century residents of Americus. William Bailey Williford, in his "Americus Through the Years," writes of one striking paterfamilias of yore, "As the second Mrs. Glover and her children did not get along pleasantly with Mr. Glover's other children, the family dined in two separate rooms and Mr. Glover alternated in having the main course of his meals with one group and the last course with the other."

Americus, like the rest of Georgia, is much different now from what it was even a decade ago. These days, black weddings are routinely recorded on the *Times-Recorder's* society page. Race relations, in any event, are less of a concern today in Sumter County than unemployment. The area's economy used to be almost exclusively based on agriculture. In the nineteen-fifties, a group of Americus citizens—among them a lawyer who despaired of ever building up a remunerative practice if he had to look to farmers as his principal clients—formed a group to establish an industrial tract through which they hoped to lure some manufacturing business to the region. (Sumter County is semi-dry now—there are no bars, and one can buy liquor only at a package store—but its first business, when Americus was founded, in 1831, was a saloon; the city's name is supposed to have derived either from Americus Vespucius or from the "merry cusses" who frolicked there in the bygone bibulous days.) Starting in 1957, a number of mobile-home manufacturers made Americus happy by moving there, the first ones from the Middle West. Most states did not then permit mobile homes more than ten feet wide to use their highways, but Georgia tolerated twelve-footers. By 1972, mobile-home makers and their satellite industries employed more than twenty-five hundred workers in and around Americus—more than one-tenth of the entire labor force of Sumter County—and Americus was gleefully calling itself the Mobile Home Capital of the World.

But by then, other states were amending their restrictive laws to allow not just twelve- but even fourteen-foot-wide vehicles on their roads, while Georgia clung to its twelve-foot limitation. During the 1977 session of the General Assembly, legislation was finally enacted permitting fourteen-footers, but merely on a one-year trial basis. (The bill was pushed through by state Senator Hugh Carter, Jr., the President's first cousin.) By that time, however, most of the mobile-home industry in Americus had shut down. Meanwhile, although there were no places for tourists to stay in Plains, ten miles away, Americus's big Victorian-style Windsor Hotel had also shut down. The Americus Chamber of Commerce nonetheless still nostalgically features the Windsor in its promotional literature. "Some of the famous guests included Franklin D. Roosevelt and John Dillinger," the Chamber says.

IN Americus, as in other parts of Georgia and the South, the 1954 Brown v. Board of Education decision, and the Court's subsequent order enjoining schools to integrate, had convulsive results. When, in the early sixties, the city's schools began to be integrated, racial attitudes began to harden to the point where what middle-of-the-road sentiments there had been—Warren Fortson's sentiments, for example—were subjected to mounting scorn and criticism. As the Southern courts that were expected to enforce implementation of the Supreme Court's ruling acted with what seemed at times to be all deliberate foot-dragging, in places like Americus extremists took over and moderates all but went into hiding. Marvin Griffin was elected governor that fall after campaigning with statements like "Come hell or high water, races will not be mixed in Georgia schools." Other candidates for the office ranged the state telling white cotton-mill workers that if the Court's wishes were carried out their jobs would surely go to blacks and their daughters would end up marrying those blacks and bearing mulatto children. The only candidate for the governorship who dared go so far as to suggest that Georgians might someday have to learn to live with the Supreme Court verdict, the lawyer Charles L. Gowen, was an also-ran. Gowen soon gave up politics and joined Atlanta's preëminent law firm, King & Spalding.

At election time in 1958, the situation was not much different; Ernest Vandiver could run successfully for governor by saying, when asked if he

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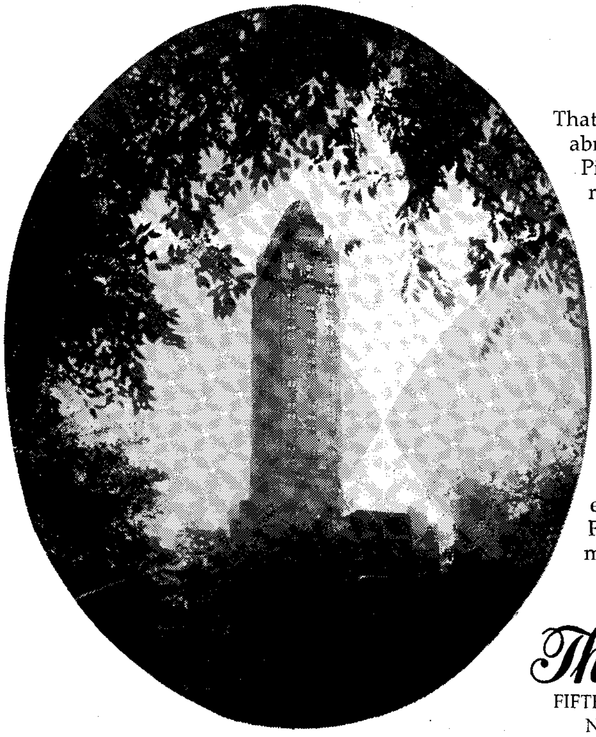

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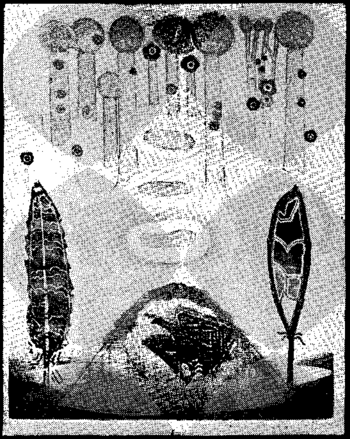
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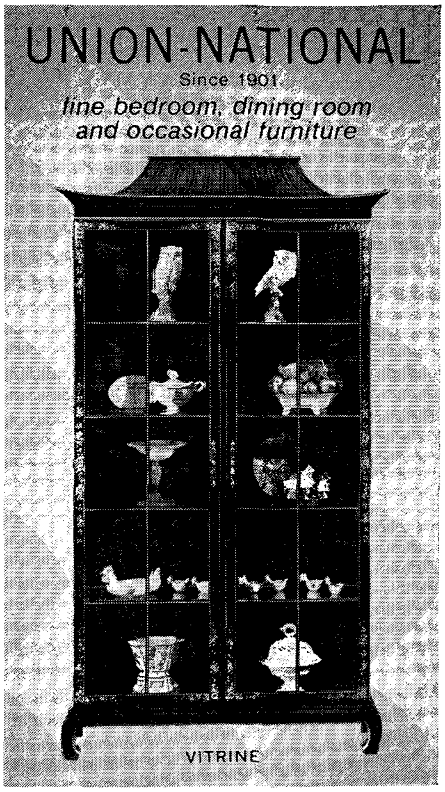
favored admitting any blacks to the University of Georgia, "No, not one!" It would be three more years after that before the first black got in. On the public-school level, it appeared for quite a while after the 1954 decision that the grim alternatives for Georgia were either to integrate its schools or to close them entirely. And, indeed, in both its 1955 and its 1956 session the General Assembly passed laws to the effect that if one single school in any county anywhere in the state was integrated that county's whole system could be shut down. Not until 1960 were moderates in the legislature—notable among them George Busbee—able to persuade that body to appoint a commission to hold hearings around the state and find out how the people of Georgia actually felt.

The chairman of the commission, which had nineteen members, was John Sibley, a respected lawyer, then seventy-two (today, at ninety, he still rides horseback and shoots quail), who had held two of the titles traditionally regarded with awe in Georgia: general counsel of the Coca-Cola Company and chairman of the board of the Trust Company of Georgia. The Sibley Commission conducted ten public hearings, one in each of the state's congressional districts. It listened to eighteen hundred witnesses, all but two hundred of them white. The first session was held in Americus. The seating in the hearing chamber there was segregated, and when the Georgia field secretary of the N.A.A.C.P. could find no space and tried to stand in the back of the room he was threatened with arrest. The feeling in Americus, when a vote was taken among those at the hearing, was almost unanimous: Better to have no public schools than bi-racial schools. When Sibley and his confreres moved along to Macon, the Macon *News* reported that one black woman testified, "I'm satisfied just like it is—with separate schools." The paper added, "Just as she left the witness stand, she fell to the floor and two white men helped her to her feet."

The commission ultimately split in its recommendations, eleven to eight. The minority concluded that the whole idea of integrating schools was a Communist plot. The majority, while declaring that "the guaranty that no child should be required to attend school with a child of another race ought to be one of the fundamental rights protected by the Constitution," and while asserting that the Supreme Court's 1954 judgment was "utterly unsound on facts" and was "usurpation of legisla-



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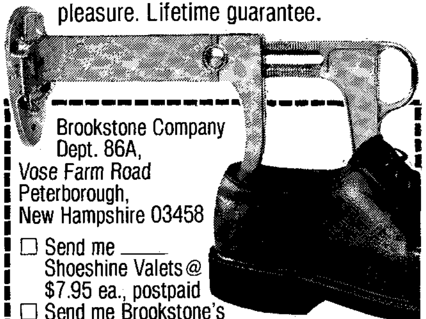

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tive function through judicial process, and an invasion of the reserved rights of the states," concluded, "Nevertheless, we must recognize that the decision exists; that it is binding on the lower federal courts; and that it will be enforced." The following year, four Atlanta high schools admitted a total of ten black students.

Soon after the 1954 decision, dozens of new private schools cropped up in Georgia—the so-called segregated academies that are still prevalent in much of the South. Sometimes they were, and are, called Christian schools, because many of them were started by and operated in churches. There has never been an accurate count of them as they came and went, but by the end of the nineteen-sixties there were a good many more than a hundred of them in Georgia. When segregated academies began functioning in Savannah, public-school enrollment there dropped from forty-three thousand to thirty-four thousand. In some places, the emergence of the new breed of private schools was attended by seeming transgressions of Christian ethics. Whites would remove their children from a public school, then point out to the local school board that attendance had diminished to a degree where a facility of that size was no longer needed for public education, whereupon the board would sell the premises to the dissidents for a hundred dollars or so and a private school would open on the spot. In other places, public-school books would be "lost" as students defected; the books would reappear on the library shelves of the private schools they defected to. Sumter County had four segregated academies. At one of them, the administrators' idea of a worthwhile field trip was to escort the students to a cemetery so they could put flowers on Confederate soldiers' graves, and their idea of a worthwhile guest speaker was a member of the John Birch Society, declaiming on "Proofs of a Conspiracy." Some of the new schools did provide a decent education (some, by now, even have ivied walls), but others were of such dubious academic standing that it could no longer be claimed by segregationists in Georgia that education there was separate but equal: there were blacks in public schools who were better off than the whites who had left them.

GEORGIA's public schools, though by now all technically integrated, are still more so in theory than in fact. In the last few years, however, there has

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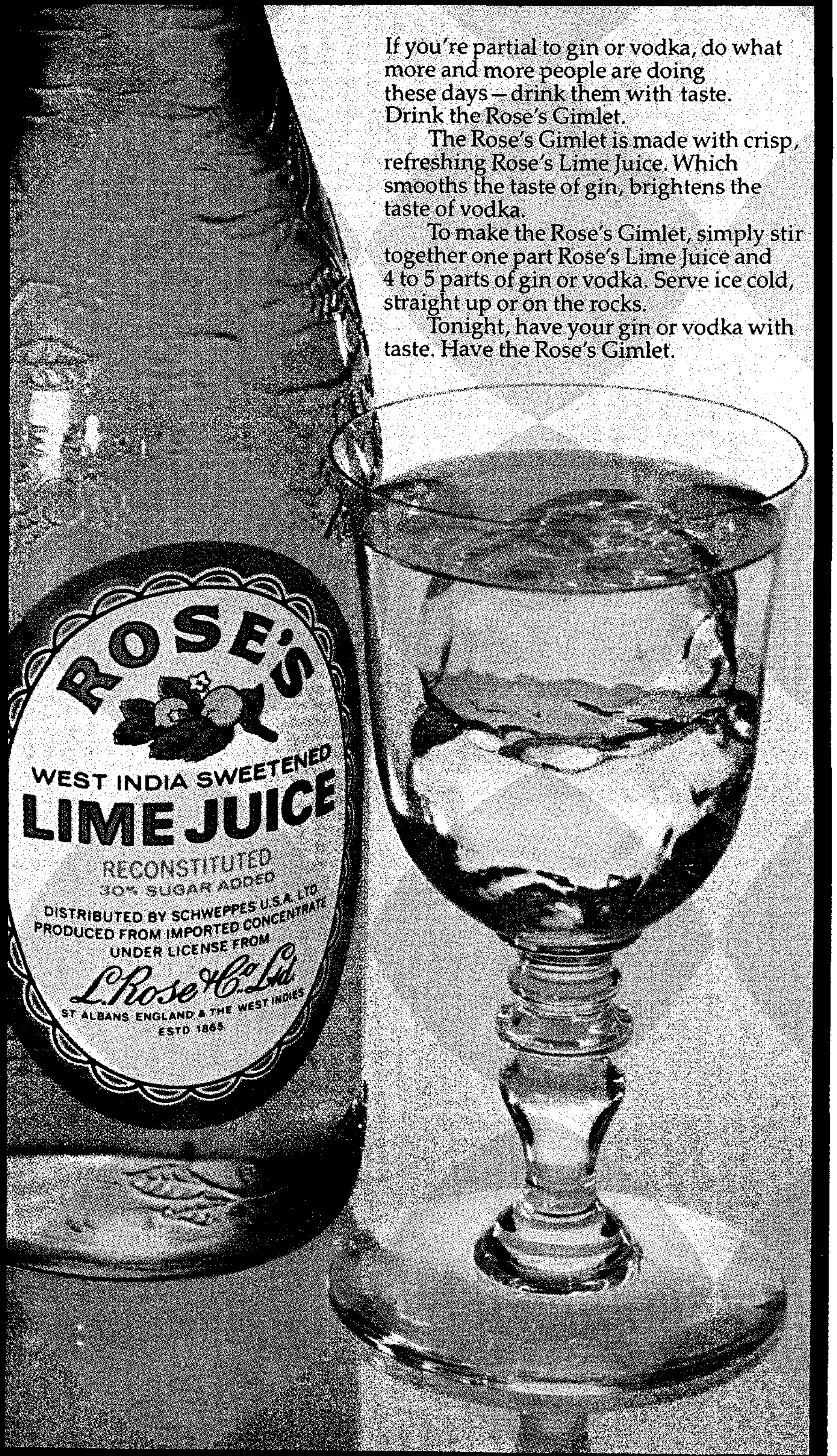

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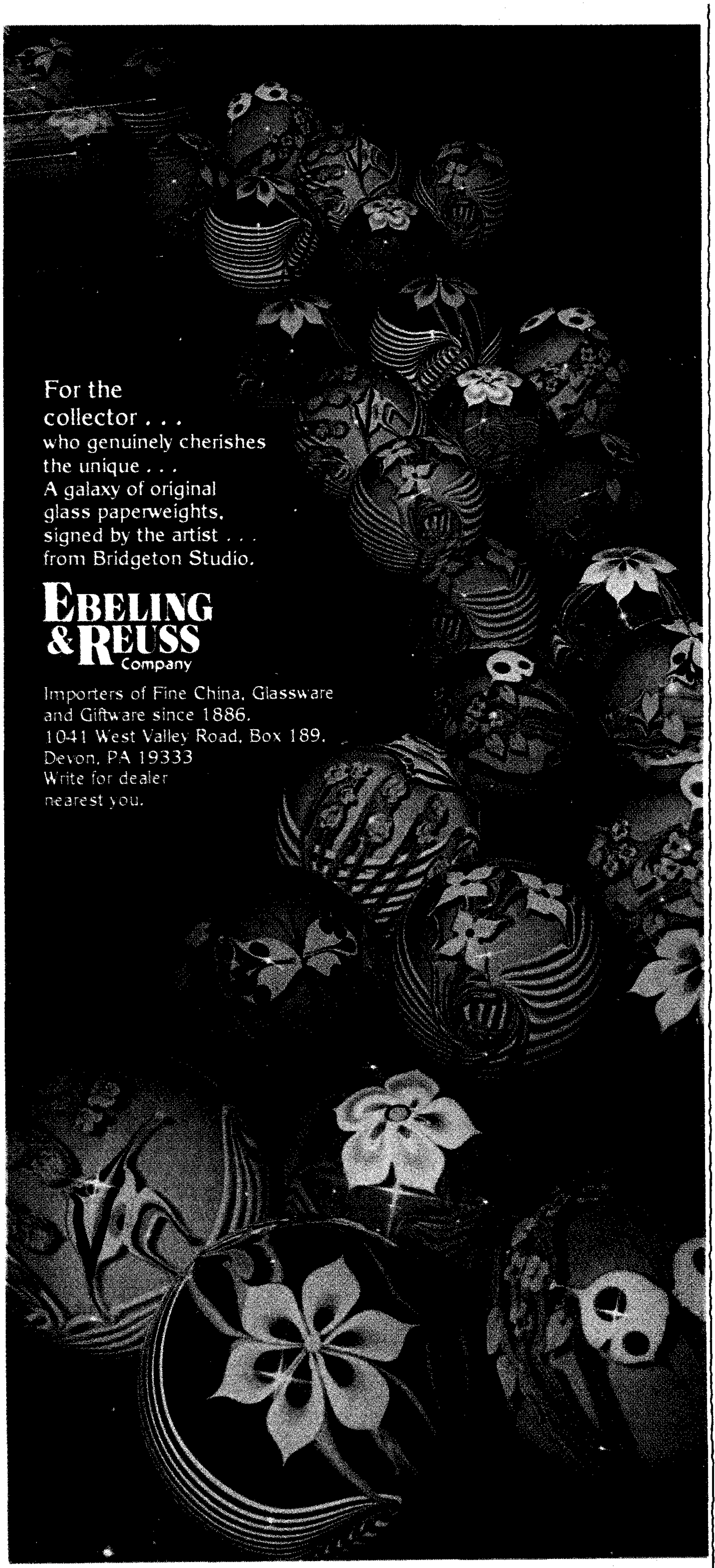
ROSE'S. FOR DRINKS WITH TASTE.

been a perceptible drift back to them by once alienated whites. Some parents of white children couldn't any longer afford to pay private-school tuition, and some began to realize, however grudgingly, that if their offspring were going to have to associate with blacks as adults they might as well get used to the idea beforehand. Of Sumter County's four segregated academies, only one of consequence still exists. Many Georgians are optimistic about the general trend of integration—social, political, and economic—in their state. The architect John Portman, who was bred in Atlanta and is based there now, says, "There has been greater progress here in race relations than in any other place in the country." An Atlanta businessman tells an outsider, "Even in small Georgia towns, while whites may still use 'nigger' at their country club, you'll hardly ever hear them use it on the street anymore, and, believe me, that's a big step forward."

Georgia's private social clubs are still generally restricted—as where are such clubs not? But many Georgians are much more likely now than ever before to joke about this sort of thing. A member of Atlanta's venerable Capital City Club—from which Griffin Bell felt obliged to resign on becoming Attorney General—says with a laugh, while inviting a Northern guest to lunch there, "That's the place, you know, where they don't allow Jews and Negroes." Capital City Club members have also recently observed, with mirth, that the quality of their food has improved a great deal since they hired away the chef of the Standard Club, Atlanta's longtime social haven for Jews who couldn't get into other clubs.

Social integration is no more widespread in Georgia today than it is anywhere else in America, though the penalties for attempting it may be harsher. Not long ago, a schoolteacher in a small east-Georgia community who invited two black couples to dine with ten white couples lost her job for her effrontery, and then, when her husband lost some of his insurance clients, also lost her husband. It was hard in that town to know afterward just who was at the controversial meal and who wasn't, because people who had it in for other people would spread the word that they'd attended it whether or not they had.

Still, Georgia has changed. In Athens, a professor of history recalls the story of a teacher who was fired some years back because when a white child missed her school bus the teacher put her on a black school bus, so that



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the child could get home. "That could never happen now," the professor says. "I've been surprised at how far we've come in the last twenty-five years, and, come to think of it, how relatively easy it was." In an Atlanta restaurant today, a black waiter hugs and kisses a white waitress and calls her "baby," she hugs him back, and there is no visible reaction among any of the patrons. At a roadside stand in the town of Lumpkin, a black farmhand driving a tractor stops for a Coke, and the white woman who serves him—a hard-faced country type—smiles at him when he leaves and says, "Come back soon." At the Atlanta Hilton Hotel, a charitable organization has set up a fund-raising booth in the lobby with a young woman presiding over it. Under a bower of magnolia blossoms, she is swathed in antebellum crinoline. With her hoopskirt, petticoats, and parasol, she looks lovely, and Southern, and she is black.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article on Georgia.*)

•

DEAR AUTO POLICY HOLDER

The year '77 is coming to a close, and with it the experience of another annuation in the Massachusetts auto insurance process.

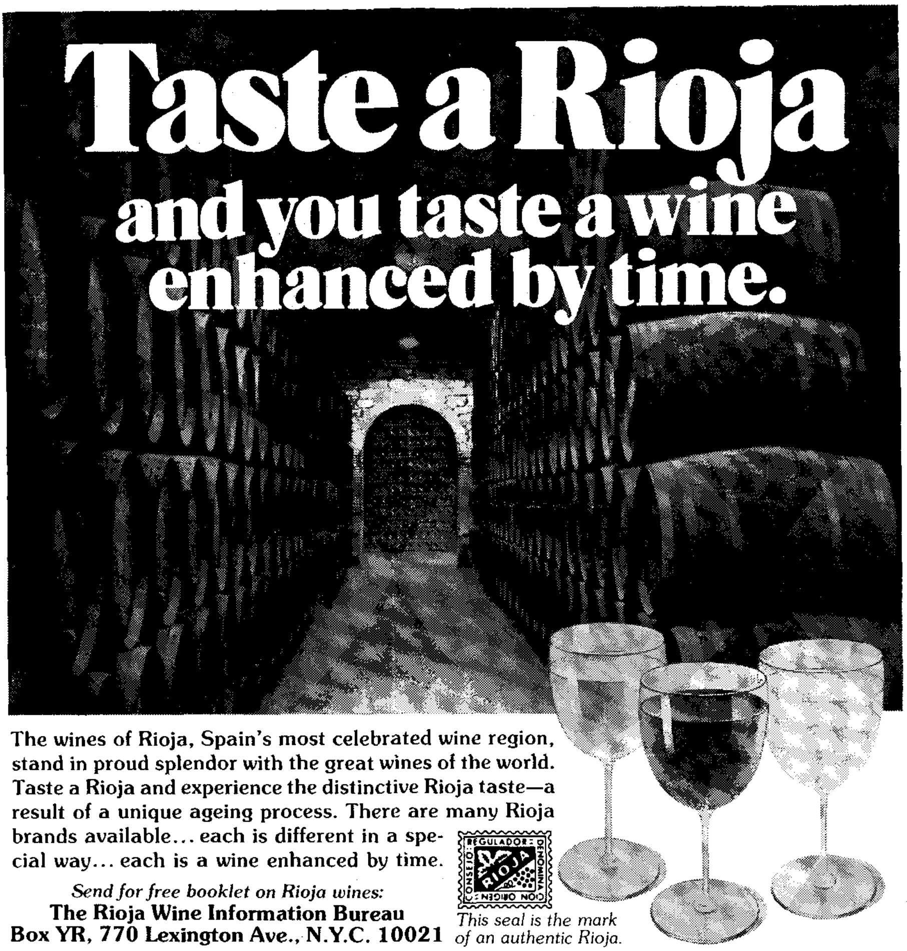
The inter-regnum of "COMPETITIVE" auto rates is to be terminated, effective Dec 31st, and restructured under the code for "STATUTORY RATES," whereby the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts designs and imposes one rate for ALL insurance companies. Thus all insurance underwriters will be led to the market place, strapped to the vehicle of absolute cost regulation and adorned in the vestments of same-ness, rate-wise. Product pricing, like Damocles' sword, now becomes the Commissioner's liability, while the auto policy contract remains the enigma of brokers and buyers. And with this orthodoxy, agents and underwriters will court judgement via the distinctions and the habilities for faculty. —*Letter from the Dunster Insurance Agency, Cambridge, Mass.*

Maybe things will look up in '78.

•

Last year Ingmar Bergman, the celebrated Swedish film director, became so disgusted with what he considered persecution by the tax authorities in his native land that he went into voluntary exile in West Germany. Since then there have been many attempts to persuade him to return, both officially and unofficially. Now Mr. Bergman has been given more balm for his wounded feelings, in the form of the Swedish Academy of Letters Great Cold Medal, an award that has gone to only 17 persons in this century. —*The Times.*

Several of whom sent it back.



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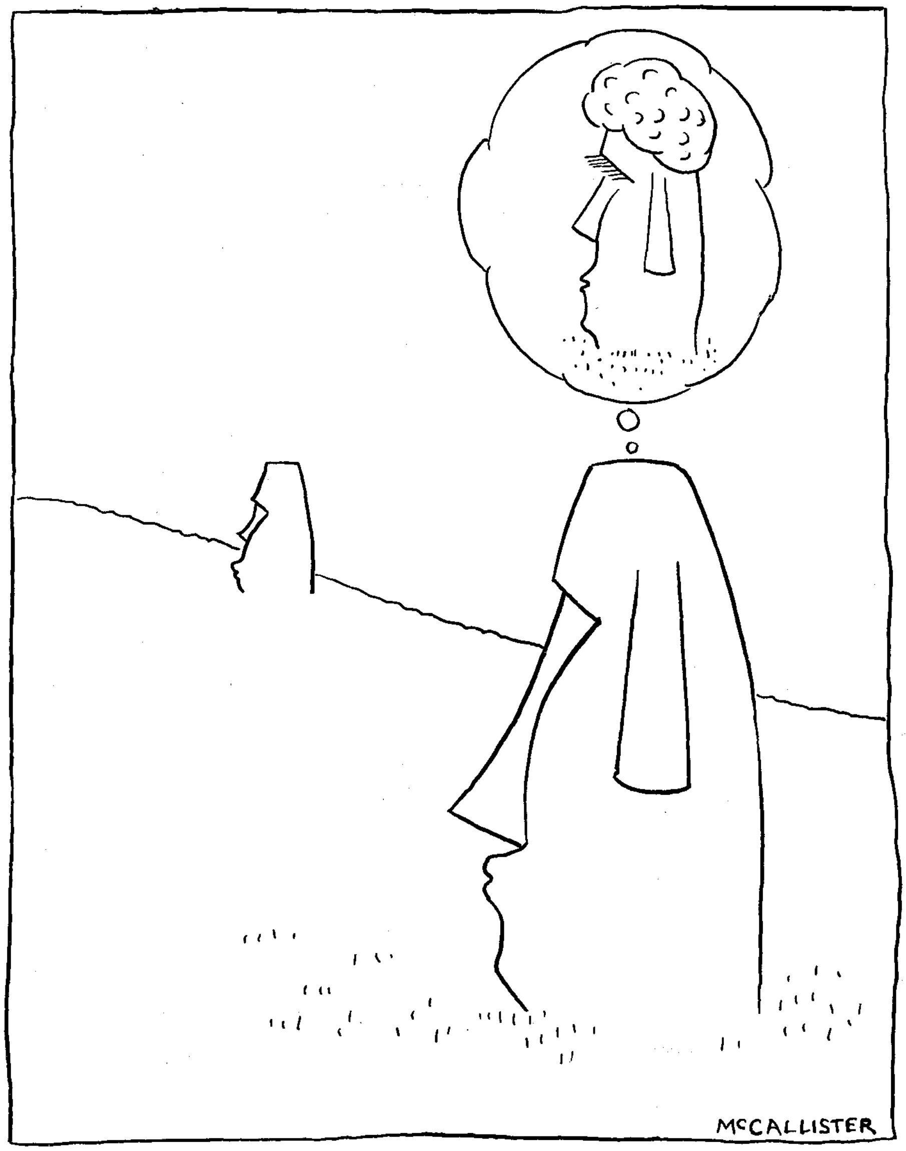
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

Earle Hyman is said to have performed Othello more often than any other living actor—not only in English but in Norwegian (he has lived in Norway much of the time for the past eight years)—but he has not appeared in the role in New York since 1953. Last week, he opened in an otherwise lacklustre production of the play at the Roundabout. His distinguished performance is like no other I've ever seen. He acts without rhetoric or recitation, so that even the great speeches are never allowed to become set pieces; they seem fresh and spontaneous. He is obviously a classical actor, and there is no lack of eloquence or poetry in his detailed interpretation. Because he is black (ethnically speaking, that is; he is actually lighter than many of his white colleagues in stage makeup), he does not have to *play* the Moor as black. Yet in the reserve and privacy of his characterization he is very black indeed. Deeply emotional, yet controlled until jealousy finally overpowers him, he is the only Othello in my experience who in the early scenes is less volatile than the Venetians around him. Always the general, he treats his employers—the Duke and his retinue—with distance and a hint of amusement, which make all the more shocking his slapping of Desdemona in front of them. There is ease and camaraderie with Iago and Cassio, military men both, and he is also the only Othello in my experience who appears to love Desdemona more than himself. His love for her is simple, direct, and filled with delight, and certain of the lines ring out indelibly: "I *won* his daughter" . . . "For she had eyes, and *chose* me." He quells the riot that follows the fight between drunken Cassio and silly Roderigo with a cool, abrupt anger, and his dismissal of Cassio is an impersonal matter of military discipline. As Iago convinces him of Desdemona's infidelity, his rage comes to a very slow boil, but, once convinced, he becomes a man possessed, both before and during the murder scene; his scene with Emilia after the murder was to me the most affecting in the play. Mr. Hyman is a tall man, towering over the other actors, and when his Moor learns of Iago's treachery from Iago's outraged, heartbroken wife, he shrinks before our eyes; his grief is as private as his love, and so annihilating that his suicide seems superfluous. Carmen de Lavallade, also somewhat austere, is a strong, sympathetic Emilia—never the lusty traditional one.

Mr. Hyman aside, the performance as a whole is, as I say, lacklustre, without poetry or depth or wonder. Nicholas Kepros, whose resemblance to the late Robert Newton does him no harm, is clear and humorous as Iago—the wicked Mercutio again—but there is no force or venom in his villainy; he is very much the cryptic practical "joker in the pack" of W. H. Auden's inspired essay, and little else. Effective scenery, costumes, and lighting by Jeff Fiala, Christina Giannini, and John McKernon, respectively. About the other actors, under Gene Feist's literal direction, I have no comment, except that I am getting tired of picking on the Roundabout people (and of wishing they didn't so often choose to do the plays that mean most to me); after all, they did engage Earle Hyman.

—Edith Oliver



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Scottsbluff—A Scottsbluff woman told police Wednesday she had been hauled out of her house by a strange man.

Scottsbluff police responded to a suspicious person report on West Overland Drive, where the 29-year-old woman said she had been asleep in her home, waiting for her boy friend, and that she had left the door open for him.

An unidentified man later entered, picked the woman up by the waist and took her outside before he was scared off by another visitor.

The woman, who said she didn't resist because she thought it was her boy friend, described the stranger as "gentle."

—*Scotts Bluff (Nebr.) Star-Herald.*

Any details about this "other visitor"?

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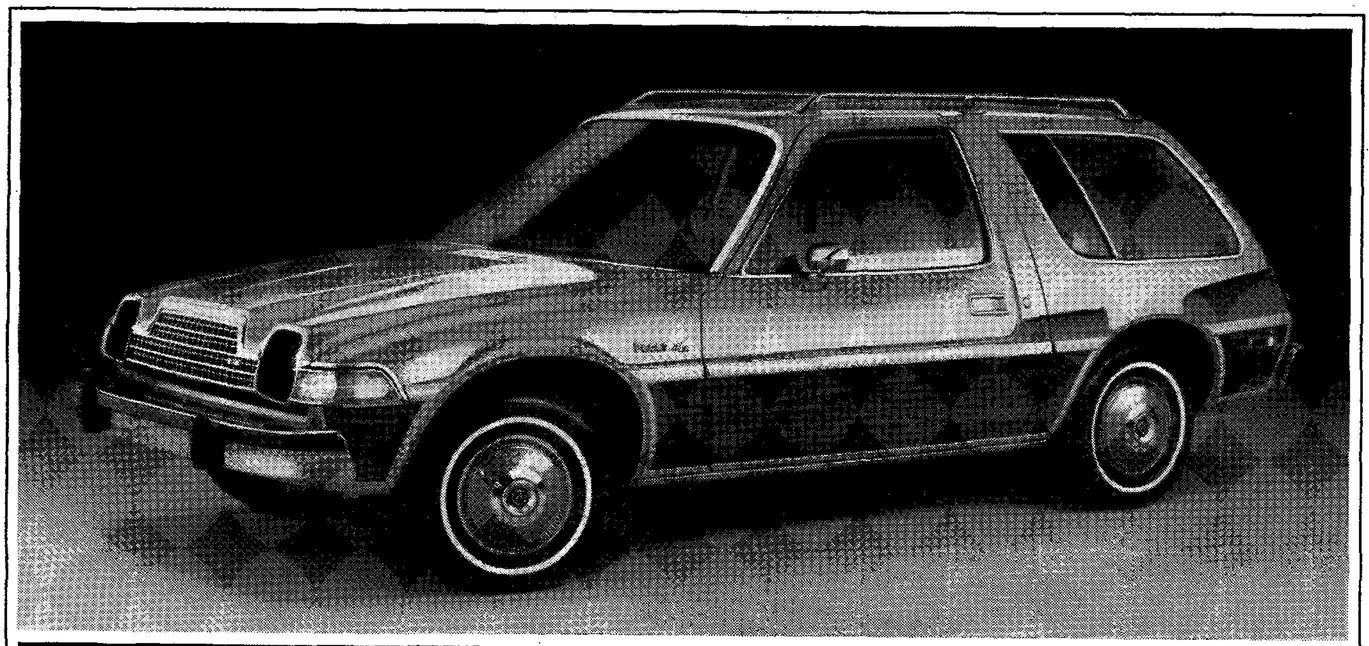

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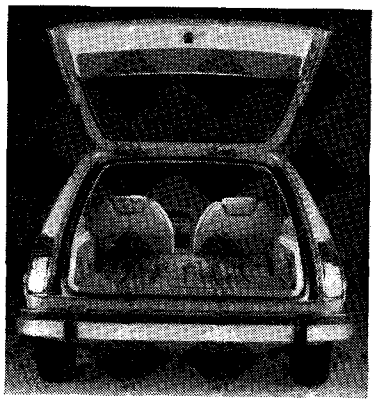
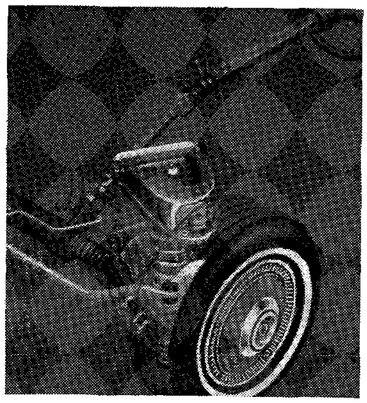




U.S. JOURNAL: BERKELEY, CAL.

MONOPOLY AND HISTORY

RALPH ANSPACH sits in the Berkeley hills plotting against the General Mills Fun Group. Anspach's disagreement is specifically with Parker Brothers, manufacturers of the game Monopoly, but General Mills swallowed Parker Brothers up into its Fun Group several years ago, making Anspach's adversary part of what he likes to refer to as "a giant conglomerate." He often mentions the enemy's resources ("They have *four* law firms") and even its capacity for shrewd maneuvering ("They are not dum-dums"). Still, he retains a sort of limited optimism. "I have a scintilla of hope that justice will be done," he said recently. "We're still alive. Maybe a little guy can win." Win or lose, he has already got in some good licks, his principal weapon being historical research. While doing research for a legal dispute that grew out of his marketing a game called Anti-Monopoly, he has managed to prove that one of the abiding inspirational tales of American commerce—the tale of how Monopoly was invented—is not true. No matter what the little brochure in Monopoly sets has always said, Monopoly was not in fact devised during the Depression by an unemployed engineer named Charles B. Darrow, sketching out on his kitchen table a game that would permit him to recall happier days in Atlantic City and get in some vicarious capitalism at the same time. One version or another of monopoly had been played for years—largely by people who thought of it as a game that was, to quote from rules typed out several years before Darrow's involvement, "designed to show the evils resulting from the institution of private property." Anspach has brought a restraint-of-trade action against General Mills in federal court, scattering all sorts of embarrassing documents and depositions around the country in his effort to prove that Parker Brothers gained monopolistic control of the monopoly market through a patent that was fraudulent. He has held a press conference in Atlantic City to inform the citizens that a plaque they installed on the Boardwalk to honor the inventor of Monopoly has the wrong person's picture on it. Once, some of his confederates stole into the dining room where the press banquet of the international Monopoly tournament was to be held, and slipped the true story of Monopoly's origins under every reporter's plate.

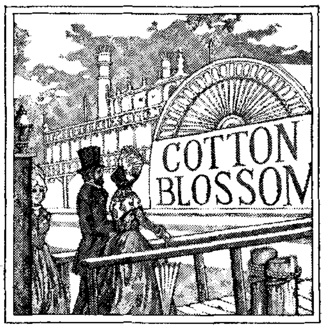
General Mills has got in a few good licks of its own. Last April, it won a suit in federal district court claiming trademark infringement by Anti-Monopoly, on the ground that the similarity of names could cause customers to buy Anspach's game under the impression that they were buying a Parker Brothers' product. Although Anspach appealed, the district-court ruling enabled Parker Brothers to plow forty thousand Anti-Monopoly games into a landfill near Mankato, Minnesota. "If we had been a big corporation, we could have put up a bond to prevent that," Anspach said later. He saw the burial of his games as one more chapter in "a kind of educative fable of our time"—a battle over monopoly between someone who owns just about everything on the board and someone who is about on the point of having to mortgage Mediterranean Avenue.

Anspach is professionally qualified to appreciate the ironies of a small business fighting a monopoly on monopoly: He is a professor of economics at San Francisco State University. He went into the game business on the side several years ago, figuring to invent a board game that demonstrated the harmfulness rather than the glories of monopolistic practices and to make an unseemly amount of money, for a professor, while doing it. His professional observations on his own controversy sometimes call to mind those black professors from Tuskegee Institute who twenty years ago passed their time while standing in static voting-registration lines by polishing dissertations on the difficulties facing black voters attempting to register in the rural counties of Alabama. He sounds rather academic describing some action of General Mills against him as an example of "the negative effects of concentration of economic

"*Diana is the warhorse of our block association.*"

power" or explaining that a patent is actually "a statutory monopoly granted by the government." He is even more reminiscent of the sort of people found here and there in America who are convinced that they are on to something that more powerful elements in the society refuse to recognize—critics of the Warren Commission Report, for instance. Anspach has their ferocious scholarship. He can thrust his hand into a teetering pile of documents and come out with a color picture of a 1910 monopoly board or a copy of the agreement by which Parker Brothers bought out an early competitor whose version of the game obviously predated Darrow's patent. Anspach knows what the properties on a monopoly board were called by people who played an early version in Princeton or Reading; he knows who named Pennsylvania and who named Mediterranean. Sometimes, trying to piece together the tangle of trademarks and copyrights and patents and purchases, he'll pick three or four phrases out of two or three documents and spin out a long hypothesis that begins, "What must have happened, what really must have happened . . ."

EVEN if there were no legal implications, Parker Brothers might be expected to resist historical research that disproved its version of how Charles Darrow invented Monopoly. The Darrow story is, after all, a good story—a nice, clean, well-structured example of the Eureka School of American industrial legend. If Darrow invented the story rather than the game, he may still deserve to have a plaque on the Boardwalk honoring his ingenuity. There is Charles B. Darrow, a Yankee tinkerer down on his luck, sitting at his kitchen table in Germantown, Pennsylvania. The Great Depression has drained him of every resource but his ingenuity and his pluck. His wife is about to have their second child. Invention after ingenious invention has failed. He is reduced to taking odd jobs. He begins to dream of prosperous times when he and his wife could vacation in Atlantic City. "Strictly for his own amusement," a brochure says, he begins to devise a game on a piece of oilcloth. His resourcefulness is comparable to that of the American pilots who make it out of German P.O.W. camps in escape movies. Tiny houses are cut from scraps of wooden molding that have been discarded by a lumberyard, title cards are typed on "stray pieces of cardboard," the equipment is painted with paint that a local store happens to be handing out as free samples. Even being turned down at



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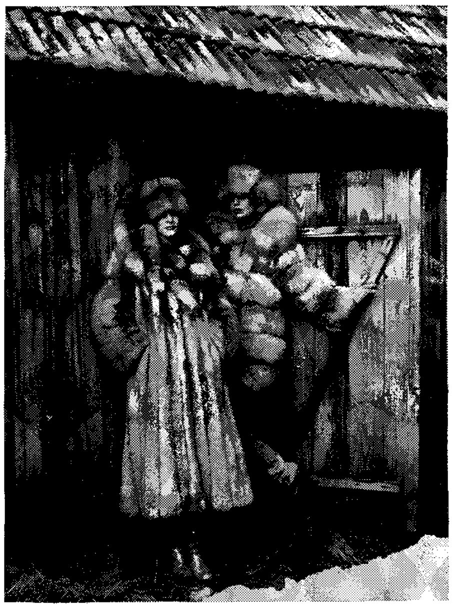
first by Parker Brothers does not thwart Darrow. "Dejected but undaunted," he manufactures Monopoly on his own until Parker Brothers is finally won over. "Little did he know," one Parker Brothers brochure says, "that he would soon be able to retire for life at the age of 46 and become a millionaire gentleman farmer, world traveler—especially to ancient cities—motion picture photographer, and collector of exotic orchid species." Parker Brothers must have considered Darrow a marvellously appropriate inventor: When a game called Bulls and Bears was developed by the Parker Brothers staff a couple of years after Monopoly went on the market, it was introduced to the public as the second game invention of the remarkable Charles B. Darrow.

What Anspach discovered about the history of monopoly could never be packaged in a neat couple of paragraphs that are short enough to leave room in the brochure for some Monopoly anecdotes—how twenty people in Danville, California, once played Monopoly for eight hundred and twenty hours, or how two teams of scuba divers once managed eleven hours of play at the bottom of a swimming pool in Beverly, Massachusetts. History tends to be messy. The Darrow story has an appealing consistency. A plucky and ingenious American invents a game that allows sufferers from the Great Depression to become vicarious capitalists, and for his pluck and ingenuity he is showered with all the rewards capitalism can provide. ("From the first, Monopoly was banned in Soviet Russia as being 'too capitalistic,' " the "Banned by Reds" section of the brochure says. "But we have reason to believe it may be played there underground.") Anspach's version is, by comparison, full of ragged edges and contradictions. Monopoly, Anspach found, was not really an invention but one result of a game's being changed and adapted and misremembered by people who had greatly varying views on American capitalism—Socialists, for instance, and Eastern fraternity boys, and Quakers, and even Depression dreamers not so different from Charles Darrow.

In court, there was no disagreement about Monopoly's having derived from a game thought up by Lizzie J. Magie around the turn of the century as a way to popularize the theories of Henry George, the late-nineteenth-century reformer who believed that capitalism could work only if no one were permitted to profit from the ownership of land. The game she devised, called the



Ballet in Denmark dates back over 200 years. Danes flock to the Royal Theatre to see such works as "Napoli" and "Qarrtsiluni" performed. Sweep into a front row seat wearing something choreographed in fur by Birger Christensen.

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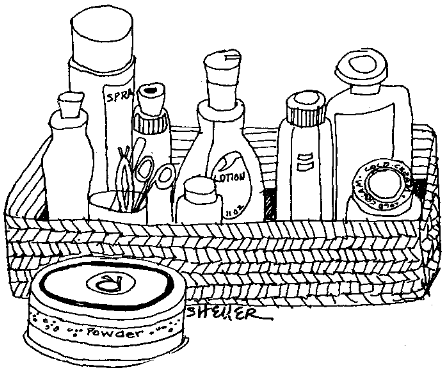
Landlord's Game, was widely played in Arden, Delaware, a community founded by Georgists—or Single Taxers, as they were more commonly known, after Henry George's proposal that land alone be taxed as a way of distributing its profits to all. The Single Taxers had founded Arden as a model of Georgist theories, but they were hospitable to a variety of people who did not necessarily agree with them. Arden was known as much for its tolerance and its artsy-craftsy airs as for its economic theories. The acknowledged leader of the community was a strong Single Taxer known to most residents as Patro, the Esperanto word for "father." But, according to a film on the community called "Experimental Village," Arden also accommodated, at one time or another, Mother Bloor, a well-known Communist labor organizer, and Fred Whiteside, a perennial Socialist candidate for governor of Delaware who was known around the state for making retreats in a tree house. Among the non-Georgists who lived for a time in Arden early in the century was Scott Nearing, who was fired from the University of Pennsylvania as a left-winger in 1915 and was made an honorary emeritus professor of economics there some sixty years later, after he and his wife had become renowned as models for the latest movement of educated young Americans toward a simpler life on the land. Nearing, now in his nineties, still recalls playing the Landlord's Game in Arden. In fact, Anspach suspects that it may have been Nearing's brother Guy who expanded the Landlord's Game a bit so that it would demonstrate the anti-social nature of not just land monopoly but any sort of monopoly.

The game the Nearings began playing on homemade boards with students and colleagues at Penn essentially varied from the current version only in that landing on a piece of property caused that property to be auctioned off to the players at large rather than sold at a set price. The most sophisticated and ruthless monopolist won. Still, even



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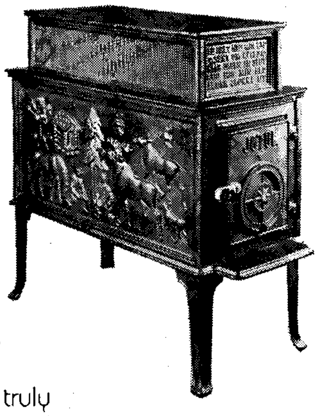

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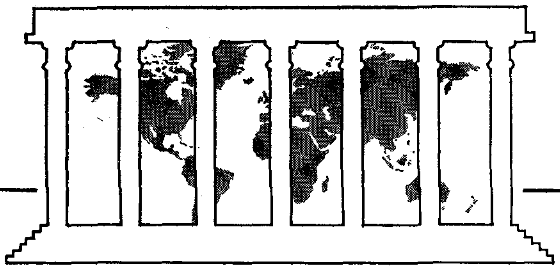

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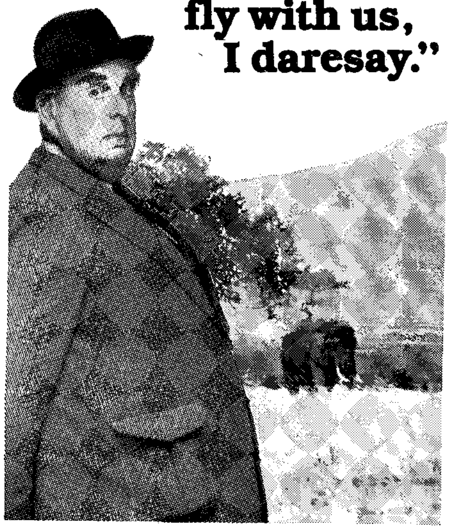

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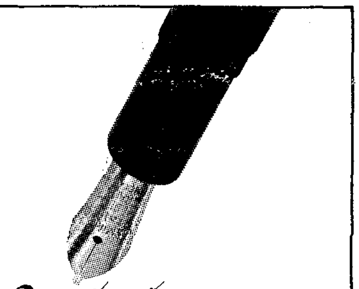
into the thirties monopoly—as everyone seems to have called it by then—was thought of as a left-wing game by many who played it. (One of the people who had been taught the game at Columbia by George S. Mitchell, later the executive director of the Southern Regional Council, wrote Anspach, "It was considered a point of honor not to sell it to a commercial manufacturer, since George told me it had been worked out by a group of Single Taxers who were anxious to defeat the capitalist system.") Apparently, a monopolist demonstrated his wickedness while winning the game, the same way the villain in a professional wrestling match does when he is permitted to pin the hero through some filthy, underhanded trick. All of which may mean that there is no reason for the Masters of the Kremlin to ban Monopoly: They need only explain its moral.

Monopoly, still played on homemade boards, spread quickly, particularly to college towns. Rexford G. Tugwell, who later became one of Franklin Roosevelt's Brain Trusters, remembers playing it at the University of Pennsylvania in 1915. A few years later, there was a board with properties named after streets in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The brothers of Theta Xi played monopoly at the University of Michigan. Anspach has legal reasons for trying to prove that the game was widely played—his case is based partly on the contention that monopoly was a folk game, in the public domain, like checkers or chess—but his personal interest has always been most engaged by any chain that would lead to Charles Darrow. He discovered that in the twenties Louis Thun, whose family was part-owner of the Berkshire Knitting Mills just outside of Reading, Pennsylvania, took a game of monopoly with him to Williams College, where he taught it to a number of his fraternity brothers in the D.K.E. house. One of the Dekes, Daniel Layman, took it back to Indianapolis and taught it to a friend who taught it to Ruth Hoskins, who took a board with her when, after a Christmas vacation in Indianapolis, she returned to her teaching job at a Quaker school in Atlantic City. It now seems clear that the Quakers changed the auction to a straight sale of property—there is some testimony that they may have found the noise of an auction offensive—and changed Ruth Hoskins' board to reflect Atlantic City street names. A visitor to Atlantic City took the game back to the Philadelphia area, where the Nearings and their friends had played it twenty years before, and



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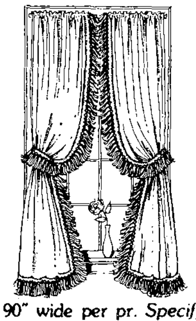

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taught it to a hotel manager, Charles Todd, of Germantown. The Todds taught the game to a number of people—including, it has since been testified, the former Esther Jones, a childhood friend of Todd's, and her husband, Charles B. Darrow. Darrow, Todd has testified, "asked a lot of what I thought were pretty dumb questions."

CHARLES DARROW died ten years ago, but a remarkable number of other people from those days were found alive and full of memories. Anspach—travelling around the country to interview old monopoly players, advertising for new leads, piecing together documents produced by the discovery motions of his lawyers—managed to construct a history with the sort of documentation professors consider necessary. He produced pre-Darrow boards and pre-Darrow property cards and pre-Darrow monopoly money. He produced corroborating testimony from witnesses to virtually every development of the game—including testimony from the Atlantic City Quakers about which properties were named for the streets of which regular players. He discovered more than anyone had ever known about the origins of Monopoly, and he also discovered the limitations of historical research as a weapon.

Lawyers are interested in history only insofar as it affects the case at hand. In the trademark-infringement action, the General Mills lawyers did not attempt to challenge Anspach's evidence on how Monopoly originated; they merely said that the origins of Monopoly were irrelevant to whether Anti-Monopoly was infringing on its trademarked name. Robert Barton, the retired president of Parker Brothers, did no harm to the corporation's case by acknowledging in court that he had known almost from the beginning about Monopoly's having been derived from the Landlord's Game: Parker Brothers had long ago bought the rights to the Landlord's Game. Barton also testified freely that virtually the same game Darrow patented as his invention in 1935 was already on the market; Parker Brothers bought the competing game in 1936. ("Get rid of the competition, then up the price," Anspach says of that transaction, folding it into his educative fable. "It fits totally into the spirit of the Monopoly game.") Anspach believes that history will be a more important element of the restraint-of-trade suit he has brought, but so far the legal defense of General

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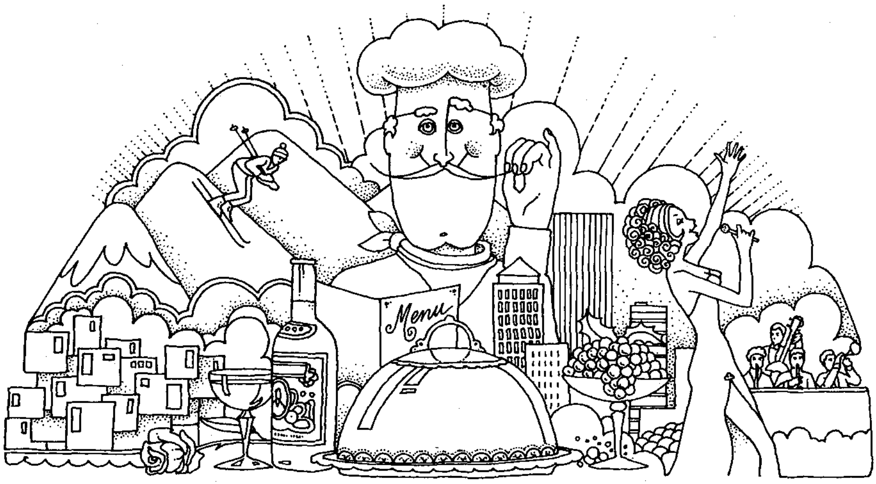

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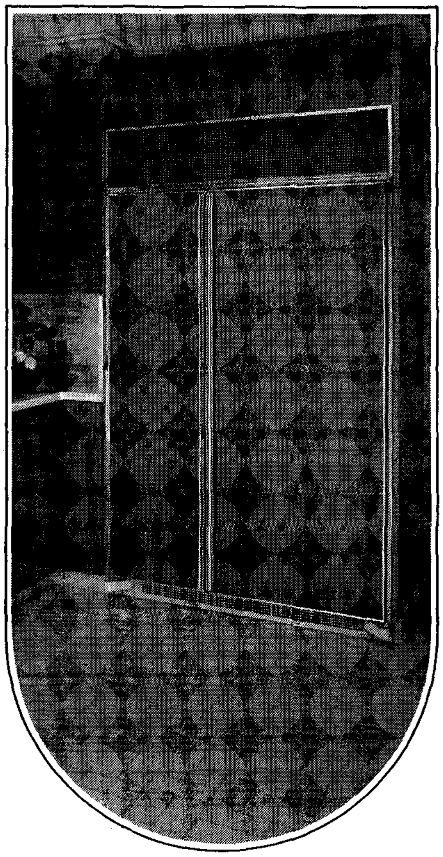

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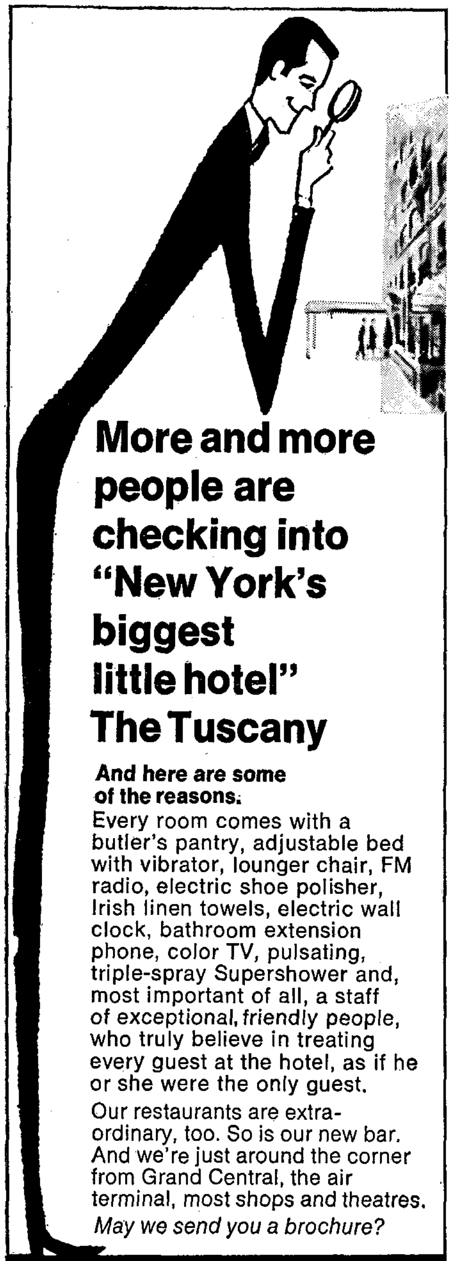

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Mills against the volleys of historical research fired at it by Anspach seems to be that it doesn't really make much difference who invented Monopoly.

It apparently does not make enough difference, at least, to justify burdening the consumers with a lot of messy details. If someone inquires about the history of Monopoly from Parker Brothers today, the official release he is sent—"The Story of Monopoly," re-copyrighted in 1977, after all of Anspach's evidence had been presented in federal court—says that Charles Darrow, hard hit by the Depression but not one to mope around feeling sorry for himself, "decided to devise a game dealing with imaginary real estate investments," and "placed a piece of oilcloth on the kitchen table and began to sketch out street names from Atlantic City. . . ." The brochure that is included in every Monopoly set sold today begins by saying, "PARKER BROTHERS Real Estate Trading Game MONOPOLY was invented during the Great Depression by Charles B. Darrow of Germantown, Pennsylvania."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Rockland (Maine) Courier Gazette*]

OWLS HEAD

Mrs. Mary Young of Reedsport, Oregon, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. David Knowlton, husband and family. Mrs. Young's father, Adrian C. Everett, was a brother of Mrs. Knowlton's father, George S. Everett. Following his marriage to Etta Payson of Hope, Adrian and his wife lived in the old family homestead (Samuel Everett's property), which at that time was situated some distance in back of the George Everett place, now owned by the Charles Rowlings. (The old family homestead was later destroyed by fire.) Children of the couple were Evelyn, Hazel and David. David died in infancy.

Following the death of his first wife, Adrian later married Mary Elizabeth Hicks, whose relatives lived in the house now owned by the James Turners on the Owls Head-'Keag Road.

The family moved to Grand View, Washington, where Mary (Mrs. Young) was born about a month after their arrival. There were also two sons of this marriage, Adrian and Theodore. Another cousin visiting at the Knowlton home during Mrs. Young's visit was Mrs. Barbara Sisson of South Portland. Mrs. Sisson is the former Barbara Johnson; her mother was Amelia Everett, sister of Adrian and George. Mrs. Knowlton and Mrs. Young have been busy looking up family genealogy. Anyone having any information might call Mrs. Knowlton.

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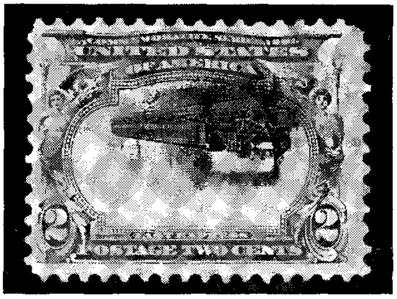

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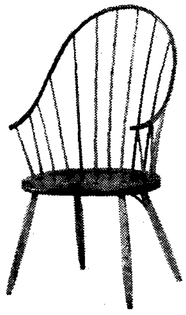

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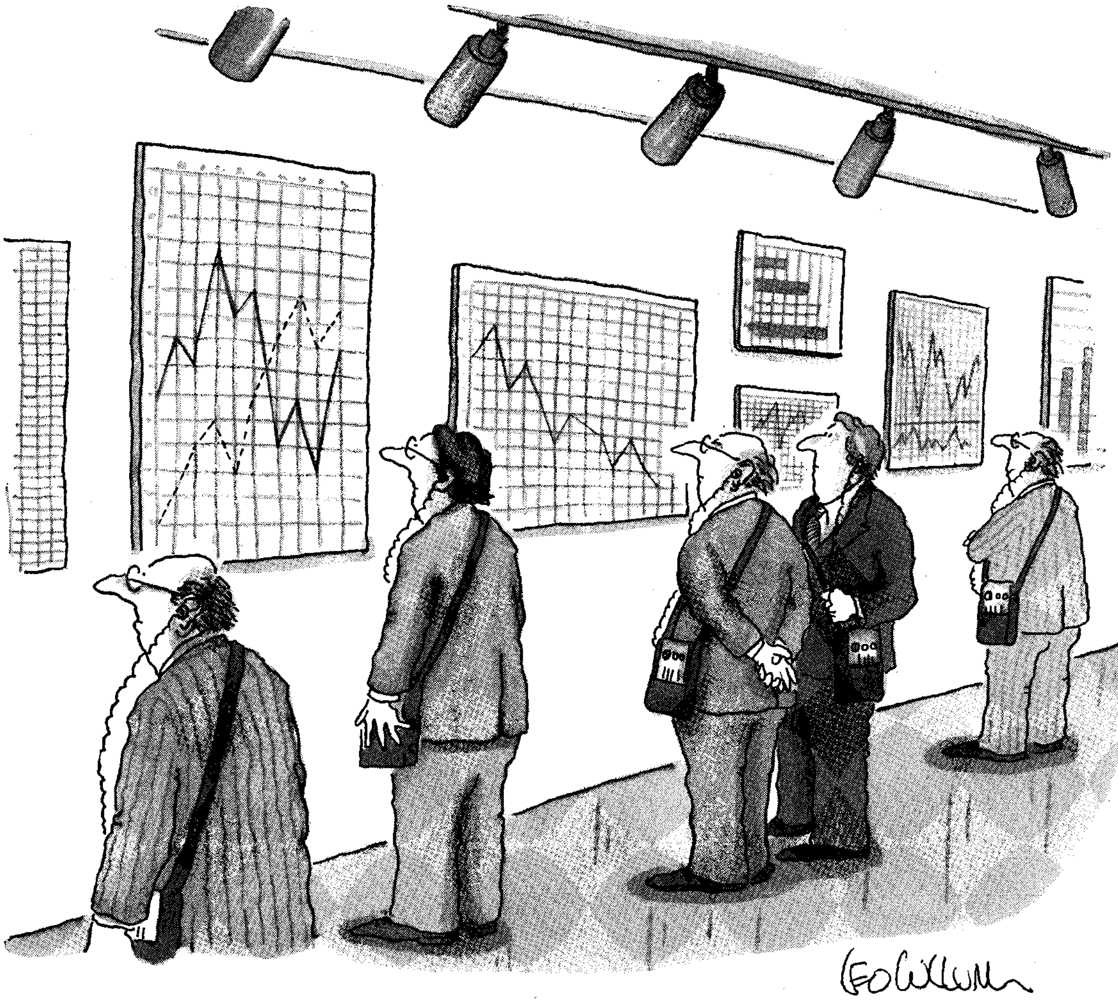
MUSICAL EVENTS

Renaissance

IF in these pages I have written seldom about performances of music earlier than that of the seventeenth century, it is not through lack of interest but because most performances I have attended here have struck me as hardly worth writing about—inexpertly executed, or executed by tiny forces in spaces too large for the music to tell. It made better sense to stay at home in the recorded company of the Early Music Consort, Musica Reservata, the Consort of Musicke, and the many other ensembles that have turned medieval and Renaissance music into a household sound. "Early music"—that catch-all term for compositions from about the eighth to the eighteenth century—is big on the contemporary scene. One sign of that is the flourishing of the quarterly magazine *Early Music*, published by the Oxford University Press (from a London house that once belonged to the bishops of Ely), and the second most lavishly produced of all music periodicals. (First place must be given to *About the House*, the magazine of the Friends of Covent Garden.) In the January, 1976, issue of *Early Music*, its editor reflected on "When will the early-music bubble burst?"—a question in the air at a time when, in his words, "night after night in London both the Queen Elizabeth Hall and the Purcell Room are thronged with audiences responsive to the larger-scale masterpieces, such as the Monteverdi Vespers, or to the marvellous variety of programmes that unfolds nightly of the less charted regions." The messiah of the movement was David Munrow, the director of the Early Music Consort, a virtuoso player of several wind instruments, and a popular star who opened people's ears and minds to early music in much the way that Isadora once opened people's eyes and minds to dance. He reached wider audiences than had his predecessors in the field—Noah Greenberg, John Beckett. He made many records. The latest to be published in this country, by Angel, is "Renaissance Suite," Munrow's score for the Joël Santoni film about bicycle racing, "La Course en Tête," in which branles from Michael Praetorius's "Terpsichore" (1612) accompany "They're off!" and a basse-danse from Tielman Susato's "Danserye" (1551) represents "On the road." Another Angel record, "Henry VIII and His Six Wives," is the sound track of a BBC production that brought Tudor music on Tudor instruments to many a television loudspeaker. There is, of course, a danger that early music may be debased to medieval Muzak—but Munrow was an educator as well as an entertainer. Although he put communication before authenticity, he knew his styles and had a rare gift for finding treasure in the midden of past centuries. With passionate, infectious enthusiasm, he would lead listeners from some attractive, dancing apéritif to music of solemn grandeur or of intimate spiritual intensity. He gave his last concert—"Monteverdi's Contemporaries," due to be issued soon on record by Angel—in May, 1976. The next day, he killed himself. He was thirty-three.

The early-music bubble has not burst—as a glance at the articles, advertisements, and activity reports in the latest *Early Music* will show. In May last year, there was a conference, chaired by Howard Mayer Brown, Professor of Music at the University of Chicago and editor of Oxford's Early Music Series, on the Future of Early Music in Britain. Performers, publishers, instrument-makers, and people from the Arts Council and the BBC (two bodies whose funding makes so many performances possible) assembled to exchange views. Mr. Brown has long urged that the music colleges should set standards as high for their lute, viol, and recorder graduates as for pianists, violinists, and flutists, and should "institute a supporting programme of instruction that will prepare their [early-music] students satisfactorily for a demanding professional life." It will hardly be denied that our conservatories devote most of their technical instruction to a single century of music's long history, or that music of



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before about 1850—Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert—is taught mainly on instruments of the Romantic era (except where harpsichordists and organists are concerned). But the number of skillful early-music performers increases. The calendar of their recitals in and around New York (assembled monthly in the *Early Music Newsletter*, published by the New York Recorder Guild) grows long. In and around Boston, early music is even more prominent. (The corresponding Boston calendar is published by the Musical Instruments Collection of the Museum of Fine Arts.) No new Greenberg, no American Munrow has yet emerged—no single popular Pied Piper (under that title Munrow had an afternoon radio show for children which drew a devoted adult following) to set crowds running merrily after the wonderful music with shouting and laughter. But several times this season Alice Tully Hall has been thronged with audiences responsive to a variety of early-music programs.

THE hall, with its bleak foyer and (except when the organ is revealed) plain wood-slat auditorium, is not a very jolly place, and it is unresonant, but at recent concerts something has been done to cheer it. When the New York Renaissance Band played there last week, it did so from a kind of bandstand erected on the platform, decked with blue bunting, flanked by palms, fringed by ferns, and brightly lit by more than the usual, vertical light, which leaves performers' eyes in shadow. (But the men all dressed in their customary suits of solemn black, which dulled the effect.) The band, directed by Sally Logemann, had twelve players, who, with instrument changes, formed quartets of shawms, recorders, dulcians, and crumhorns, a cornett-sackbut quartet, a pair of violas da gamba, lute, and percussion. The program was nicely planned: a Susato suite as apéritif; from Italy, a late-fifteenth-century group based on Heinrich Isaac and Josquin des Prez; a Kyrie and set of basse-danses based on the tune "La Spagna." Then, after the intermission, a mixed bag from Italy, with grandeur in the form of a Frescobaldi eight-part canzona and virtuosity from the lutenist, Marc Prensky, in a Francesco da Milano fantasy; and a final group based on cismontane Isaac and Josquin. Much of the fare would have been familiar to record collectors: Josquin's "Scaramella" and Isaac's "Donna, di dentro dalla tua casa" have been at least four times recorded, and

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that Alonso de Mudarra lute fantasy "imitating the harp as played by Ludovico" at least six times (usually on the guitar). The Top Twenty on the Renaissance hit parade remain pretty constant. But each group makes them sound different.

The most evident difference between otherwise comparable British and American ensembles—the Early Music Consort and the New York Renaissance Band, the Fires of London and Speculum Musicae, the London Symphony and the Chicago Symphony—is that the former *show* their enjoyment in their music-making, while the latter tend to treat concerts as solemn, formal occasions. Smiles of pleasure on an American platform—at the sound, at the music, at some neatly turned phrase—are rare. Of the Renaissance Band players, only one of the cornettists and one of the violists really *looked* happy. I'm not sure whether the difference of demeanor makes any difference to the execution, whether it could be heard in a recording, although I suspect it does and could. I am sure that it does make a difference to an audience's response. One would not want all concerts to be "hosted" with the bonny, beaming, chatterbox informality of Charles Wadsworth at those of the Chamber Music Society; but one reason for going to a concert instead of staying at home with records is the sense it provides of shared experience. Moreover, people attend early-music concerts to learn as well as to listen. At this one, there were interesting and useful program notes by Richard Taruskin, and texts and translations of the sung numbers were included. But they were imperfectly reproduced from small, single-spaced typewriting, and the hall lighting was so faint that to follow them needed concentration that should be given to the music itself. Charge a dollar more for entry if necessary (tickets were only six-fifty), and use it to insure that the work of the artists and the music they perform make their full effect.

However, the band did avoid dangers that Mr. Brown has described as "imposing modern standards of showmanship derived at least partly from the demands of the box office" and seeking to "titillate the modern jaded palate with a series of exotic noises from the past." Marchetto Cara's frottola "Non è tempo d'aspettare" sung by Jeffrey Gall, lute-accompanied, became almost a different piece from—less bouncy, less brilliant, but not less attractive than—the one heard on the Early Mu-

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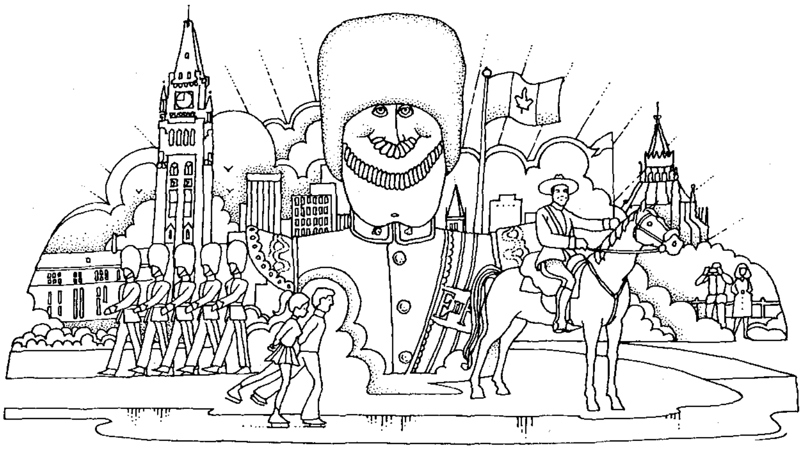

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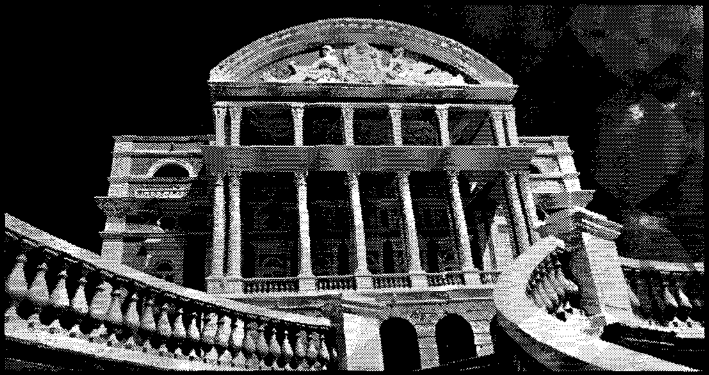

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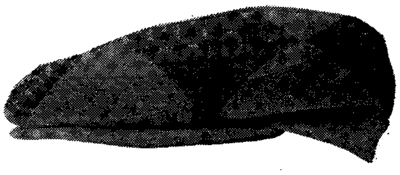

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sic Consort's Nonesuch record "The Pleasures of the Royal Courts," where the voice is brightly accompanied by shawm, fiddle, viol, and harpsichord. The lack of violence in the band's playing was most taking, and it did not preclude liveliness, dancing rhythms, or tangy timbres. Balance was unfailingly excellent, within each family of instruments, in dialogues between them, and in broken consorts. They sounded as if they were enjoying themselves. It was a good concert.

TWO days earlier, the Concert Royal Orchestra performed J. S. and C. P. E. Bach and early Haydn in the hall, and was joined by the New York Baroque Dance Company in a Georg Muffat dance suite. But the twentieth century beckoned over at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and I missed them. Earlier that week, the Ensemble for Early Music, directed by Frederick Renz, put on an evening of "Renaissance Revels." The ensemble—two singers and three players—was joined by the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble (its own spelling), the Early Music String Band, two more singers and a percussionist, and the Terpsichore Early Dance Ensemble. As if in emulation of Town Hall, Tully Hall sported a tapestry hung above the platform. It was a lightweight evening of pleasant entertainment, mostly from the early seventeenth century, offered without explanations and without Italian texts. But afterward, in the foyer, Julia Sutton, the director of Terpsichore, invited the audience to learn some of the old steps.

THAT afternoon, in Corpus Christi Church, a good place in which to hear early music, the New York Tudor Consort had offered a modest and pleasing recital. Brenda Fairaday, accompanied by baroque flutes, recorders, and violas da gamba, a harpsichord, and an organetto in varying combinations, sang a group of early-sixteenth-century Italian pieces, a group from the seventeenth century (Monteverdi and Steffani), and then an extended Purcell anthology. Miss Fairaday has a sweet, limpid tone; she is gentle in manner and fluent in divisions. There is no trace of what Mr. Brown once called the "Musica Reservata holler"—that open, uncovered, very direct, almost raw kind of vocal production. I remember eavesdropping while some French students, during the intermission of a Musica Reservata concert in the Sainte-Chapelle, approached Jantina Noorman, the vocalist with the group, to ask her, almost with awe, how she produced the sounds she did. And her reply: "I just open my mouth and scream." She demonstrated. Miss Noorman (who, incidentally, sings this week in the Early Music Series of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts) simplified; it is a cultivated and disciplined kind of "screaming" that she emits. One could do with a touch more hollering in most of the early-music vocalism one hears around New York—less English-choirboy refinement, more of the Montserrat (the monastery, not the diva), or Mediterranean-brat, timbre. And one could do with stronger sounding of the words. There were no texts for Miss Fairaday's recital, and sometimes key words were unintelligible.

—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

A Historic "Otello"

ALL things considered, the greatest Otello I have ever heard was the late Giovanni Martinelli, despite the fact that I never heard his voice in its prime. His acting was so sure and his musical inflection so polished that, for me, no subsequent Otello has come near the nobility of his interpretation. The Metropolitan Opera, in conjunction with RCA Records, has issued another in its Historic Broadcast series—an "Otello" recorded on February 24, 1940, with Martinelli at fifty-four years of age. Also on the recording are Elisabeth Rethberg, Lawrence Tibbett (both in *their* prime), and such other stalwarts as Alessio De Paolis and George Cehanovsky. The conductor is Ettore Panizza, and the performance is superb. Like the other releases in this series, the album is offered to anyone who contributes a hundred dollars or more to the Metropolitan Opera Fund, at the Met. The recording technique is, of course, monaural, and there are six sides (Soria Series Met 4).

A new and excellent recording of Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier" has been issued by Philips (6707 030; eight sides). Evelyn Lear is the Marschallin, Frederica von Stade the Octavian, Ruth Welting is Sophie, and Jules Bastin the Baron Ochs, with José Carreras, Derek Hammond-Stroud, James Atherton, Sophia van Sante, and Nelly Morpurgo in the other principal roles. The orchestra is the Rotterdam Philharmonic, under Edo de Waart, and the chorus that of the Netherlands Opera. This is a splendid recording with a very fine cast—

notably Mr. Bastin, who can reach those comic low notes that are beyond the scope of Otto Edelmann on von Karajan's recording of "Der Rosenkavalier" (Angel S-3563).

Otto Nicolai's "Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor" ("The Merry Wives of Windsor") has been overshadowed in recent years, except in Germany and Austria, by Verdi's masterpiece "Falstaff." But Nicolai's work is wholly delightful—melodious, and well put together from a dramatic standpoint. A good recording of it, which fills a conspicuous gap in the catalogue, has been issued (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 065; six sides). The principal roles are sung by Kurt Moll, Bernd Weikl, Siegfried Vogel, Peter Schreier, Edith Mathis, Hanna Schwarz, and Helen Donath, with the chorus of the German State Opera and the Berliner Staatskapelle, under Bernhard Klee. The performance is lovely, including, as it does, some of Germany's finest vocal talent. There is a minimum of spoken German dialogue.

Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," another welcome addition to the catalogue, has been recorded with an outstanding cast, including Anna Moffo, Placido Domingo, Pablo Elvira, Cesare Siepi, and Ryland Davies, along with the London Symphony Orchestra, Nello Santi conducting (RCA ARL2-1945; four sides). "L'Amore" has always been a rather special opera—a sort of robust, Italian "Pelléas"—and this recording does it full justice. Siepi, in particular, sings with a youthful resonance that is pleasant to hear in a veteran.

Recent additions to the catalogue of effective but rarely performed operas continue: Franco Leoni's "L'Oracolo," once a marvellous war-horse for Antonio Scotti, has been revived by Richard Bonynge, in a recording on which Tito Gobbi sings the part of the villainous Chim-Fen (London OSA 12107; four sides). Those who heard the work in Scotti's time will remember that the action takes place in San Francisco's Chinatown. Joan Sutherland, in a lyric role, Richard Van Allan, Ryland Davies, Clifford Grant, Huguette Tourangeau, and Ian Caley appear as the other principals, along with the John Alldis Choir, the Finchley Children's Music Group, and the National Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Bonynge. Though the score is a little on the thin side, there are some nice arias, and the performance could not be better. The final side also contains some music that Leoni wrote for a play called "The Prayer of

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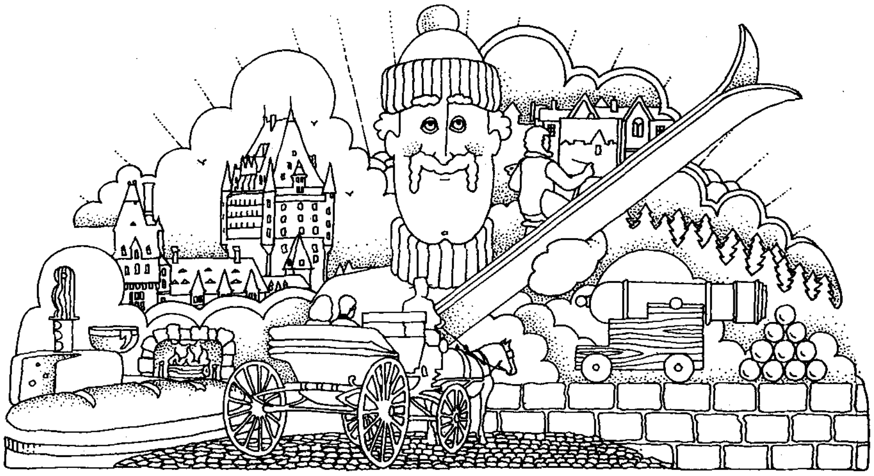

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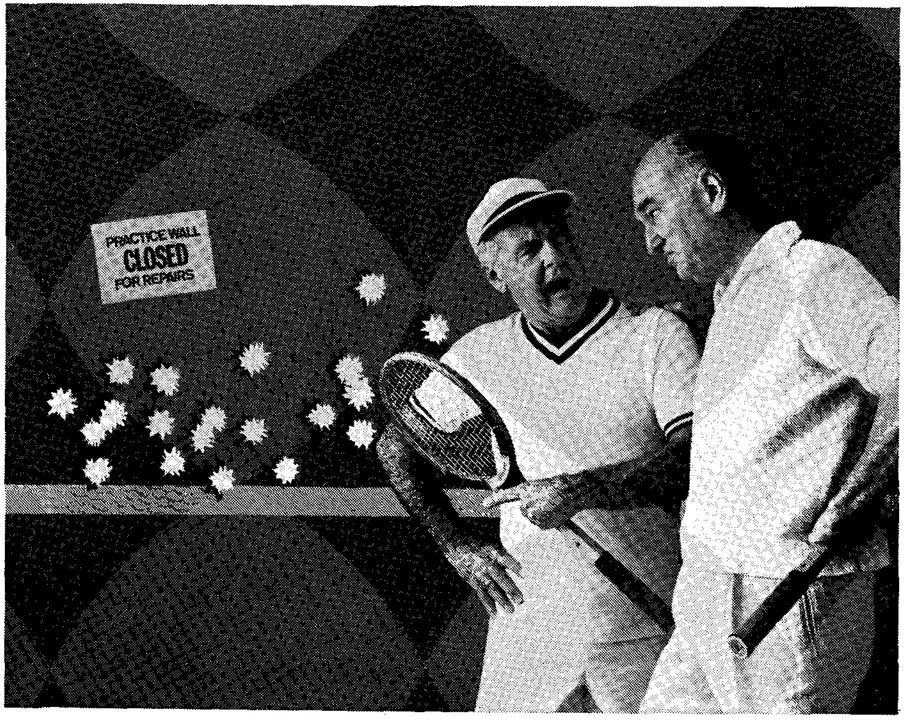

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the Sword," and it turns out to be not very interesting.

If there is a contemporary conductor and orchestra just right for "The Flying Dutchman," it is Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony—Solti because of the intensity of his conducting, and the Chicagoans because they are the best orchestra in the country. This combination is present on a recording of Wagner's early masterpiece which has Norman Bailey as the Dutchman, and Janis Martin, René Kollo, Martti Talvela, Werner Krenn, and Isola Jones in the other roles (London OSA 13119; six sides). The opera is given a rousing performance.

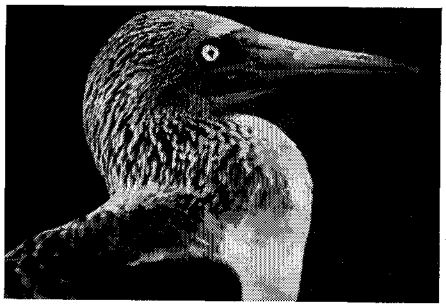
CONCERTOS for piano and orchestra by the contemporary Spanish composers Carlos Surinach and Xavier Montsalvatge are performed by Alicia de Larrocha, accompanied by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, on a record issued by London (CS 6990; single disc). The works are tuneful and vigorous, and Miss de Larrocha plays them as only a master of the Spanish style can.

Pieces by Liszt, Satie, Chopin, Debussy, Rachmaninoff, Schumann, Schubert, Bach, and Ben-Haim—a rather heterogeneous program—are performed by the Israeli pianist Ilana Vered on a disc released by London Phase 4 (SPC 21156; single). Miss Vered has temperament and technique, but she uses too much pedal, and her approach seems to me superficial.

Vassili Sergeievitch Kalinnikov's First Symphony in G Minor, a melodious and engaging work somewhat in the manner of Tchaikovsky, is performed by the State Academic Orchestra, under Yevgeny Svetlanov (Columbia/Melodiya M 34523; single). The reading is affectionate and dramatic. "Songs of Our Days," a symphonic cycle for strings, organ, four trumpets, and percussion by Andrei Petrov, appears on another Columbia/Melodiya disc (M 34526). It is remarkably progressive for a work by a Soviet composer, but I'm afraid I find it a bit noisy.

Sviatoslav Richter, the Russian spellbinder, is heard in Beethoven's Piano Sonatas Nos. 1 and 7 (Angel S-37266; single). Mr. Richter's performances are, as usual, inspired and evocative.

THE Musical Heritage Society has recently issued a good part of the work of the Hungarian-American composer Tibor Serly on five single discs.



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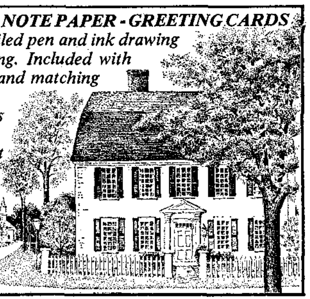

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Serly is the inventor of a system called Modus Lascivus, in which thirds are piled on each other to produce new chord combinations, and some think that the system solves the problems of where music goes from here. Serly was a friend and pupil of the late Béla Bartók, and his music has a distinct flavor, whether it is simply diatonic or written in the far reaches of Modus. After hearing all the music on these records, I find it difficult not to regard Serly as one of the most original and powerful composers writing in America today. One of the five records is given over to orchestral and chamber works, with Emanuel Vardi, viola; Grace Harrington and Pauline Vardi, piano; and the Vienna Volksoper Orchestra (MHS 3590). Here Serly's work is comparatively simple and melodious. Another of the records, devoted to vocal and orchestral works, presents the mezzo-soprano Carolyn Stanford, the Kunstmaand Chamber Orchestra of Holland, and the Vienna Volksoper Orchestra (MHS 3447). It includes a number of songs, the String Symphony in Four Cycles, and the "Lament" for Béla Bartók. The third contains Serly's "Concertino 3 x 3" for Piano and Orchestra (Miriam Molin is the pianist) and his Wind Symphony No. 2 in Two Movements for Woodwinds, Brass, and Percussion, performed by the Master Virtuosi of London and the Vienna Symphony, under Mr. Serly himself (MHS 3360). Of the two remaining records, one is devoted to the Concerto for Viola and Orchestra, the Concerto for Violin, and the Wind Symphony, along with something called "Dulcissima Mia Vita," by Gesualdo, arranged by Serly (MHS 3306). These are performed by Emanuel Vardi, viola and violin, and the wind instruments of the Vienna Symphony, again conducted by Serly. The last record contains Serly's Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra, along with Bartók's last work—his Concerto No. 3 for Piano and Orchestra—as completed by Serly. (Bartók left the concerto in fragmentary form.) It is performed by the composer's widow, Ditta Pasztory Bartók, pianist, and the Vienna Symphony, Serly once more conducting. The Serly concerto is performed by the Vienna Volksoper Orchestra, also under the composer's baton, with Geza Frid and Luctor Ponse, pianists (MHS 3337). All these compositions show a great variation in idiom, from conventional to atonal, and when Mr. Serly writes atonally (as he does, for example, in the first part of the "Concertino 3 x 3"), one can be sure that his writing has a sound theoretical foundation.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

• •

VULCAN

The old mechanic at the service station,
silver before his slowly cancelled fire,
said he had two at home like her. She told him—
blue-eyed, bearded, grimy as he was—
that she was getting on. Mercedes-Benz
and Jaguars hummed coolly past, appointed
by him like candescent stars.
Resigned, he helped her through the waiting wall.
They fell together like the snow.

He took her through the windy agora
of Europe, skirting forgeries in flesh,
into a close of cameo and mute faience.
Keeping by him, seeing through his eyes
what he had seen too long—lindens,
cornices, and pools, staring palaces,
secretive châteaux, the cities where
he'd yearned for Picardy and, there,
tooled priceless hunting paths to stalk—
she knew she was done in.
Illumined to her bony cord
(another gem beneath his gaze)
she gave on hollow sky. Their love grew clear
but insurmountable. Turned against him

in the streets she hugs his Dorian neck and weeps.

—MARY KINZIE

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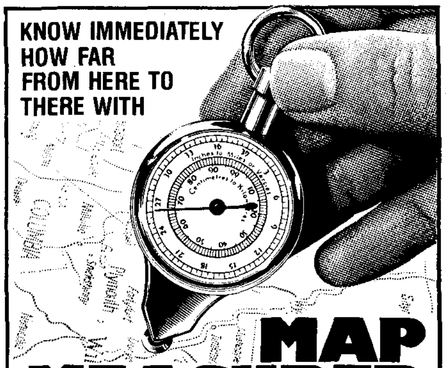

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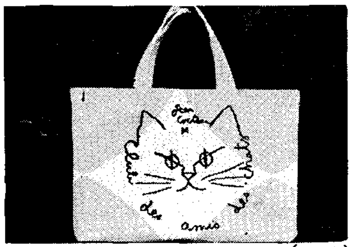

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THE RACE TRACK

Two Thrillers at Hialeah

MRS. ROBERT LEHMANN'S Run Dusty Run, who didn't have much luck in the classics for three-year-olds in 1977, won the $100,000 Hialeah Challenge Cup Invitational on January 28th after a dingdong battle. Ridden by Brumfield, he beat Silver Series by a nose. This was the race that was written for Seattle Slew a year ago. Slew has had his problems since then, however. Now Mickey Taylor, one of his owners, says that the animal has never been in better health, that he will continue racing, and that he will not be syndicated—even though Taylor has had an offer of fifteen million dollars to syndicate him and retire him to the stud. Instead, Taylor said, Slew will be pointed for the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park in May and then for the two others of the Big Three—the Suburban and the Brooklyn.

August Belmont IV's Quadratic turned in a spectacular performance the following Wednesday in the Bahamas Stakes. He stumbled forward coming out of the starting gate, and spectators said that his nose hit the ground. Eddie Maple, who rode him, isn't sure about that. He is even less sure how he managed to stick in the saddle as his mount stumbled. Both horse and rider recovered miraculously, and Quadratic began picking up the other runners one by one, until, at the end of the seven furlongs, he beat Slap Jack by a head on the post. It was not surprising to hear a horseplayer on the bus back to town say, "If he can repeat that, he is home free in the Kentucky Derby." "Or the Triple Crown," his seatmate replied. We'll know more about Quadratic after the Flamingo Stakes on March 4th. Ninety-four three-year-olds, including Alydar, have been nominated for it.

HOW good is Caesar's Wish? Racegoers were asking that question at Aqueduct after Sally Gibson's three-year-old filly, ridden by Wright, won the Searching Stakes there last Saturday. It was her eighth victory in her last ten starts. No doubt people are comparing her with Top Flight and First Flight, those wonder fillies C. V. Whitney had years ago. Caesar's Wish did things the hard way. She came out of the gate much the way that Quadratic did at Hialeah, and Wright, like Maple, wonders how he managed to stay on.

LAST Thursday, Bowie had a big spill. It came when the Hidden Lane Stables' mare Po Sho, ridden by Johnny Adams—the son and grandson of jockeys of that name, who are still remembered in Maryland—made a misstep going into the turn for home. Po Sho was going fast at the time, and she fell in the center of the track. She fractured a foreleg and was mercifully destroyed. Adams was picked up from under his horse and flown by helicopter to the trauma center at the University of Maryland's University Hospital in Baltimore. His condition on arrival was listed as critical, and days later he was still semi-conscious, though no longer considered critical.

THE surprise of the Sunday racing at Santa Anita last weekend was the victory of Mr. Redoy, who brought off a seven-to-one-shot victory in the running of the $230,200 Charles H. Strub Stakes. Finishing with a rush through the stretch, he won by two and a half lengths from Max Gluck's Text, who took the place by two lengths from J. O. Tobin, the favorite. Tobin, ridden by Cauthen, led by lengths in the early running but tired toward the end of the mile and a quarter. There was an inquiry, because he had drifted out in the stretch, but the stewards decided that he had not bothered any of the other runners, and allowed the placings to stand. Though Tobin had been beaten by Text in the San Fernando Stakes earlier in the meeting, the crowd of 36,645 made him the choice because he had beaten Seattle Slew by sixteen lengths in the Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park last July. Nine ran for the Strub, a memorial to the man who thought up Santa Anita.

—AUDAX MINOR

●

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Jan. 26-29 *A Fellow*, William Shakespeare, directed by Leslie Hinderyckx

—*Dialog, a publication of Northwestern University.*

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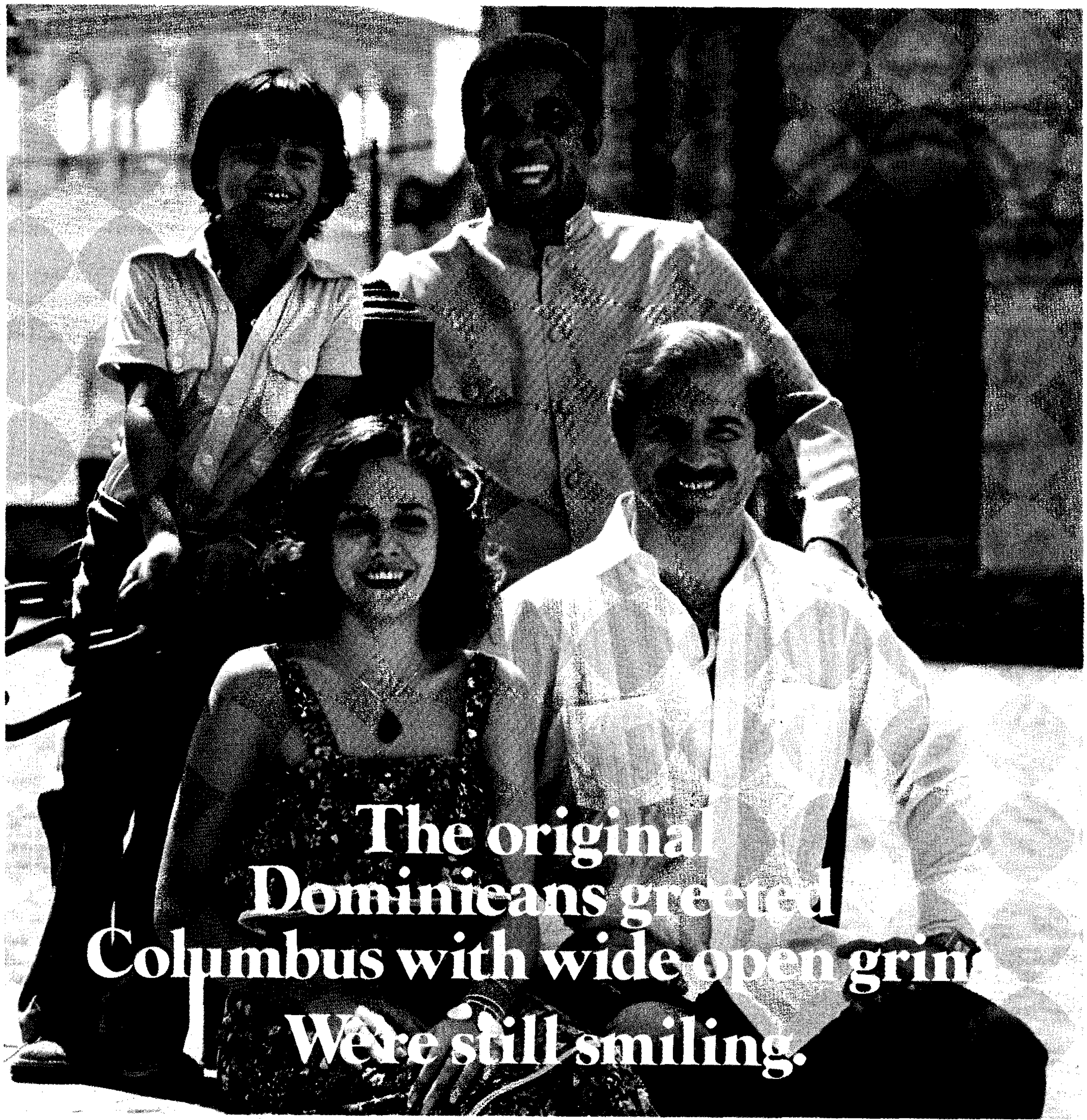
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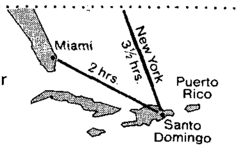

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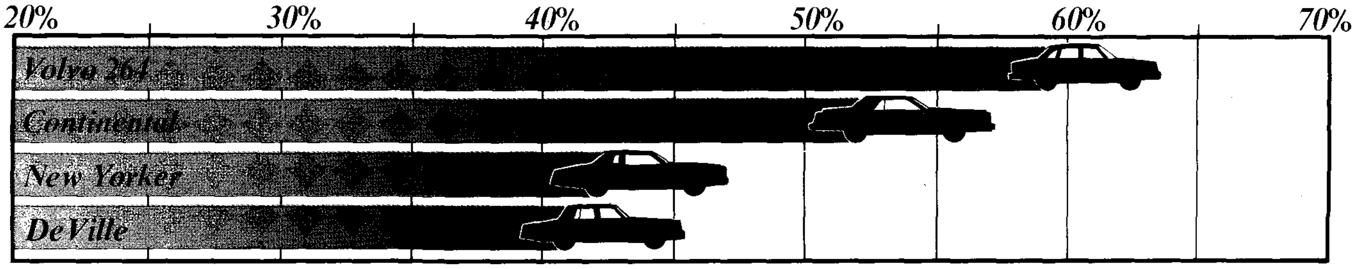

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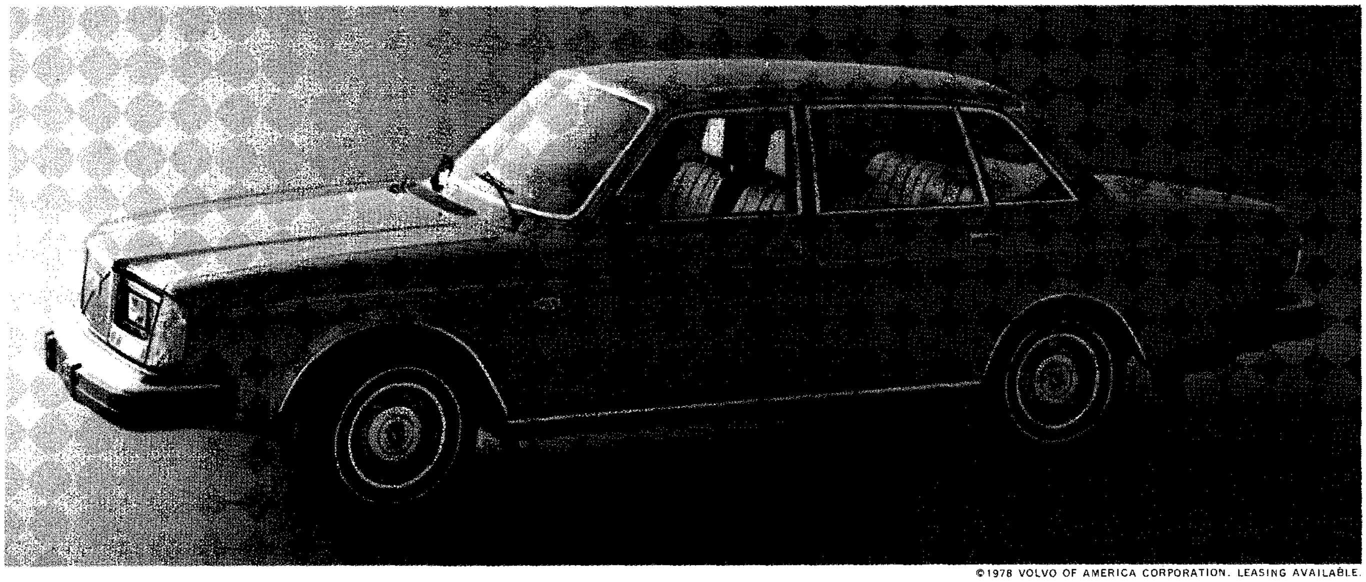

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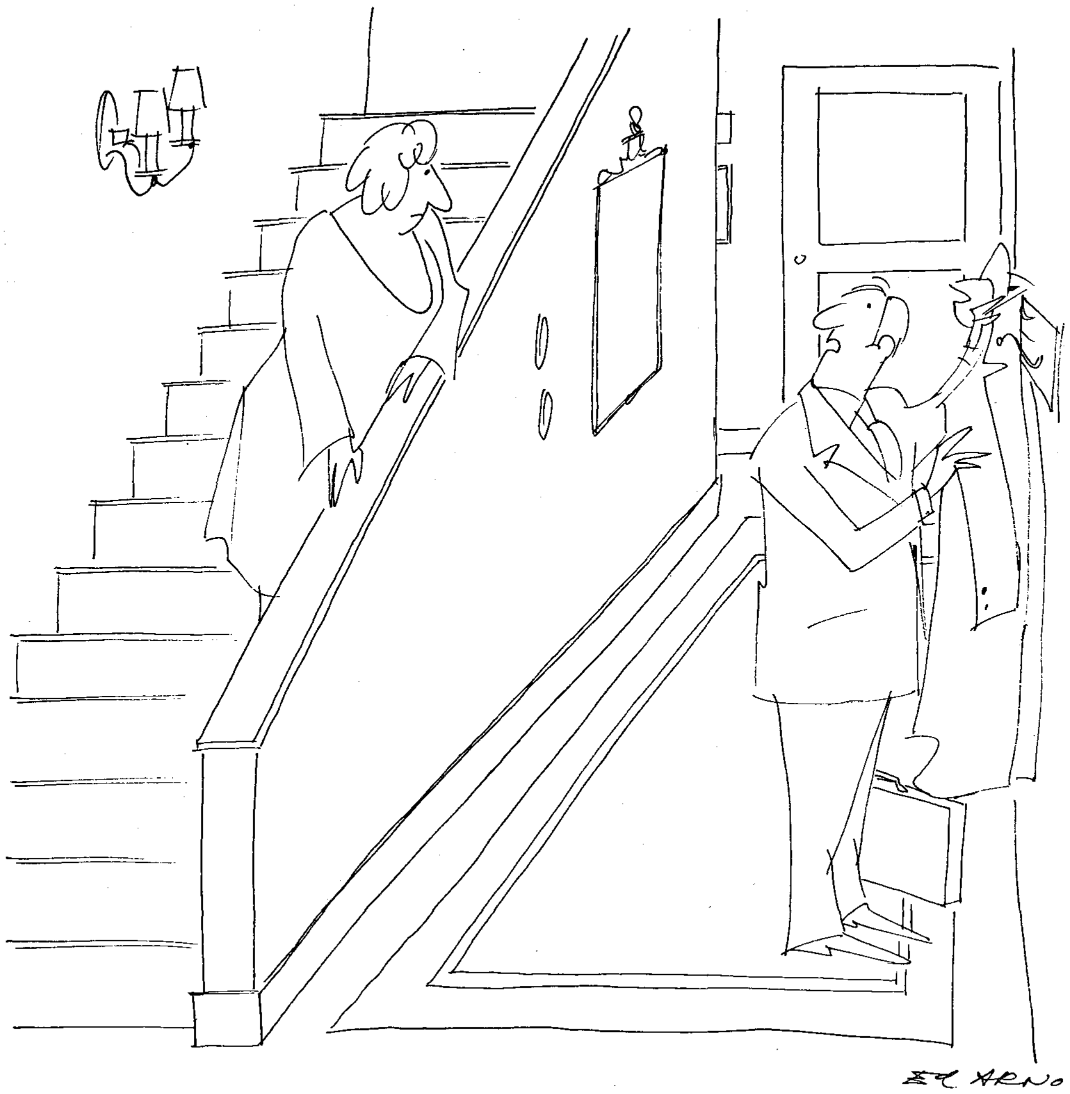
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Calvary Gig

SUPPOSE some people in their late teens or early twenties, imagining in their plain innocence that Bob Dylan is a famous composer-singer, no more, no less, go to see his film "Renaldo & Clara"—what can they make of it? During the opening titles, Dylan is heard singing "When I Paint My Masterpiece," and then we see a small man onstage performing; he wears a hat straight across his forehead, like Billy Jack, and a clear-plastic mask with a twisted big mouth and a stretched-out nose. Eventually, he pulls off the disguise and we see Dylan's scowling, impassive face, but during the three hours and fifty-two minutes of the movie Dylan puts on other masks, or paints his cheeks and nose white and then shows us the sweat pouring through the paint. The film was shot mostly in the course of a Bicentennial (1975-76) tour (the show was called the Rolling Thunder Revue), and the performance footage, with the singers and musicians lighted in strong, bright, near-psychedelic color against black or deep-blue backgrounds, is handsomely photographed and has good sound quality. But we never get the buildup of excitement that one can feel at a live performance (and sometimes at a performance film, too), because "Renaldo & Clara" keeps cutting away from the stage to ciné-ma-vérité fantasies of Dylan's life, which occupy more than two-thirds of the movie. In this material, Dylan tries some role-playing, camouflage, going incognito, and he's joined by Joan Baez, Sara Dylan, Ronee Blakley, Allen Ginsberg, Arlo Guthrie, Sam Shepard, Ramblin' Jack Elliott, Harry Dean Stanton, and a large cast of other friends and musicians, who halfheartedly assume make-believe identities. Everything circles around Dylan, who, despite his many guises, is always the same surly, mystic tease.

Although the film was made by Bob Dylan, he didn't direct it (nobody did). The cameramen are following a floating crap game—panning, zooming, frantically trying to catch whatever looks promising. And he didn't write it: the participants seem to be saying whatever comes into their heads. (Only David Blue, working a pinball machine and telling us how he first met Bob Dylan, shows an instinctive feeling for the camera, and some wit.) But Dylan must certainly have been in control of the editing. He has given himself more tight closeups than any actor can have had in the whole history of movies. They are so close you don't see the whole face—only from under the brims of his hats down to midway across the chin. His eyes are heavily lined in black, for a haunting, androgynous effect, and you get the skin blemishes, the face hair, the sweat and bad capillaries, and, when he sings, the upper lip pulling back in a snarl and the yellow teeth like a crumbling mountain range. He is overpoweringly present, yet he is never in direct contact with us—not even when he performs. We are invited to stare at the permutations of his masked and unmasked face in closeup to perceive the mystery of his elusiveness—his distance.

This is a shocking miscalculation, because, of course, Bob Dylan is no longer the oracle, perhaps not even to his entourage and his troupe of associates. In the sixties, his songs were said to have defined a generation, but what he does on the screen here is painfully out of key with the times. Where is the audience that will see him as he sees himself? He and Allen Ginsberg visit a Catholic grotto in Lowell, Massachusetts, and as they examine the glassed-in sculptures, Ginsberg, in the role of The Father, explains the Stations of the Cross to him. Dylan's songs include his own "What Will You Do When Jesus Comes?" and "Knockin' on Heaven's



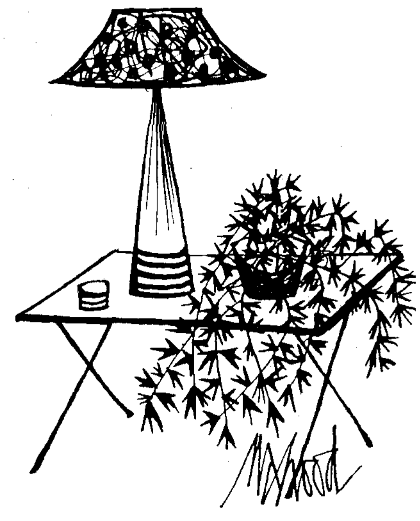
"Well, you can stop lecturing me about my will to fail. I've failed."

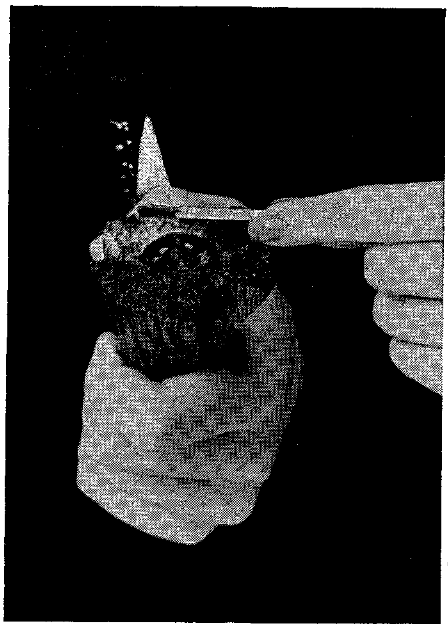
Door.” A street philosopher holding forth in a diner says, “The people still love Dylan and they’ll still follow Dylan.” And wherever Dylan goes—visiting Kerouac’s grave and observing, “I want to be in an unmarked grave,” or tramping in the Vermont snow in his Chassidic-pathfinder costume—there is an aura about him. The camera keeps saying: This is no ordinary man who walks among you. In one sequence, he pays a visit to the Tuscarora Indians, and receives homage with a humility unrivalled by Jeffrey Hunter in “King of Kings.” It’s not just people previously unexposed to Dylan who are likely to be repelled by his arrogant passivity; even those who idolized him in the sixties may gag a little.

The Bob Dylan they responded to was a put-on artist. He was derisive, and even sneering, but in the sixties that was felt to be a way of freaking out those who weren’t worthy of being talked to straight. Implicit in the put-on was the idea that the Establishment was so fundamentally dishonest that dialogue with any of its representatives (roughly, anyone who wore a tie) was debased from the start. And Dylan was a counterculture hero partly because of the speed and humor of his repartee. (*Playboy:* “Did you ever have the standard boyhood dream of growing up to be President?” Dylan: “No. When I was a boy, Harry Truman was President. Who’d want to be Harry Truman?”) In “Renaldo & Clara,” his mocking spirit is just bad news: he’s a sour messiah. After you’ve watched him for a few hours, in his medicine-man paint, his superannuated hippie clothes, and the big hats that sprout feathers and flowers and plumes, you may begin to wonder if his visionary doubletalk isn’t just another form of the usual show-biz patter of people who keep looking back. The chief duty of David Blue’s monologues at the pinball machine is to give us the legend of how things used to be, in the sixties—to place Dylan in history for those who never knew or have forgotten. When Blue explains how Dylan came to write “Blowin’ in the Wind,” it’s not very different from Comden and Green onstage reminiscing about their great days, the fifties.

In recent years, in Hollywood, industry executives have been dumbfounded to discover that awesomely rich singers and TV stars will take a financial loss for a shot at the movies. Even for people whose faces and voices are known to many more millions than ever went out to the pictures, working in the movies still represents the real glamour and the real challenge. And artists whose reputations might suggest that they are above such dreams may also want to be movie stars. At the extreme, for Bob Dylan, as for Norman Mailer, stardom isn’t enough. Though these artists don’t—can’t—give to moviemaking the struggle to find their way which went into their primary art, they take on the burden of the filmmaker as well as of the star. Except for a streak of messianism, Mailer’s writing and Dylan’s songs could hardly be more different, but when these men turn to film the results are startlingly similar. For all Mailer’s theoretical bullslinging about how movies should be made, and for all Dylan’s forlorn holiness, they both set themselves in the center of a group of friends, admirers, old flames, and flunkies, and, while cinéma-vérité camera crews keep shooting, they playact identity games. It’s what Louis and Marie Antoinette might have done at Versailles if only they’d had the cameras.

Like Mailer, Dylan is an artist who intended to do something in advance of conventional movies—more poetic, more “true”—yet “Renaldo & Clara,” like Mailer’s “Wild 90,” “Beyond the Law,” and “Maidstone,” is marked by an *absence* of artistic intelligence. The picture hasn’t been thought out in terms of movement or a visual plan. Dylan merely gives his actor friends some clues as to what he’d like them to do, and they improvise, without reference to what has gone before or what will follow. Thousands upon thousands of feet of film are exposed, and then editors, with “the filmmaker” supervising, try to cut it all into some sort of shape. It’s a lazy, profligate way to make a movie; the technicians are forced to try to compensate for the fact that nobody has done the thinking. There were four camera crews working simultaneously on “Renaldo &





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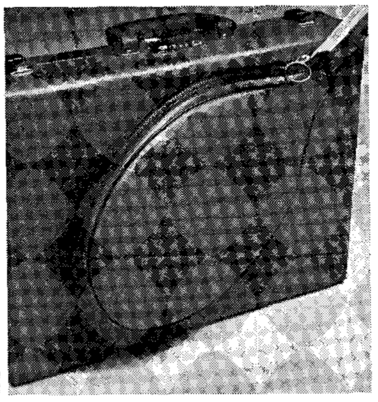
"Clara," and, with the compositions left to the cameramen, there's no overall clarity of style.

Dylan has been involved with movies at least since the mid-sixties; "Don't Look Back," in which he starred (and which his manager helped produce), was about his 1965 tour of Britain, and showed him as a sensitive artist harassed by people who didn't understand his art. He put them on mercilessly, and squelched them with satisfaction. "Renaldo & Clara" has the same ridicule of outsiders (in one sequence, the elderly women at a poetry reading are rattled by a hipster's deadpan remarks introducing Allen Ginsberg); the same self-protective way of tossing out thoughts (one can never be sure whether Dylan means what he says); and the same sweet-Jesus liberalism (in "Don't Look Back," the footage of the British tour was interrupted by a sequence of Dylan playing for Mississippi sharecroppers, while in "Renaldo & Clara" the footage of the Rolling Thunder tour is interrupted by man-on-the-street interviews with black people about the Rubin Carter case, which seem included to show us that Bob Dylan cares more about black people than they do themselves). "Renaldo & Clara" is a continuation of "Don't Look Back;" it hasn't solved any of that film's problems, it just extends them over almost three times the length. In movies, you can force connections in the cutting room and think you're using associational editing, but the result may still affect viewers as random footage spliced together. The variable color values in "Renaldo & Clara" and the frequent returns to situations that one thought were finished (for example, to the philosopher and the other men in the diner talking about God's work and what truth is and how "if you follow Bob long enough, maybe you can translate these things," or to scenes with several of the women dressed up as hooker senoritas and talking over life's problems) add to the feeling of randomness. "Renaldo & Clara" doesn't take form in the mind, like a movie, even though one can discern the thematic links. They're not hard to spot, so many of them are Biblical.

No matter how skillfully the footage is cut, there's still a basic discrepancy in using hand-held or shoulder-mounted lightweight cinéma-vérité equipment on acted scenes, and this is particularly apparent when they take place in small rooms. The falseness of the amateur-theatricals acting here is compounded by the fact that the cameramen are



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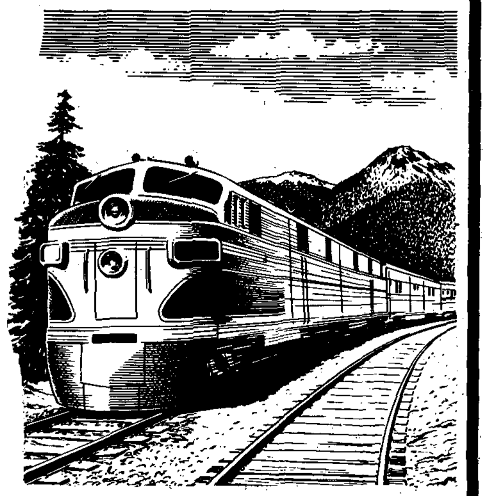

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bouncing around as if they were shooting a news event. In most Hollywood films, the danger is of setups so patterned that the film is static; the danger in this kind of film is that, with the camera necessarily active, the movement will be jumpy. In a backstage scene in which Ronee Blakley and Steven Soles act out a quarrel, the camera is a jackrabbit leaping from wall to wall, chasing the action. This sequence is so glaringly bad both as improvisation and in terms of film technique that one wonders why Dylan put it in. But it's followed by Ronee Blakley onstage singing her own song "Need a New Sun Rising," and then one can guess why. Singing in a rougher, more passionately all-out style than in "Nashville," she gives the film a fresh, reckless energy that makes the other performers and Dylan himself seem jaded, familiar. Was the quarrel scene, in which she comes across as a completely undesirable woman, stuck in just ahead of her number to sabotage it? The other women in the movie keep their place; the saintly filmmaker may be putting Ronee Blakley in hers.

Sara Dylan has a flirtation scene with Sam Shepard that is like a cinéma-vérité nightmare. She goes through womanly-wisdom routines while he plays the juvenile, and you feel it will never end. Slender and smiling, Joan Baez is pleasantly relaxed (except when she does an arch parody of a gypsy accent). She never takes what's going on seriously enough to be embarrassing; playing something called The Woman in White, she just seems to be humoring Dylan. But her slightly blank, ironic offhandedness makes the viewer feel a fool for watching, and she does more necking than singing. Part of Dylan's psychodrama here involves a triangle—hot revelations about his past life with Sara Dylan and Joan Baez. With the improvisational techniques he's using, what is revealed amounts to this: Baez has a soliloquy on the sound track about wanting somebody. (The women in this movie are very hard up.) Then she sings a song about her relationship with Dylan, and asks him, "What do you think it would have been like if we'd gotten married?" This is capped by her switching drinks with him; they're playing Hollywood lovers for us. Somewhere toward the fourth hour, Dylan and Sara Dylan are referred to as Renaldo and Clara, and a little later we sit watching while Sara Dylan gives Dylan a little soft pawing and Baez plays the rejected other woman. And, in one howling moment, he stands between the two women and the camera

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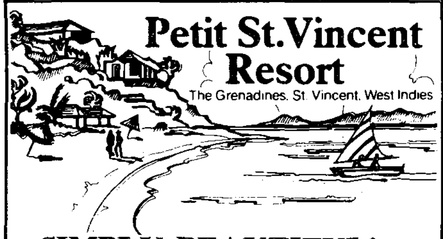

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moves down his torso, as if he were the oak tree of life. This triangle is the big number (Mailer having already played a love scene onscreen with *his* wife). Dylan tries an artistic-filmmaker device by having Sara Dylan ride in a carriage, and then step out and enter a building, to be replaced by Joan Baez, inside the building, wearing Sara's clothes. Only Dylan could imagine that either of the characters they're playing has enough identity to transfer. (And in visual terms, he picked the wrong woman for this transfer scene: in long shot, Joan Baez and Ronee Blakley look enough alike to confuse viewers.)

The pretense that Dylan is playing someone named Renaldo collapses when we see how he is received by the Tuscarora Indians. They're delighted and honored that Bob Dylan, the star, has come to visit them. And this star, who in his lyrics identifies himself with the "poet who died in the gutter" and the "clown who cried in the alley," reacts as if he were blessing them by his presence. (He wants to be buried in an unmarked grave. Of course. That's why he's made a four-hour movie about himself and his pilgrimage.) Is Dylan still so impressed by adulation? Doesn't he know that even fourth-rate actors in a TV series who rent themselves out to open a supermarket are received as if they were saviors?

—PAULINE KAEL

•

AUGUSTA, Maine (UPI)—The regional head of the U.S. Energy Department Monday said the proposed Dickey-Lincoln hydroelectric project is a viable method of providing energy and lessening New England's dependence on foreign oil.

"In the context of New England's energy posture we looked at the facts and Dickey-Lincoln appears to be a viable energy alternative," Robert W. Mitchell said in a telephone interview.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

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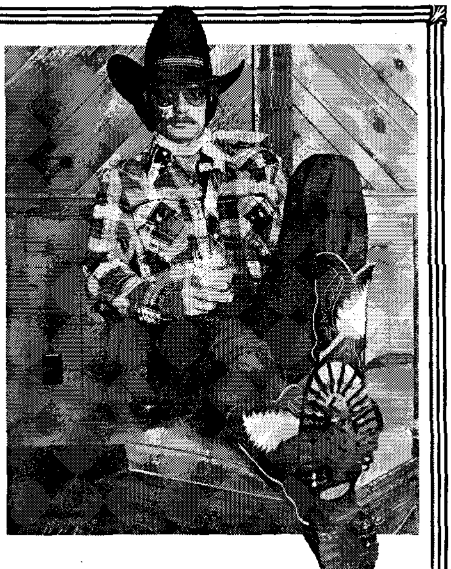
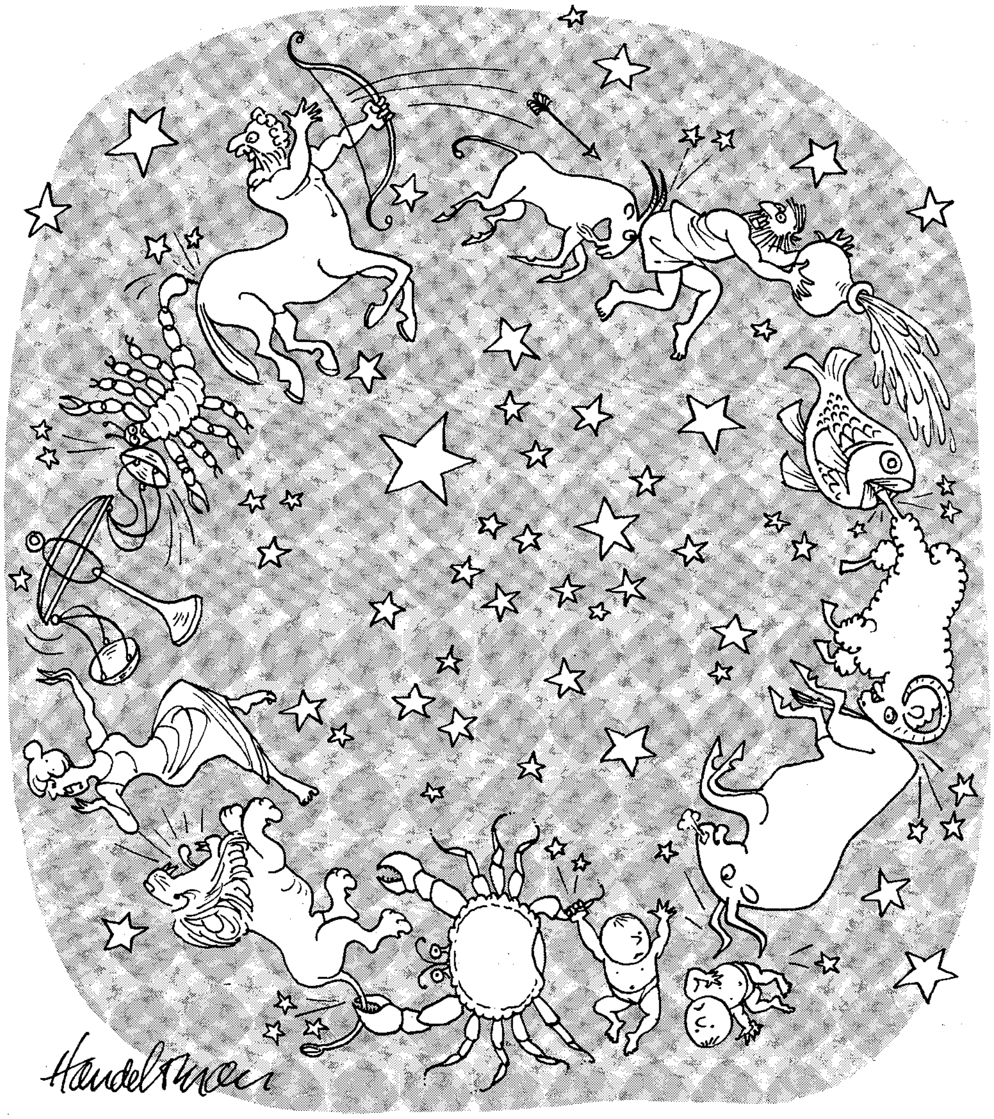


LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 4

IT is now clear that President Carter is a skipper no longer seeking El Dorado; his present aim is to keep the ship of state afloat and on course for the nearest safe harbor. The budget will not be in balance by 1981. The bureaucracy he planned to restructure and cut down to size is as ungainly and bloated today as it was in 1976. He will have to settle for a seriously compromised energy program or none at all. Comprehensive tax reform—a thorough revamping of the code he has called "a disgrace to the human race"—will be undertaken only when the proposed cuts in personal and corporate taxes have the desired (though far from assured) effect of sustaining the slow economic recovery of the last three years. It will be counted as something of an achievement if the annual rate of inflation and the level of unemployment can be held at, or slightly above, six per cent. Welfare reform must await further study and political maneuver; its leading evangel, Joseph Califano, is meanwhile busying himself as the unarmed Carry Nation of the anti-nicotine movement. Plans for national health insurance await economic recuperation, though anticipated expenditures on health, including Califano's crusade, are up by a bit more than twelve per cent—a figure higher than the comparable increase in defense spending. The "lean and tight" budget for 1979—"the first full statement of [the Administration's] priorities, policies, and proposals for meeting our national needs"—offers little to the cities; whatever additional assistance they get will have to come from a "contingency" allowance of less than two billion dollars, which is not quite one-half of one per cent of a total federal outlay of more than half a trillion. In 1976, the Democratic candidate for President committed himself to cutting the Pentagon's rations by between five and seven billion; defense spending will now rise—if Congress agrees, as Congress surely will—by more than ten billion. On the face of it, this looks like a broken promise. But Carter, who seems to have given Poor Richard an ex-officio seat on the Council of Economic Advisers, says that it is "consistent with campaign pledges to the American people," because his proposal calls for eight billion dollars less than the amount Gerald Ford planned to spend if he was returned to the Oval Office—which is rather like saying that one's wealth is increased every time one decides not to buy a white elephant.



It is commonly maintained that the Carter Presidency is right now very much like Ford's. Of the two men, Carter is intellectually the more sophisticated, the more hospitable to innovation. No doubt he is in earnest when he says, as he did in his State of the Union Message, that he seeks "fresh answers, unhindered by the stale prescriptions of the past." But there is little that is novel or innovative in the prescriptions he has been writing. He is by temperament almost as conservative as his predecessor, and he seems obsessed, as only Democratic Presidents can be, by what he sees as the need to win and hold the confidence of the business community, even at the cost of lost confidence among the liberal, labor, and black communities that supported his candidacy. (The word "community" is loosely and often misleadingly used in politics; there is not much in the way of a commonality of interests in commerce and industry, and not much more in the coalition that—narrowly—put Carter in office.) However deep Carter's concern for the poor and disadvantaged may be, he is in the grip of the Protestant ethic, which in matters other than spiritual is the business ethic. As a national leader, Carter's strengths and weaknesses are also reminiscent of Ford's. His public personality is unobtrusive, almost tranquillizing. He has many critics but no enemies. He is decent, friendly, modest, at times even humble. Though capable of guile, he appears to personify candor. Though self-assured (at times unwarrantedly so), he is the first President in memory to concede after a year in office that he has much to learn—a small consolation, perhaps, in view of all that is at stake, but a not unwelcome one after Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson. He has, as he said he would, kept in touch with the public through biweekly news conferences, frequent speeches, and impromptu appearances on television to explain and defend his decisions. All this has won him, according to a recent Gallup poll, a rating of eighty-two per cent for "trust and confidence." But approval of his performance in office was lower than that by twenty-five per cent. What, like Ford, he most conspicuously lacks is the ability to persuade; he has the manner and mannerisms of a pedagogue, but he is not an effective teacher. For the better part of a year, he has been a tireless advocate of his energy program and of the Panama Canal treaties, but he has made almost no dent in the public apathy that greeted the first or in the hostility that met the second. (If the treaties are ratified, as now seems likely, it will be a tribute not to his pleading but to a sense of responsibility on the part of the legislators, few of whom will ingratiate themselves with their constituents by supporting the President.) Having none of Franklin Roosevelt's ability to convince and cajole, he lacks not only the verve and the wit that were so large a part of John Kennedy's appeal but the manipulative skills that Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon brought to bear. His relations with Congress, which since Vietnam and Watergate has tended more and more to resist White House initiatives, and with the Democratic National Committee, which is normally the creature of a Democratic President, have been tense and at times stormy. As a candidate, he seemed a tough and resourceful politician; true, he had luck on his side—a large field of generally unappealing aspirants, a sequence of primaries that favored his candidacy—but he used it to good advantage, and he won a clean, impressive victory. In office, much of his astuteness seems to have abandoned him. His handling of the Bert Lance affair and that of David Marston—the Republican who was United States Attorney in Philadelphia and was given his walking papers while he was pursuing an investigation of alleged wrongdoing by some Pennsylvania Democrats—betrayed an astonishing lack of sensitivity on the part of a man who owed his election largely to the Watergate scandals and who had promised high standards of rectitude as well as good management in government.

Yet there is little that can be said in praise or in dispraise of Carter now that could not have been said of Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower—the only two of the six Presidents since the Second World War of whom few people are currently critical. Ford did little more than bring the Nixon years to a quiet and relatively dignified close. On the old theory that the services of certain crooked politicians are worth more

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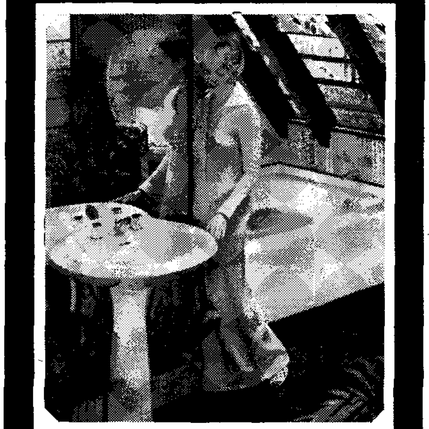

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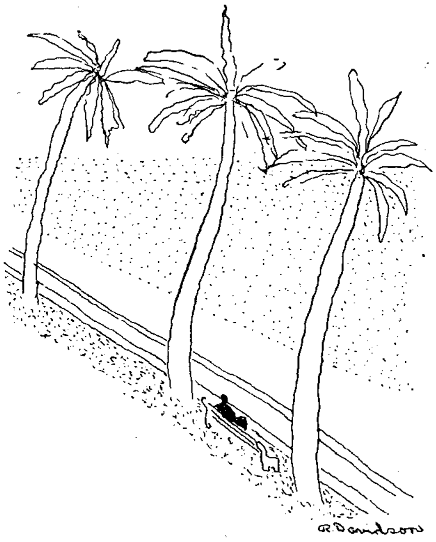
than they steal, there is an effort now on the part of some of Nixon's former associates to say that his accomplishments in foreign policy can be weighed favorably against the havoc he wrought at home. But this won't wash unless we assume that the late Hubert Humphrey would have been unable to end the war in Southeast Asia sooner, or would have been incapable of pursuing détente—Humphrey, particularly in arms control, was one of the architects of détente—or of responding to Peking's need for improved relations with Washington. Johnson was a man of large accomplishments in domestic policy, but few observers would maintain that these could compensate for the disaster in Vietnam. Kennedy's part in that wretched enterprise seems larger now than it did a decade ago, and—perhaps because he had so little time—his record, on the whole, seems meagre; the sordidness of some of his liaisons has led to disenchantment even among those who once felt that he brought a fresh and beguiling style to American political life. But Truman and Eisenhower have more admirers than detractors, and in both cases the praise they attract is for their foreign policy. Many now see the 1950-53 war in Korea as a forerunner of Vietnam—an intervention in Asia that encouraged the belief that political ends could be achieved by military means—but Truman's sponsorship of the Marshall Plan and of other efforts to rebuild Western Europe was a courageous and imaginative act of statesmanship, possibly the most constructive one in the history of modern diplomacy. Eisenhower's present reputation rests largely on the fact that he ended the war in Korea, continued Truman's European policies, and resisted the use of our armed forces in other areas, among them Vietnam, where his Secretary of State was eager to lend a hand to the beleaguered French.

Like the Carter of today, neither of these Presidents attained any of his major aims in domestic policy. In Truman's case, it was not for lack of effort. Most of the programs that Lyndon Johnson brought to completion in the middle sixties had been fought for by Truman twenty years earlier; he could not win the support either of the Republican Congress that was elected in 1946 or of the Democratic Congress that was elected, along with him, in 1948. What Eisenhower wanted more than anything else was a balanced budget; he probably couldn't have managed one even if the Republicans had controlled the House and the Senate throughout his eight years in office, but he might have come a bit closer if his military background hadn't conditioned him to think that the responsibility of a commander-in-chief ended with the issuing of instructions to subordinates and if he had had a better understanding of a government of divided powers. In any event, neither Eisenhower nor Truman (despite the latter's years in the Senate) was any more adroit than Carter in dealing with the legislative branch. Nor could either use the Presidency as a tool for educating the electorate. As speakers, both were soporific. Truman was a Democratic regular, and Eisenhower was something of an outsider; the Democratic hierarchy, however, didn't want to nominate Truman in 1948 (some leading Democrats wanted Eisenhower at the head of their ticket), and in 1952 the Republican regulars didn't want Eisenhower, much preferring Robert A. Taft, a loyalist and a kind of conservative Hubert Humphrey who had twice been denied the nomination.

"Government," Carter said in his State of the Union report, "cannot solve our problems. . . . Government cannot eliminate poverty, or provide a bountiful economy, or reduce inflation, or save our cities, or cure illiteracy, or provide energy." It seemed a succinct statement of the view that Truman, the activist, rejected and that Eisenhower embraced. (Eisenhower, though, would probably have argued that government, if it had the will, could curb inflation by reducing its own expenditures, which Republicans generally hold to be the primary way to shore up the shrinking value of the dollar.) In any case, the doctrine is one that is now widely accepted, on the left as well as on the right. To be sure, it can be maintained that while government cannot "cure" illiteracy, public education has spread literacy in our society as



private education never could. Moreover, the fuel companies in their institutional advertising are constantly telling us that government can become a partner in the production of energy, the key to a bountiful economy, by freeing the companies from those burdens of taxation and regulation that, they maintain, impede efforts to discover and develop new reserves. As for the cities, whose resources are tapped to finance wars and to subsidize agriculture, there is no agency apart from government for them to look to for relief; without government money, urban rehabilitation will never become a growth industry. Still, there is widespread agreement with the propositions that it is futile to look to government for answers to most of the large social and economic problems the country faces and that much of what government does makes bad situations worse. The interstate-highway network—Eisenhower's one enduring monument—disrupted urban life and, by speeding the deterioration of mass transit, contributed to our present dependence on imported oil; the welfare system undeniably reduced suffering, but it also disrupted family life, enlarged the ranks of the structurally unemployed and the unemployable, and created an elephantine bureaucracy that has a stake in the perpetuation of the cumbersome apparatus it maintains and is maintained by. Thus, it may be that Carter, by telling the country what it may not expect of him, will get credit for realism and honesty, and will someday be appreciated for having played a role similar to Eisenhower's—that of a consolidator and unifier, a man who tidied up a bit and created no new messes for his successors to straighten out. Eisenhower, of course, was aided by the fact that he was chosen by an electorate that was awed by and immensely grateful for his military achievements, which easily outweighed any shortcomings he had as a civilian leader. Carter took office with no such advantage and with no accumulated political capital; those who voted for him had little more than a hunch to go on. But he is more articulate than Eisenhower, and far more energetic in pursuit of his now rather modest aims. For him, it may be more important to hold the trust and confidence of the people, as he seems to be doing, than to get along with the legislative branch, currently held in much lower esteem than the executive. And, unlike Truman, Carter works not in the shadow of greatness but in the shadow of venality and mediocrity; in

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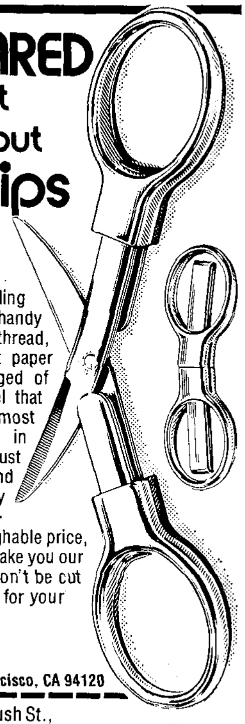

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the wings there is no Eisenhower, no Kennedy, not even a Johnson. If, in the end, it is seen that he had little to give, it will be noted that little was asked or expected.

CARTER, who does not regard government—or at least the one he heads—as impotent in furthering majority rule in Africa or human rights in Asia, is now at Camp David, in Maryland, meeting in well-guarded seclusion with President Anwar al-Sadat. The seclusion is more in the interests of the American than of the Egyptian, who will go public tomorrow evening and will next week take his case to Europe. For Sadat, it is close to being a no-lose proposition. In this country, according to a Gallup poll, he is looked upon as a statesman, and has more admirers than any other foreign leader. In media diplomacy, he is a more engaging performer than Carter or Menachem Begin. He knows what he wants from Washington: pressure on Israel to evacuate the Sinai and the West Bank of the Jordan. Pressure will be applied; if Jerusalem is unyielding, he can say that it was insufficient and go back to Square One. Carter's position is extremely difficult, and much of the difficulty is of his own making. In his campaign, he sounded like an Israeli lobbyist. He charged Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger with having forced Israel into the Sinai accords of 1975, and supported Israel's demands for "defensible borders"—a term understood by both sides to mean continued occupation of the Arab territories seized in 1967, and thus a violation of United Nations Resolution 242, which was adopted that year with American concurrence, and which called upon Israel to return those lands. In office, Carter said he would "rather commit suicide than hurt Israel." But he offended its leaders—and also Sadat—by joining with the Soviet Union in a declaration on the Middle East that was in effect an invitation to Moscow to become a party to negotiations. And as President he interpreted the "legitimate rights" of the Palestinian Arabs to include the right to establish a "homeland" on the West Bank, whose colonizing by Israel he has called "illegal."

Now Sadat is saying he wants "the American people"—by which, of course, he means the President—to be "the arbiter between right and wrong and differentiate between just and unjust." It is quite an order. The United States can be and has been a mediator in certain international disputes, but the role of "arbiter" is one that demands

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a moral and political certitude that at this stage in our history no leader in his senses would claim to possess. The recent American record in differentiating between the just and the unjust is far from a proud one. We may be reasonably sure of ourselves in Rhodesia, where the political issue is relatively simple and the racial problems are similar to those we have had to deal with. But six American Presidents failed to grasp the complexities of life in Southeast Asia, where our policies suffered more from a lack of understanding than, as in Latin America, from any intention to exploit the people or their land. In the Middle East, the situation is far more tangled than it ever was in Southeast Asia. Beyond the difficulties of appraising the legitimacy of Arab and Israeli claims, which have historical as well as moral bases, there are large questions involving American political life and the nation's economy, to say nothing of relations with the Soviet Union. Any President who appears to be soft in his commitment to Israeli sovereignty invites severe reprisals at the polls. And any President who appears soft in dealing with Arab claims to what before 1967 were recognized as Arab territories must face the risk of reprisals from the major oil producers and exporters. It is hardly a situation in which it is possible to urge that the difference be split, in the interest of peace. There is no evidence that Israel values peace more than what it perceives to be simple justice, and if Sadat is a leader who is mainly concerned, as he seems to be, with relieving the poverty of his people, and thus assuring the stability of his government, he is also accountable to the other Arab leaders, many of whom care little about his domestic problems and would far prefer a military solution. Someone or something has to give somewhere other than in Washington or it will be a no-win proposition for the President.

—RICHARD ROVERE

•

MOST PLAYFUL EYES OF THE WEEK

[*From "The Blind Cave," by Leo Katcher*]

His eyes dog-trotted back and forth from the passport to me. —*Page 8.*

People wore tentative, hopeful smiles as their eyes hopscotched about. —*Page 36.*

•

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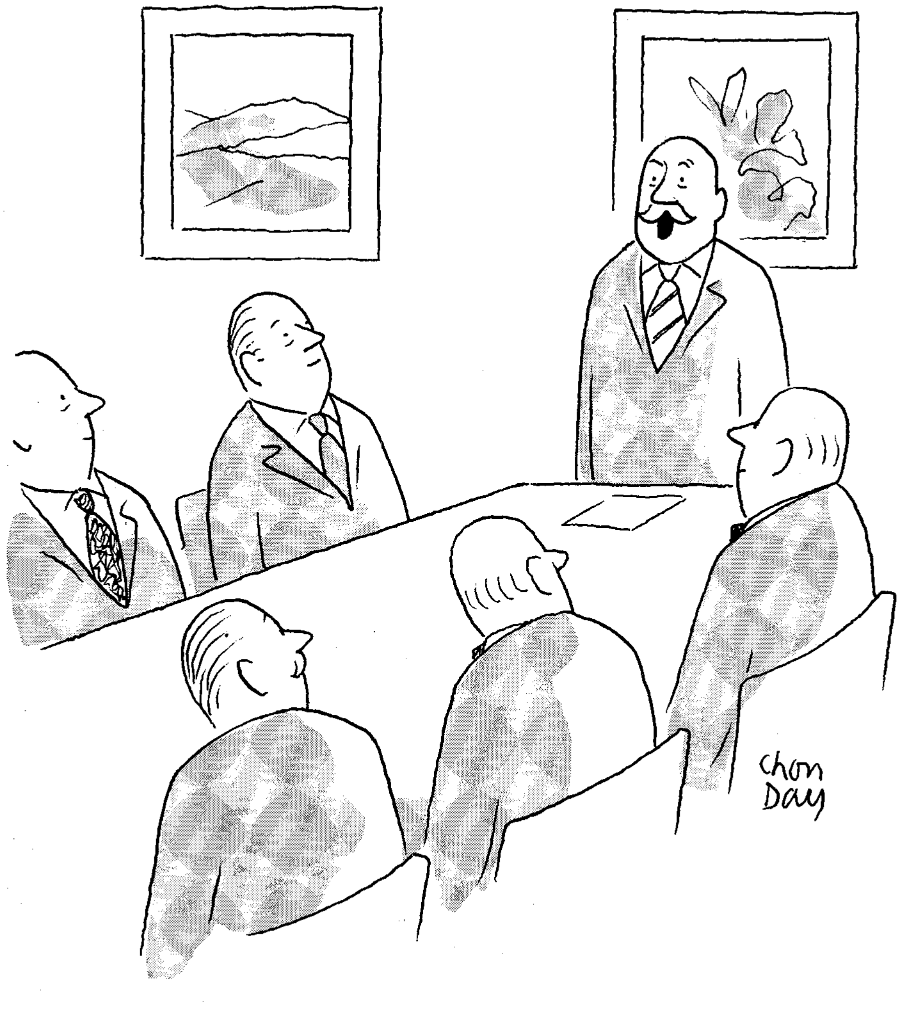
BOOKS

The Poet's Voice

HOW much the reputation of a writer depends on critical attention! And how little attention is paid to writers who are either too popular or too "obvious" to merit close reading or explication. What pleasure is there in writing criticism that reveals what everyone can see for himself? By the nature of the beast, criticism is attached to the enigmatic. And the enigmatic is assumed to be new just as the new is assumed to be important. About certain writers—no matter how good—practically nothing is said. For every piece on E. M. Forster there are a hundred on Virginia Woolf, for every essay on Tolstoy two hundred on Joyce. The plainer the writer the less there is to explain, or so it seems at first glance. "Modernism" has spawned a back yard of critics eager to untangle the intricacies of this or that new phenomenon for an abashed public or admiring colleagues. To imagine a critical establishment with nothing to unravel is like imagining a processing factory with nothing to process. So the difficulty, the *unavailability*, of a work spawns—in numerical proportion—interpreters: shedding light, showing the way, and re-creating the work while creating its reputation. There are fashions in difficulty as there are in hats. Fashions do not detract from genius; they merely allow copiers an opportunity for reproduction at bargain prices. Yesterday's avant-garde—Eliot, Joyce, Stravinsky, Picasso—all seem now remarkably congenial. The process has even been speeded up: except to a very few, John Ashbery was ten years ago an inaccessible writer; he may soon be in danger of becoming a household word.

And so it comes as a surprise to find Richard Poirier, in "Robert Frost: The Work of Knowing" (Oxford), tackling a poet who has up to now been considered self-evident. Used as a model to counter the difficulties of Eliot, Yeats, and Stevens, Frost has been taken for granted as a dispenser of recognizable wisdoms and acknowledged truths—good, maybe great, but needing no gloss. Randall Jarrell in two essays, "The Other Frost" and "To the Laodiceans," began the complicated task of rescuing Frost from his admirers by examining the texts in the way they deserved, separating the extraordinary writer from the public man. Frost played the Yankee rustic deep in the verities; except in scattered statements on poetry, his critical intelligence was masked. As early as 1917, he wrote in a letter to Louis Untermeyer, "All the fun is . . . saying things . . . that almost but don't quite formulate. I should like to be so subtle at this game as to seem to a casual person altogether obvious."

Why the notion of Frost as a one-dimensional grand old man of American letters developed—and why it is wrong—is Mr. Poirier's subject. In his close reading of representative poems, he sees Frost's work as "a perpetual debate between, on the one side, the inherent necessity for form in language and in nature, which requires a dialogue of accommodation, and, on the other, the equally inherent human need for excursion beyond form." The argument involves method as well as theme: the grand sonorities of traditional English poetry scored against vernacular New England speech, and the idea of "home"—a place of rest, love, and enclosure—in opposition to the desire for flight from it. Frost used Thoreau's word "extra-vagance" to imply more than excess—to stand for the need to go beyond the strictures of the formed, whether they were to be found in the domestication of marriage or in the metrical pattern of the poem itself. Since form was the basic subject and putting it into form the method, a poem became a secret commentary on itself. As Mr. Poirier explains, Frost's speculative "walks" were both real actions and metaphoric devices, the theme of a poem and the way to write it. ("He would have known that 'stanza' means 'room'—so that when he walks out into the woods, he takes his 'room' with him.") Frost often cast himself as a meditative wanderer temporarily off base, searching for freedom yet regretting its restrictive loneliness, or hankering for security only to find it limiting and dull. These two states were not mutually exclusive. Ambivalence enriches implications, and Mr.



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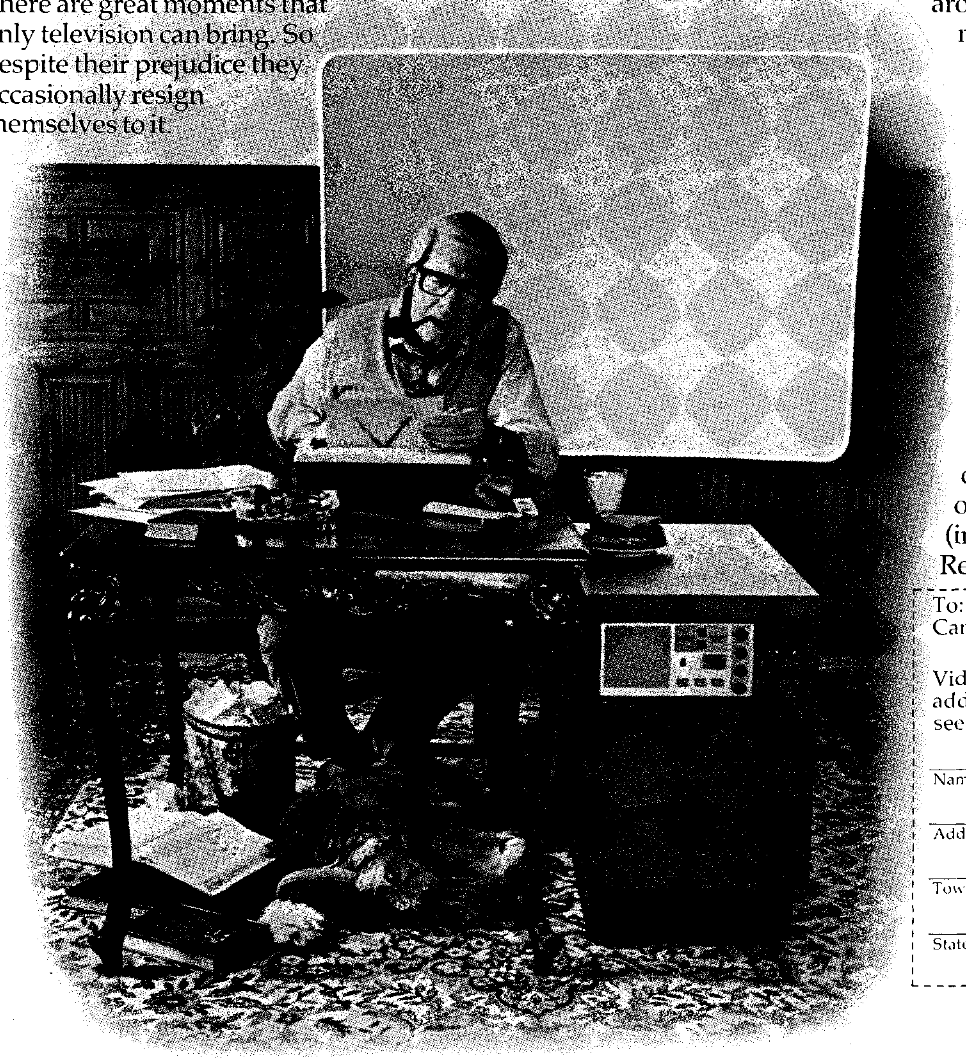

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Poirier discovers unexpected meanings in texts long familiar:

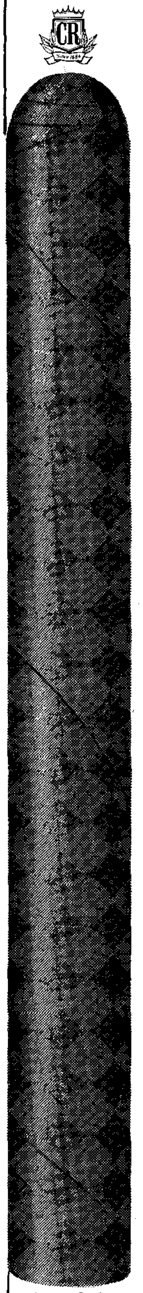
> "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" is about a central human experience—the enchantments that invite us to surrender ourselves to oblivion; "Mending Wall" is about the opposite impulse, which is to fence yourself in, to form relationships that are really exclusions. But at the same time and in the same terms both poems propose that these human dilemmas are also poetic ones, in the one case the possibly destructive solicitations of the sublime and in the other the claustrophobias of mechanical forms. The poems are about the will to live asserting itself against invitations either to surrender or to constraint, and these, it is intimated, issue as much from the conventions of poetry as from conventions of feeling.

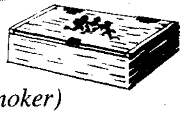
These might be overreadings if the context were not so intelligent that Frost becomes something altogether new; the effect is like listening to a symphonic chestnut revitalized under the baton of a gifted young conductor. Beneath the easy surfaces of the poems, tensions between speech and eloquence, commitment and rebellion, and heaven and earth struggle for resolution. The frequent use of the words "stars" and "walls" suggests a connection between—and the distance that separates—the earthbound and the sublime. Frost worked in the minefield of the middle ground: A realist who believed in instinct and a rationalist drunk on the romantic. A spokesman for altitude, but only up to "a certain height"—his notion of freedom was hedged in by reservations.

Frost's preoccupation with the natural world overlaid two concurrent obsessions: love as a vital force surrounded by mythic rituals (or sometimes merely formal conventions), and poetry as a natural gift in need of shaping and pruning. Nature, love, poetry: a triple strand, each thread spun of something native and something civilized, is interlaced in poem after poem. Mr. Poirier's most original teasing out of inner meanings is in tracing the inherent sexuality of Frost's poems. Frost himself said that the subject of "The Subverted Flower" was "frigidity in women," and only allowed the poem to be published after his wife's death. Yet in spite of this kind of corroboration from his subject, the critic is persuasive but not wholly convincing. Sexuality in Frost may be "a submerged metaphor," but the reticence that led to its immersion in the first place remains a barrier to the reader's experience of it.

Although Mr. Poirier never makes a claim he doesn't try to demonstrate, something in Frost thwarts the complexity of his interpretation, as if the very grandeur and rightness of phrasing the poet achieved in his best poems—"Design," "The Silken Tent," "Home Burial," "Provide, Provide," "After Apple-Picking"—armed them with skins so tough they repel complication. And in his exhaustive technical analyses Mr. Poirier oddly makes no mention of Frost's use of monosyllabic words—crucial, it seems to me, to his mastery of common speech in formal verse. No other poet I know uses them to the same extent, and often in a final line wholly made up of monosyllables which serves as the dramatic conclusion of an action or the summing up of an idea—"In Hardwood Groves," "Never Again Would Birds' Song Be the Same," "Waiting," "A Dream Pang," etc.

Mr. Poirier makes claims for Frost equal to those made for Yeats and Eliot. And it may be that Frost resists greatness less than readers, like me, brought up under the influence of Eliot resist his being great. But though there is no lack of emotion in Frost, there is a lack of emotional range—a refusal to be either naked or gorgeous—and the insistent absence of the city narrows the field of vision. Sometimes the scale seems too inhumanly local. Who would ever guess from reading Frost that he was born in San Francisco and spent his first eleven years there? A touch of the borrowed personality enters into the moralizing sageness of his work—possibly the "cuteness" and "smugness" the critic himself so dislikes. No matter: Mr. Poirier has broken fresh ground everywhere, and, in a single book, has repositioned Frost, a writer already considered major, so that he remains in a tradition but is differently placed and more truly seen. A metaphysical cloak has replaced the rustic mantle. To illustrate how a reputation is deserved but has developed for the wrong reasons and then to supply plausible correctives is one of the most difficult undertakings imaginable, the kind of rescue operation that artists need from time to time but rarely get. Mr. Poirier has done for Frost what Ralph Kirkpatrick did for Scarlatti and Eliot for the seventeenth-century metaphysical poets. Seen in a new light, the music and the poems were brought back to life. And in Mr. Poirier's wonderfully fresh readings of the texts, particularly of "Home Burial" and "A Star in a Stoneboat," he has made it impossible to approach Frost again in a simpleminded manner. Moreover, by being a defense in the particular his





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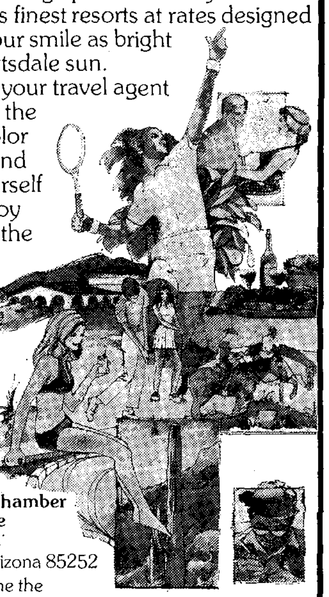

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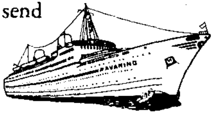

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book is an attack in general on the notion that only the experimental is new.

THE premise of David Kalstone's "Five Temperaments" (Oxford) is simple: poetry reflects life. Therefore: how do five very different American poets manage to use autobiographical material in their work? The poets are Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Lowell, James Merrill, Adrienne Rich, and John Ashbery. Where Mr. Poirier probes, praises, and dismisses, Mr. Kalstone appreciates. We are given the ordered observations and asides of a man who has thought carefully and deeply about his subject, a learned man, but one who is willing to be seduced by the magic of words, casual or mandarin. And always something new turns up. In his essay on Bishop, Mr. Kalstone connects the scream of the mother in the autobiographical story "In the Village" with Aunt Consuelo's scream in the dentist's office in "In the Waiting Room"—a remarkably revealing insight, for the latter poem is the one where Bishop first becomes aware of the unwanted burden of consciousness, of *being* someone:

> But I felt: you are an *I*
> you are an *Elizabeth*,
> you are one of *them*.

And so we become aware that in Bishop consciousness is directly related to the experience of pain, and that the meticulousness of her perceptions may be a form of wariness. Mr. Kalstone is the first person I know to suggest that the poems in "Geography III," the poet's latest book, are visitations to the earlier poems, as if they were places of travel. In "The Moose," we encounter again the childhood Canada of her first book, "North & South." And, in the late "Poem," a primitive landscape is drawn by the same great-uncle who "scribbled hundreds of fine black birds/ hanging in 'n's, in banks" in "Large Bad Picture," a poem from the forties.

In discussing the change of style between Lowell's second and third books, the most influential shifting of gears in the last thirty years of American poetry, Mr. Kalstone lets the author speak for himself:

> I was in San Francisco, the era and setting of Allen Ginsberg, and all about very modest poets were waking up prophets. I became sorely aware of how few poems I had written . . . Their style seemed distant, symbol-ridden and willfully difficult. . . . I felt my old poems hid what they were really about, and many times offered a stiff, humorless and even impenetrable surface. I am no convert to the "beats." . . . Still, my own poems

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seemed like prehistoric monsters dragged down into the bog and death by their ponderous armor. I was reciting what I no longer felt.... I felt that the best style for poetry was none of the many poetic styles in English, but something like the prose of Chekhov or Flaubert.

Mr. Kalstone is particularly canny in spotting key subjects and ways of dealing with them: Merrill's conviction that "life was fiction in disguise," his use of houses—each enclosing the scene of a continuing drama—to fix and transfix the past, his "slides" lit up from within, "as if a poem required a kind of scrim among its resources, before or behind which action may be seen in new configurations as new beams of light are introduced." Mr. Kalstone sees "Divine Comedies" (he has had the advantage of reading the still unpublished second book of it) as the culmination of Merrill's interest in narrative and nothing less than a contemporary reconstruction of its singular predecessor—Dante emerging from a Ouija board. Or Adrienne Rich's "burning impatience with the way writing fixes experience . . . her preference for the provisional . . . [her interest] in American life as registered and suffered by those not in power, those not directly responsible for it, and especially women . . ." Or this, on Ashbery: "A great deal of [his] writing is done in an atmosphere of deliberate demolition . . . In his images of thwarted nature, of discontinuity between present and past, Ashbery has turned his agitation into a principle of composition. . . . [He] is not simply reminding us that poetry has access to the inner life; he is emphasizing the unique power of language to reveal how much of external life the inner life displaces."

There is in "Five Temperaments" a warmth rare in criticism—Mr. Kalstone enjoys what he's talking about—and one weakness: the list of poets he has chosen to illustrate his argument seems dictated less by his thesis than by taste and, to use his word, temperament. One could make a list of five other poets who might more convincingly demonstrate a link between poetry and biography: Ammons, Merwin, Plath, Ginsberg, and Sexton, say. But it may be that the sometimes strained disparity between the work he admires and what it is meant to demonstrate led to the kind of increased awareness a detective might develop on discovering that his wife is the chief suspect.

IN the middle of Mr. Poirier's book, we come upon the following: "Voice is the most important, distin-

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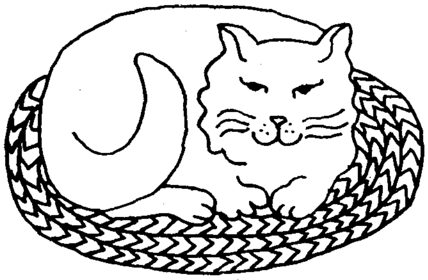

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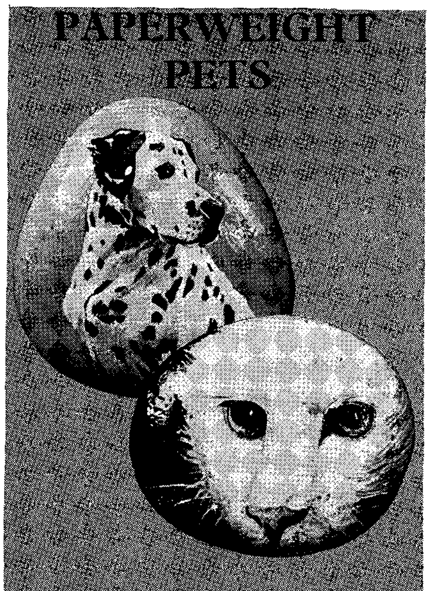

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guishing, and conspicuously insistent feature of Frost's poetry and of his writing about poetry. There is scarcely a single poem which does not ask the reader to imagine a human character equivalent to the movement of voice." Taken together, these two books suggest that the poetry of the past fifty years has discovered its central theme, but it is a theme so involved with the difficulty of writing poetry itself that seeing it plain isn't easy. In the pull between speech and eloquence, the low style and the high, gutter talk and the King's English, how to speak in the name of something real without being merely commonplace led to the subject to be spoken about. And that turned out to be: *who is speaking.* The problem of *how* turned into the problem of *what.* The tone of voice became the key factor. Of all biological features, the voice is, after the fingerprint, the most difficult to disguise. The major question was one of truth or falsity—or, if not falsity, then the façade that Literature and society and civilization have put in the way of speaking the truth. Art is civilized, we have been led to believe by reading, looking at, and listening to more than twenty centuries of it. How could it be natural? The question was naïve but of absolute significance, for most of the efforts to get around it are visible in thousands of galleries, are whispered or shouted at a hundred poetry readings every night, and can be heard hammered out in our concert halls. The insistence on not being formal, or stuck-up, or mannered, the freedom to use any kind of language, the emphasis on being real and spontaneous are all to the good, but they are also symptoms. People who are natural do not ask themselves how to be natural. Art isn't nature. In the attempt to make it so, more than one artist raced in the opposite direction from the one in which he thought he was heading, like an arrow propelled backward from the bull's-eye to the bow. He adopted fashion where style was required, and by style I mean something as native to the individual writer as it is to the individual person. Marianne Moore, for instance, had style, because the way she wrote was like no other. And by fashion I mean, literally, the word derived from clothes. Its main feature is its nonpermanence; in order to exist it must be deliberately changed. The shifting hemline and haircut made Paris, a city of art, into a center of fashion. It was in painting that fashion first asserted itself (because, of all the arts, painting is the most closely allied with money), and it has spread to every art in every corner, so that the distinction between what is truly style and what is merely fashion has become increasingly muddy. In discussing the abrupt shift in method between "Lord Weary's Castle" and "Life Studies," Lowell explained why "Skunk Hour"—the most famous and characteristic poem in "Life Studies"—is dedicated to Elizabeth Bishop: "Because re-reading her suggested a way of breaking through the shell of my old manner." And, in regard to style and fashion, it is Elizabeth Bishop, in the end, who is the most illustrative and exemplary. She was herself from the beginning.

—HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

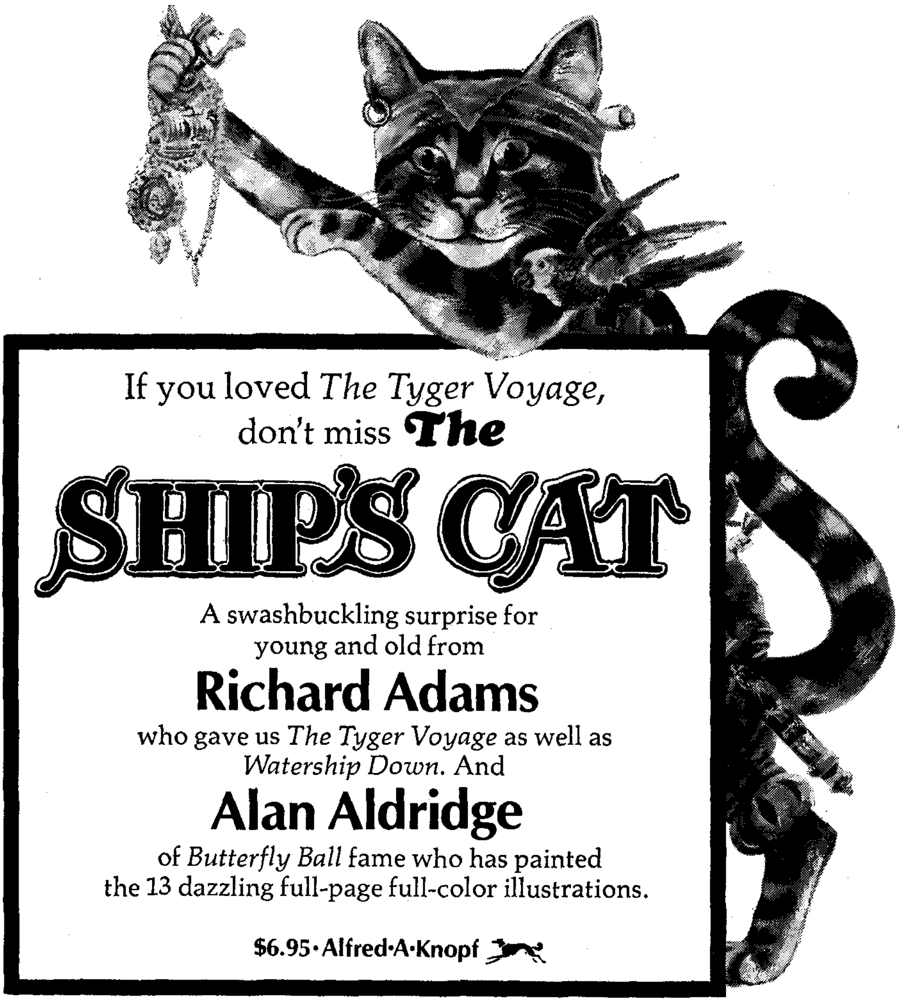
THE HIGH COST OF LIVING, by Marge Piercy (Harper & Row; $10). A numbingly wordy gray novel, set in Detroit (though you'd never know it if you weren't told), about an unhappy young graduate student of history. Leslie, as the jacket says, "is a committed feminist, a lesbian, a karate expert, above all an incredibly lonely young woman whose relentless ideology has moved her into a painful isolation." Both Leslie and Bernard, a self-dramatizing homosexual waiter, are attracted (totally unfathomably) to Honor, a flirtatious, pretty high-school student who likes to be called Honorée. Honor has a passion for baking, and a mother who watches her like a hawk. Leslie has an ex-lover in Grand Rapids who now lives with a decadent older woman. Bernard has a lot of grass and used to be a hustler. Leslie is ascetic and high-minded. Bernard is low-minded. Honor appears to have no mind at all but excels, like everyone else in the book, at pulse-slowing speeches: " 'I've asked Leslie to be present because you've made me feel I can't trust you,' Honor said, putting down her book bag. She was wearing her drawstring pants and a low-cut ruffly summer blouse. 'And because I think she's really a party to what's been happening. Don't you think so, Leslie?' "

WHY I DON'T WRITE LIKE FRANZ KAFKA, by William S. Wilson (Ecco; $7.95). It is hard to say whom Mr. Wilson does write like, and in the case of some of the thirteen stories in this book it is hard to care. "Marriage" is about a man who is surgically joined to another person. "Men" is about a man who, seeking "entrée into a living continuum, or, failing that, an introduction into the discontinuations and discontinuities of death," is gradually dismembered. "Women," "Motherhood," and "Fatherhood" all are about other peculiar types of operations. Mr. Wilson has obviously read widely, and his stories often take us into disagreeable corners of knowledge without giving us anything in reward. The stories easiest to accept are the last three—"Anthropology," "Interim," and "Conveyance," in which there are glimpses of a world outside the laboratory and the operating room.

GENERAL

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: THE "QUEEN ANNE" MOVEMENT, 1860-1900, by Mark Girouard (Oxford; $29.95). An astute, well-written study of the history of taste. The author opens by describing what the nineteenth century called the Queen Anne revival as an "architectural cocktail" and closes by reminding us that no matter what you call the style—in the nineteen-thirties, the cartoonist Osbert Lancaster dubbed it "Pont Street Dutch"—it was an "eclecticism that worked," in contrast to modern eclecticism, which does not. Combining architectural and social history, Mr. Girouard points out good, better, best; analyzes sources and motifs; and relates Queen Anne architecture, arts, and crafts to wider movements in society—primarily to the need felt by second-generation Victorians for some mitigation of the sternness and ponderousness of their parents' style. Queen Anne is a rebellion against the architectural dogmatism of Gothic Revival; Mr. Girouard demonstrates that it reflected a genteel revolt against other kinds of high-Victorian dogma as well. Though he finds some Queen Anne (Kate Greenaway's drawings, for example) "cloying," he comes up with more successes than failures. There is a good short chapter on Queen Anne in America.

THE PANAMA CANAL, by Walter LaFeber (Oxford; $10.95). The author, a noted American historian, goes over the historical background of our original acquisition of rights to operate a proposed canal across the Isthmus of Panama. He analyzes the first treaty between us and the Panamanians (which, curiously, no Panamanian was allowed to sign)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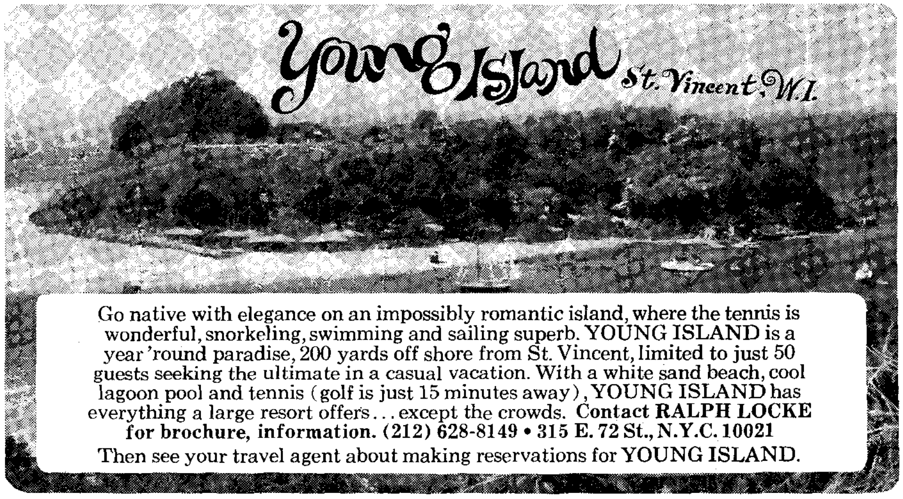
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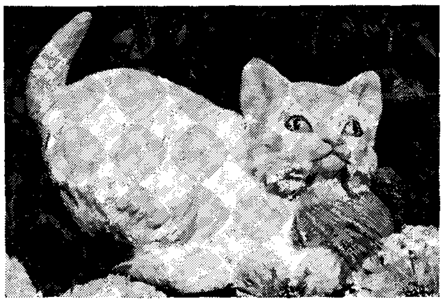
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and reviews the history (not always edifying to Americans) of seventy-five years of United States-Panamanian relations. He then faces up to the question of the sovereignty of the Canal Zone, and shows that such statements as Strom Thurmond's ("We own it, title in fee simple") and such arguments as Ronald Reagan's (the Canal is ours in the same way that Alaska and Texas are ours) are not only nonsensical but dishonest, for the facts of the matter are available to all. Mr. LaFeber goes into the economics of the Canal and the question of its military vulnerability, and he also discusses the seeming puzzle of the Panamanians' fierce desire to control the Canal when the Americans operate it so efficiently and pay so handsomely for the privilege.

SCHUBERT, by Joseph Wechsberg (Rizzoli; $18.50). A life study, with a generous pictorial accompaniment. Schubert, who never achieved more than mild local celebrity in his native Vienna during his short life, was a warm, gregarious little man who liked to compose and play dance music for his small circle of friends. Fifty years after his death, in 1828, at thirty-one, he was still encased in a romantic legend (much later debased in the operetta "Blossom Time"). It was not until late in the nineteenth century, when the complete edition of Schubert's works (the lieder alone number six hundred) was published, that his genius was generally acknowledged. Mr. Wechsberg, who has based his book in part on the monumental writings of O. E. Deutsch, founder of the Schubert Museum, gives us a three-dimensional portrait of the composer against a background of early-nineteenth-century Vienna.

A MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS: AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF LEONARD AND VIRGINIA WOOLF, by George Spater and Ian Parsons, with an introduction by Quentin Bell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95). This book is like someone going through a house after all the other heirs have taken what they wanted and finding, in back halls and closets and maids' rooms, things that had been overlooked and that are of uncommon interest and value. Mr. Spater is an American who, after practicing law in New York City for twenty-five years and serving as chairman of American Airlines, turned full-time scholar and personally catalogued the sixty thousand

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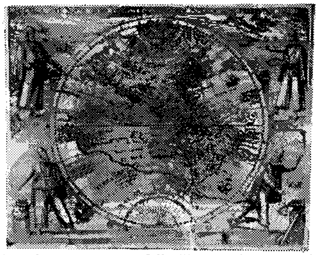

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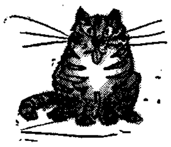

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letters and documents in the Woolf archive at the University of Sussex. Mr. Parsons is a member of the British publishing firm of Chatto & Windus. During the latter part of Leonard Woolf's life, he and Mr. Parsons were business colleagues, as the result of a merger with the Hogarth Press, and they became friends. The authors also had access to Leonard Woolf's private diaries and to recently discovered letters of Katherine Mansfield and Lytton Strachey. Their book is carefully documented, sensible, sometimes witty. A fair number of published mistakes are corrected, and a fresh light is thrown on both subjects. Given the flood of books about Virginia Woolf and Bloomsbury, it is astonishing to be told here for the first time that Leonard Woolf was not just unwilling but actually unable to make a public apology, even when it had been demonstrated to him that his accusation was unjust; that many people who knew Mrs. Woolf well never saw any evidence of her intermittent melancholy; that for the first nineteen years after her death Leonard Woolf published only one book, as compared with the seventeen he wrote during her lifetime; that at a dinner given for him on his eighty-sixth birthday by the Cambridge Conversazione Society e spoke of "the euphoria, the hap-iness which begins at seventy and ows steadily greater as one advances into old age;" and so on. Well over a hundred of the photographs in this book have never been published before, and the early ones, particularly of the Stephen family at St. Ives, in Cornwall, are beautiful and moving.

THE PHYSICISTS, by Daniel J. Kevles (Knopf; $15.95). In this fascinating and meticulously documented study, Professor Kevles, a historian at the California Institute of Technology, traces the evolution of the science of physics in the United States from the Civil War to the present. From his book one learns (and this comes as a surprise) that the real transformation of physics in this country from a tiny science practiced by a very few into a large and important enterprise began during the First World War, when the physics community collaborated with the military on a fairly big scale—for example, on methods of countering the menace of submarine warfare. The ever-increasing significance of physics continued, essentially without interruption, until the war in Vietnam, which produced, among other things, a strong negative reaction to technology in general. To a certain extent, this feeling is still with us; in any case, the number of students of physics decreases year by year. Since this number, as Mr. Kevles points out, was never very large anyway, we may be living on borrowed time if we wish to keep pace with the rapidly advancing technology in the other industrial societies.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, by Clement Eaton (Free Press; $12.95). This fascinating biography of the Confederate president is concerned less with proving him right or wrong on Southern historiographers' favorite debating points than with discovering what kind of man he was. Because of the South's obsession with slavery and race, the political culture of what became the Confederacy—and of Davis himself—was rigid and parochial. Davis was neither stupid nor mean; he was honest and diligent. His principal flaw was a temperamental and intellectual inflexibility that made it impossible for him to grasp that others, in perfect good faith, might feel or think differently from the way he did. To a large extent, this was also true of members of the Confederate cabinet, of several state governors, and of a number of C.S.A. Army generals, so that the domestic history of the Confederacy is all sulks and squabbles. Professor Eaton frequently makes a contrast with the Union, where wayward politicos and military men were brought into line by Lincoln, a man at once more pliable and more decisive than Davis.

•

Good ballet pictures are rare, but "The Turning Point" encompasses so many elements likely to have public appeal that the film stands as one of the brightest entertainments we have had recently.

The story is hockey. So were most of the stories in which Bette Davis and Joan Crawford shone.—*Portland (Maine) Evening Express.*

Both those girls had strong ankles.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Baltimore Sun*]

The Potomac Electric Power Company has urged Michael Darr Barnes, the state Public Service commissioner who is a candidate for Congress from Montgomery county, to disqualify himself from a rate case to avoid "all suspicion of impartiality."

Mark Helprin
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—Joyce Carol Oates, N.Y. Times Book Review

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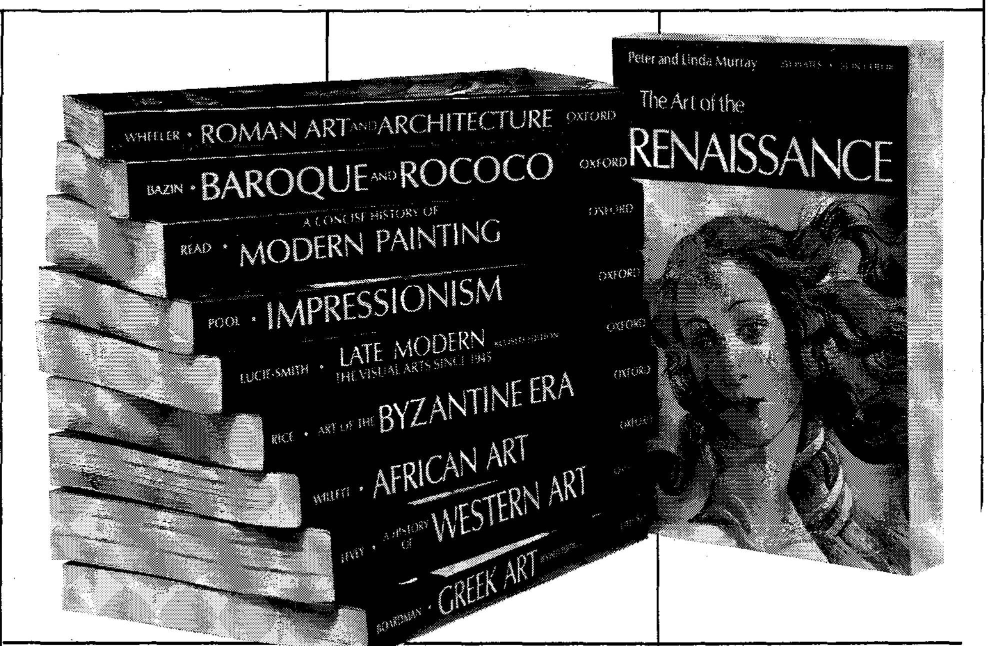
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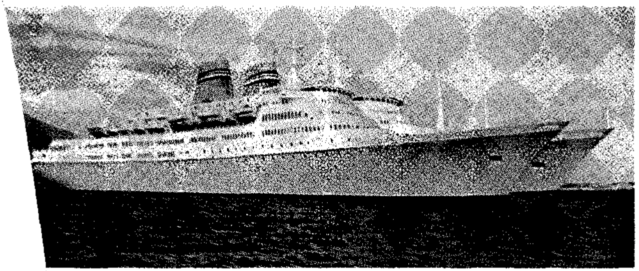

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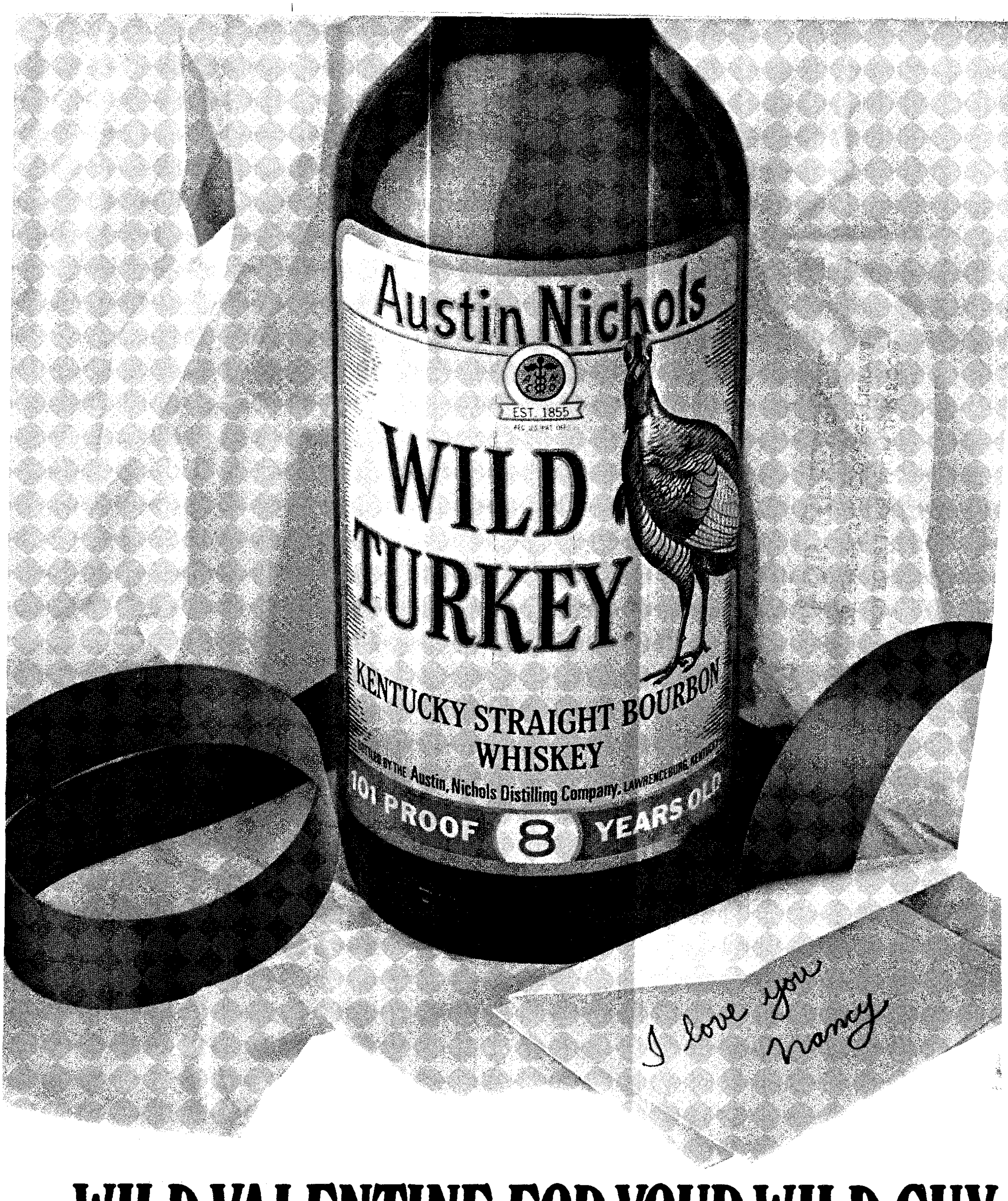
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